# BRITANNIA and EVE

A Monthly Journal for Men & Women

Vol. 1, No. 4
AUGUST
1929

*In this issue :*

May EDGINTON

Somerset MAUGHAM

Elinor GLYN

Cutcliffe HYNE

Warwick DEEPING

Storm JAMESON

Jim TULLY

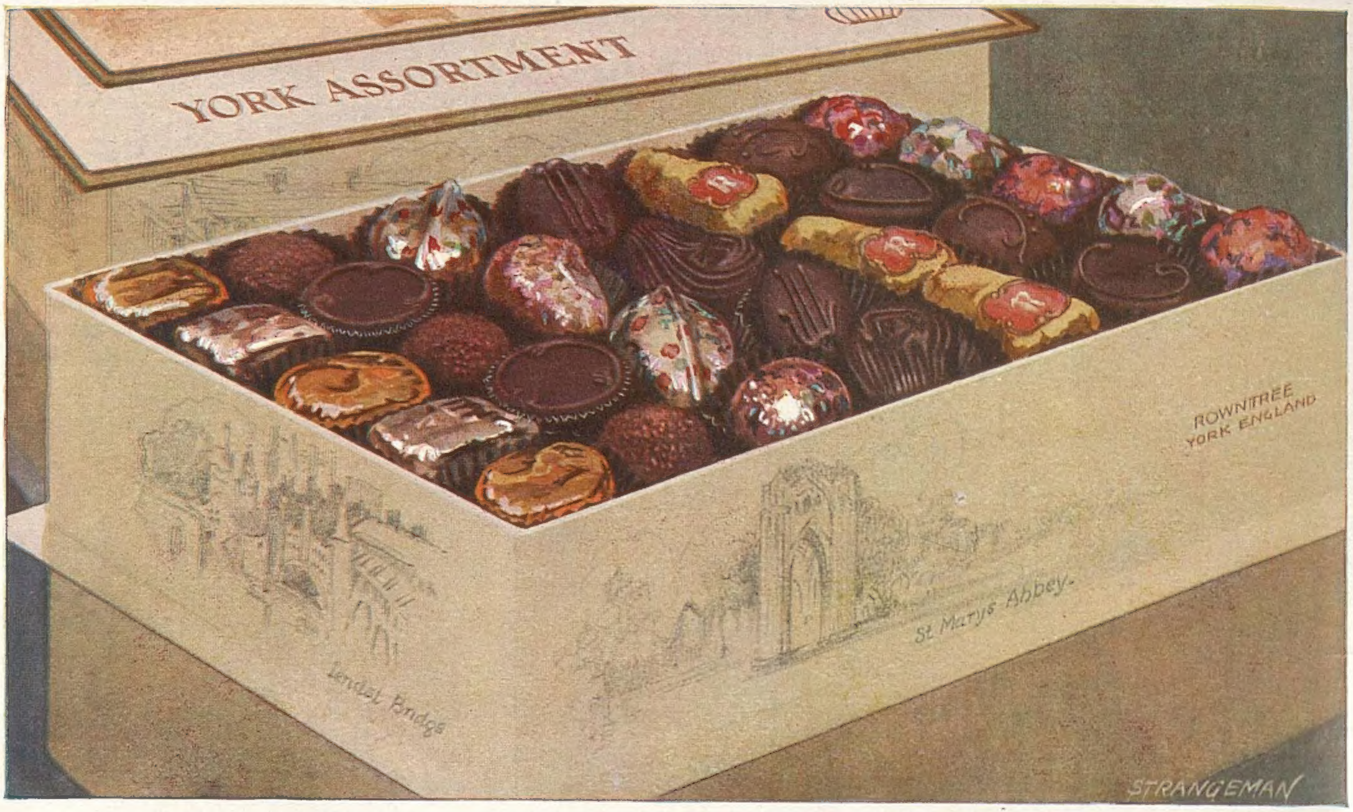
F. MATANIA, R.I.

Guy GILPATRIC

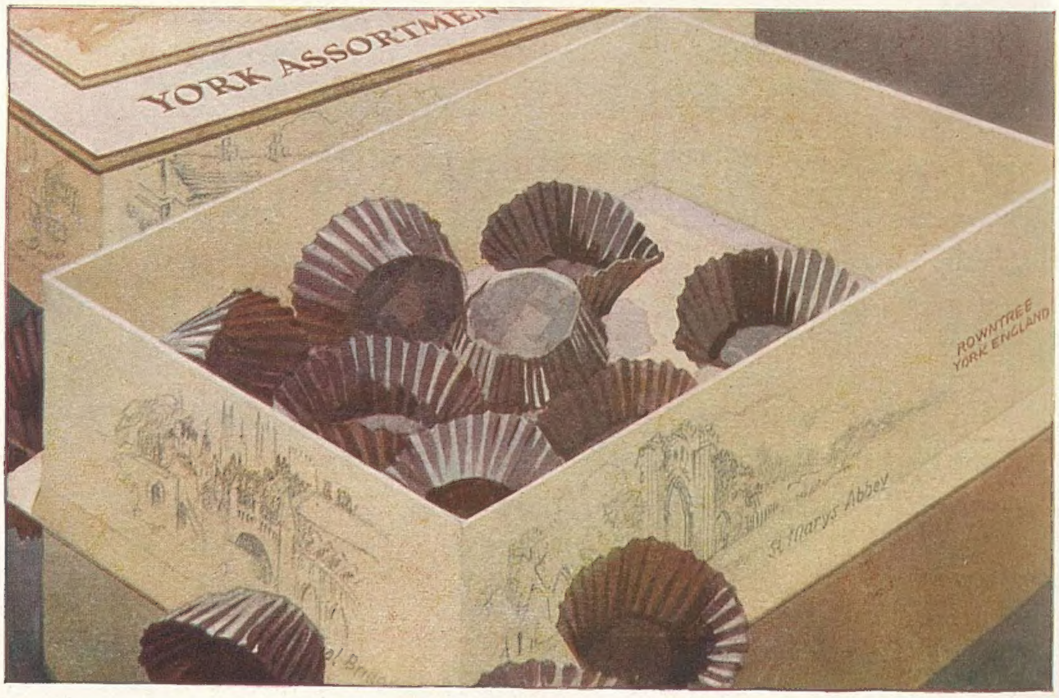
£1,000 FILM SCENARIO

*etc., etc.*

ONE SHILLING


YORK ASSORTMENT
ROWNTREE YORK ENGLAND
St Marys Abbey
Lendal Bridge
STRANGEMAN

Jack bought a box of
Rowntree's YORK Chocolates


YORK ASSORTMENT
ROWNTREE YORK ENGLAND
St Marys Abbey

Mary came in !!!

Rowntree's famous York Chocolates; in 1-lb. boxes, 4/-; and in cartons, $\frac{1}{2}$-lb. 2/-, $\frac{1}{4}$-lb. 1/-.

A dainty suggestion in "SAN-TOY" Printed Fabrics.

LINDSAY CABLE

# Fashion's favourite fabrics.

# Courtaulds' Fabrics

Dress and Lingerie

*MODERN DRESS creators might almost have some secret storehouse—so endless are their pleasant surprises. But the real explanation is in the varied charms that any and every woman can discover among the well-known and beautiful FABRICS manufactured by COURTAULDS LTD. Glorious colours, textures and designs: substances so minutely fine, so rich in beauty, that Eastern splendours and gaieties are easily excelled. Substances also that outstand the rigours of sport or children's regardless ways and countless washings besides. Their greatest boon is that everyone of COURTAULDS' FABRICS, whatever their grade, is dependable to the last degree. Ask to see the newest Patterns at your usual Drapers or Stores. All the Fabrics named below are produced from COURTAULDS' finest Rayon Yarns. The name is on the selvedge.*

**San-Toy Printed Fabrics** (Registered)

Lovely colours and fascinating designs for the lady of taste, yet moderate in price.

**"Xantha"** (REGISTERED)

The standard knitted fabric for Lingerie; beautifully soft and durable.
48/49" wide, **5/11d.** Per yard.

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Daintiness itself for present-day underwear and frocks. The textile success of the year.
37/38" wide, **3/11½d.** Per yard.

**"Courcain"** REGᴰ

A Rayon and Wool Marocain. Thoroughly dependable and hard-wearing.
38/39" wide, **4/11½d.** Per yard.

**"Courlyn"** (REGᴰ)

A high-grade Rayon and Wool Marocain of character and charm.
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Silk-like, durable, and ideal for Jumpers, Lingerie, Children's wear, etc. 37/38" wide.
Striped Designs **3/3d.** Per yd. Plain Shades & Self Checks **3/6d.** Per yd.

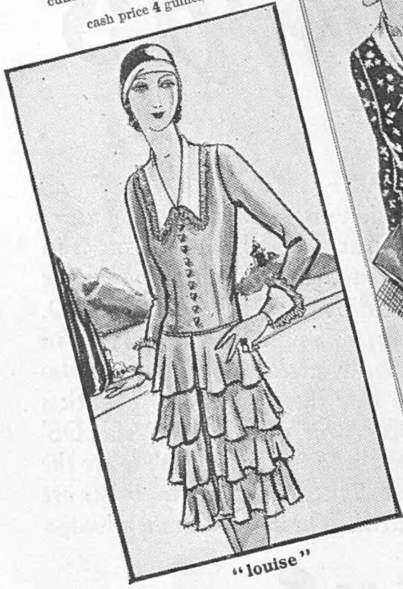
**"Clytie" SATIN** REGᴰ

A new luxury fabric at a moderate price, wonderfully durable in wear.
37/38" wide, **4/11d.** Per yard.

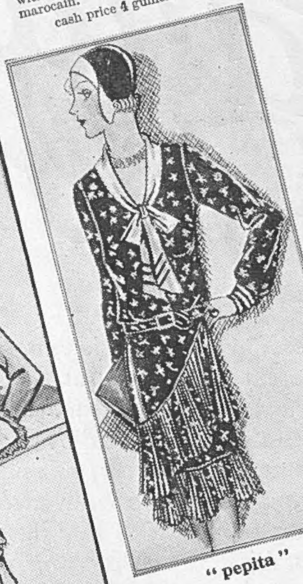
**Courtaulds' Fabrics** Dress and Lingerie *woven by Courtaulds Ltd., are obtainable from leading Drapers and Stores everywhere. If any difficulty, please write Courtaulds Ltd. (Dept. F.1), 16, St. Martin's-le-Grand, London, E.C.1, for name of nearest Retailer and descriptive literature.*

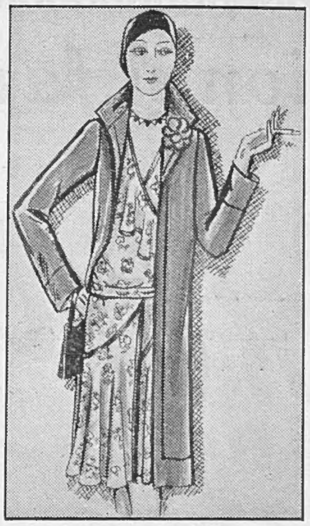
FOR LIST OF CONTENTS SEE PAGE 3

**" louise "**
here is a very dainty little frock, developed in geranium red georgette. the skirt is composed of four circular frills, which open in front on to a foundation of the same georgette. the trim semi-fitting bodice has a row of little gold buttons and is finished with pretty collar and cuffs of beige georgette. **12/-** monthly
cash price 4 guineas.

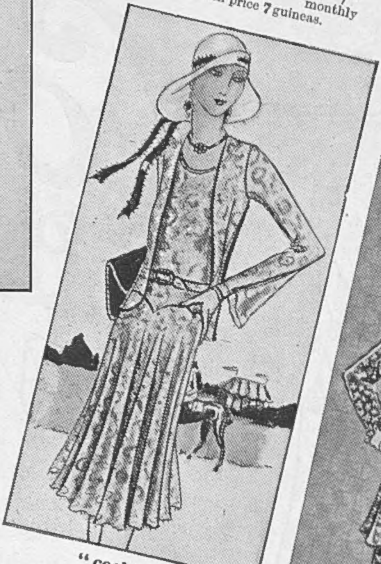

" louise "

**" pepita "**
this slim little dress is fashioned in art silk marocain, chocolate brown in colour, and printed with a dainty floral design in beige. the cuffs and tie are of beige georgette trimmed with bars of the marocain. **12/-** monthly
cash price 4 guineas.

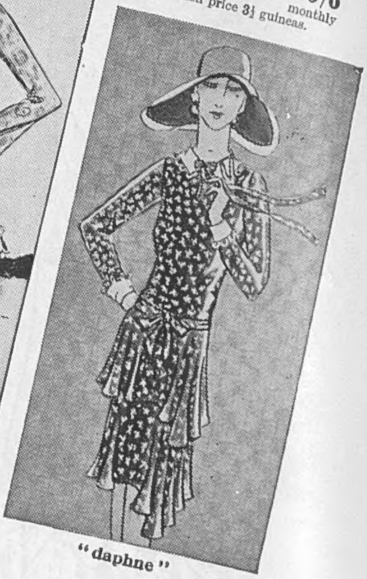

" pepita "


**" victoria "**
here is a useful and charming ensemble in shades of green. the coat is unlined and smartly tailored in almond green wool crepe. the dress charmingly expressed in printed green crepe de Chine. the bodice showing a softly falling jabot and unusual fluting effect on skirt. **24/-** monthly
cash price 8 guineas.

**" cocktail "**
airy as a butterfly's wing, but how practical is this exquisite toilette. one removes the coatee and lo ! one finds oneself wearing a sleeveless gown —ideally suitable for dinner or an informal dance. cool yellow georgette, printed in pastel tones, has been chosen to develop this charming model. the jewelled buckle on the narrow belt is the only ornament. **21/-** monthly
cash price 7 guineas.


" cocktail'

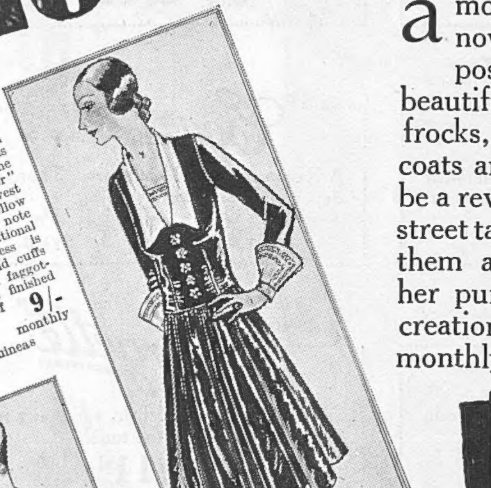
**" daphne "**
crisp white organdie collar and cuffs on chic little model in printed art silk crepe,—the tiered skirt showing uneven hemline and dainty sash fastening at waist. **10/6** monthly
cash price 3½ guineas.


" daphne "

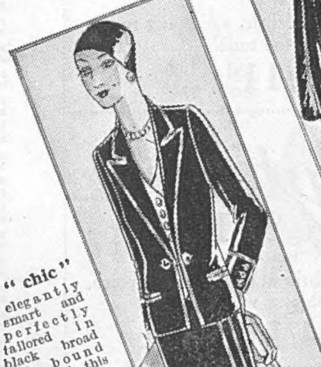
# corot
# models by instalments

a most exclusive corot model can now be obtained by return of post and paid for by instalments. beautiful corot day frocks, evening frocks, jumper suits, costumes and coats are offered at prices which will be a revelation to the woman of bond street tastes who has hitherto regarded them as being beyond the range of her purse. any one of these corot creations can be yours on the first monthly payment.

**" jenny "**
charmingly simple, and simply charming is this model for which black art crepe has been chosen. the demure " quaker" collar, cuffs, and vest of buttercup yellow satin strike a happy note of contrast. an additional touch of daintiness is given to the vest and cuffs by a double row of faggoting. the bodice is finished with a quaint row of diamante buttons. **9/-** monthly
cash price 3 guineas

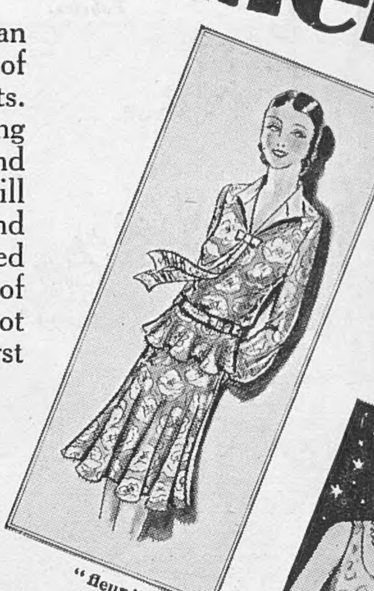

" jenny "

**" chic "**
elegantly smart and perfectly tailored in black broad cloth bound with braid, this model is sure to appeal to the " elegante." the sharp contrast of the white satin waistcoat slip is a final note of charm. **22/6** monthly
cash price 7½ guineas.

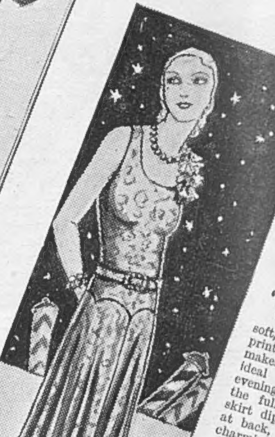

" chic "

**free**

write at once for a selection of illustrated designs of corot models to corot (dept. b. 8.), 8, new bond street, w.1, or call at our show rooms, over yardley's, at the piccadilly end of new bond street, and choose one for yourself.


" fleur "

**" fleur "**
this amusing little frock features a quaint circular basque among its charms. it is made of georgette printed with beige flowers on a geranium background, and finished with beige georgette collar and cuffs. **12/-** monthly
cash price 4 guineas.


" venetia "

**" venetia "**
soft, flower printed chiffon makes this an ideal summer evening frock. the full floating skirt dips slightly at back, giving a charming swinging movement when one dances. a flower of softest chiffon to tone, the narrow belt with its jewelled buckle giving final touches to this very lovely dress. **19/6** monthly
cash price 6½ guineas.

regent 0732

# corot

(dept. b.8.)

**nº 8 new bond street london w 1**

# BRITANNIA and EVE

*A Monthly Journal for Men and Women*

AUGUST, 1929

Vol. I—No. 4

## *IN THIS ISSUE—SPECIAL FEATURES*

*The Short Stories by May Edginton, Cutcliffe-Hyne, Guy Gilpatric, Anthony Parsons and S. Fowler Wright . . . . . . . . .*

*The brilliant articles by Somerset Maugham, Elinor Glyn, Warwick Deeping, Storm Jameson, Lady Sybil Grant and others . .*

*Jim Tully's Life Story . . . . . . .*

*The Women's Golf, Sports, Housekeeping and Health and Beauty Sections . . . . . .*

*The Fashion, Cookery and Children's Sections in colour . . . . . . . . . .*

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*All contributions intended for publication must be addressed to the Editor, " Britannia and Eve," Inveresk House, Strand, W.C.2, and be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope. No responsibility can be accepted for the safety of any MSS., but every effort will be made to ensure their safe return if found unsuitable. The Rates of Subscription to " Britannia and Eve " will be found in the " Index to Advertisers " on page 172. The characters in all the stories in this number are purely imaginary and no reference or allusion is intended to any living person or persons.*

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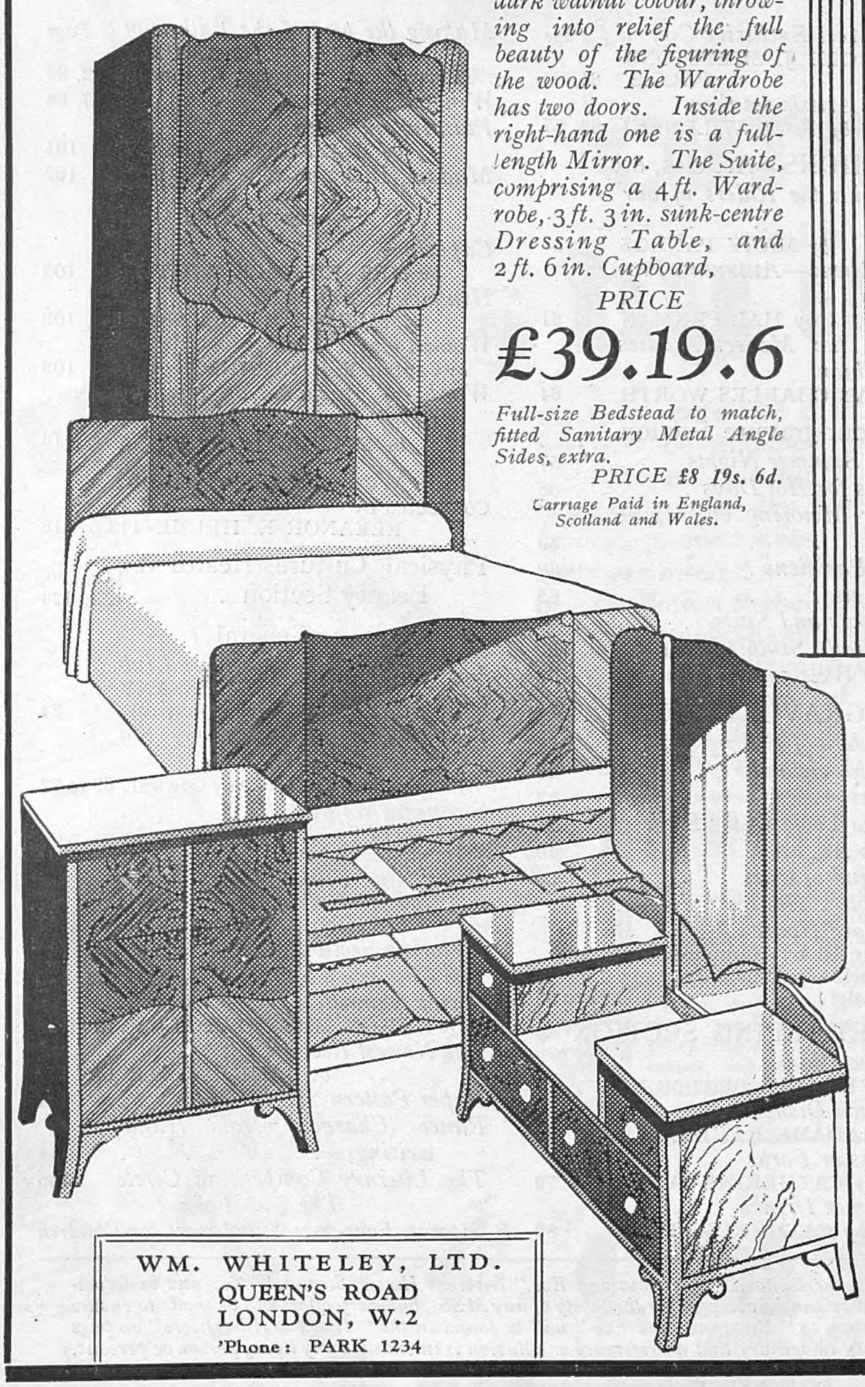

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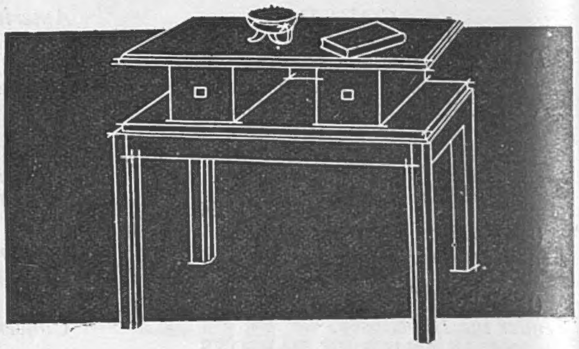
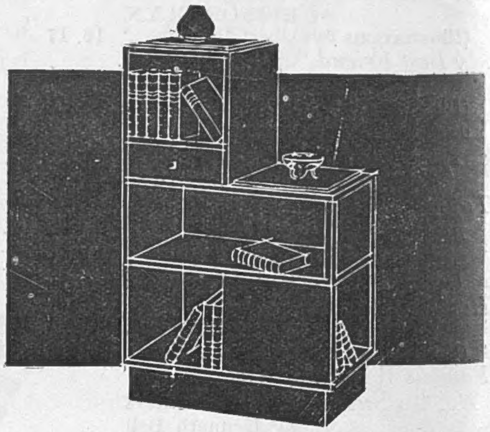


*Smoker's TABLE with two drawers. The piece is well made and has finely figured veneers of Palissandre. It is 2 ft. high, 2 ft. 3 in. wide and 18½ in. deep. - - - PRICE* **£8.15.0**



*A useful and attractive piece. It is 2 ft. 4 in. wide and 3 ft. 2 in. high. The piece has finely figured veneers of acaton and bubenga, two very popular decorative woods. - - PRICE* **£17.10.0**

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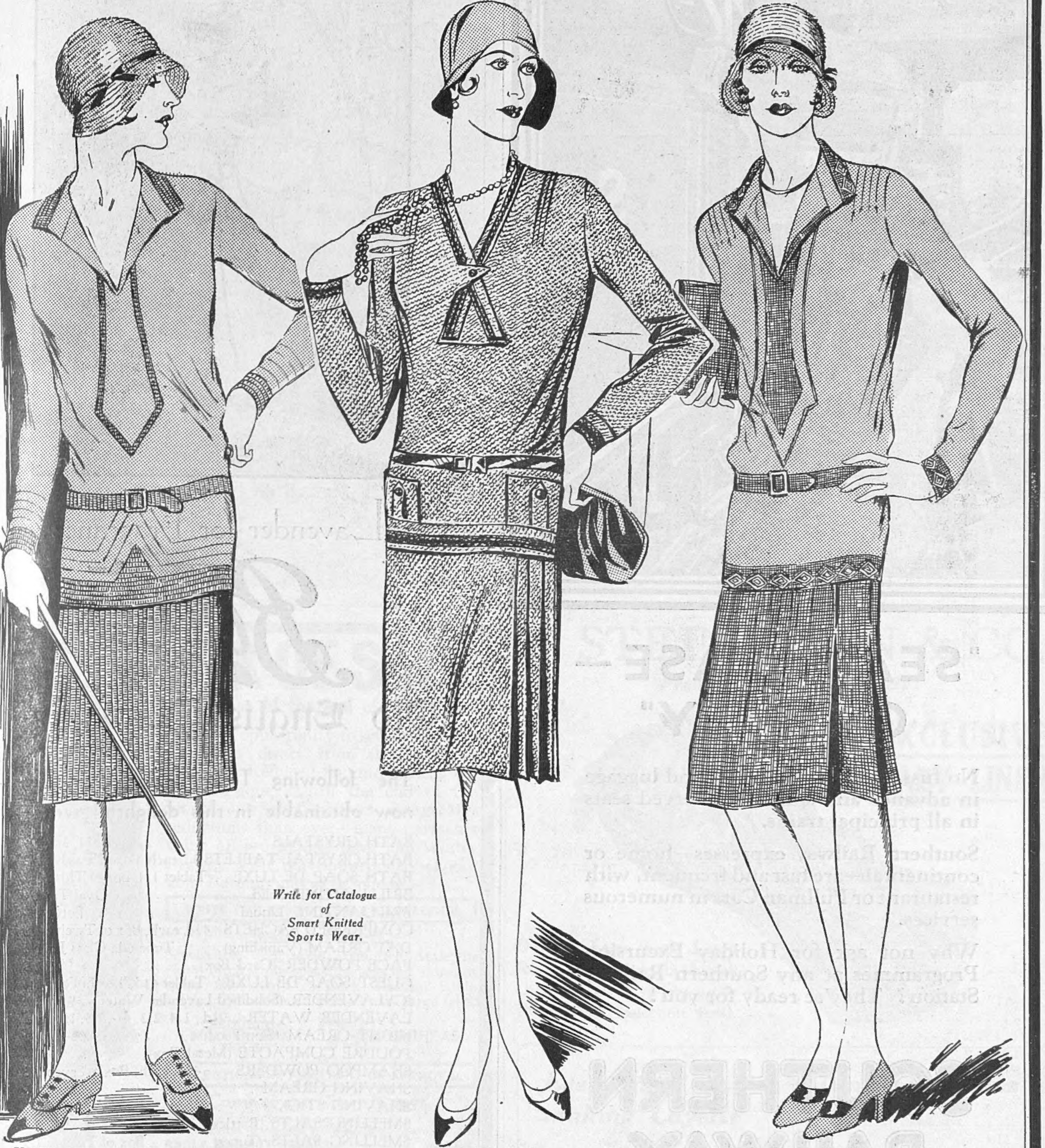

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*of*
*Smart Knitted*
*Sports Wear.*

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Special Price **6½ Gns.**

**Stitched Velour Finished Felt Hat** to match suit, in various sizes, and many good colourings **29/6.**

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*(Debenhams Ltd.)*

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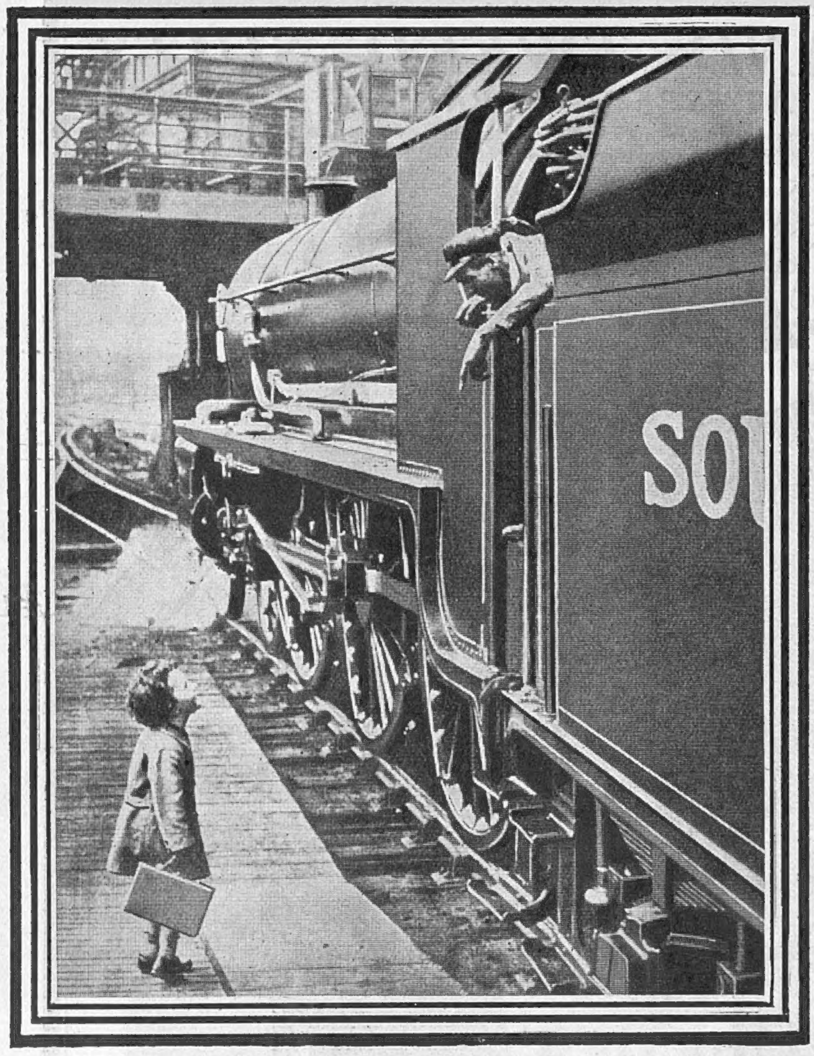

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| SMELLING SALTS (Bottles) . . . | 1/-, 1/9, 2/6 |
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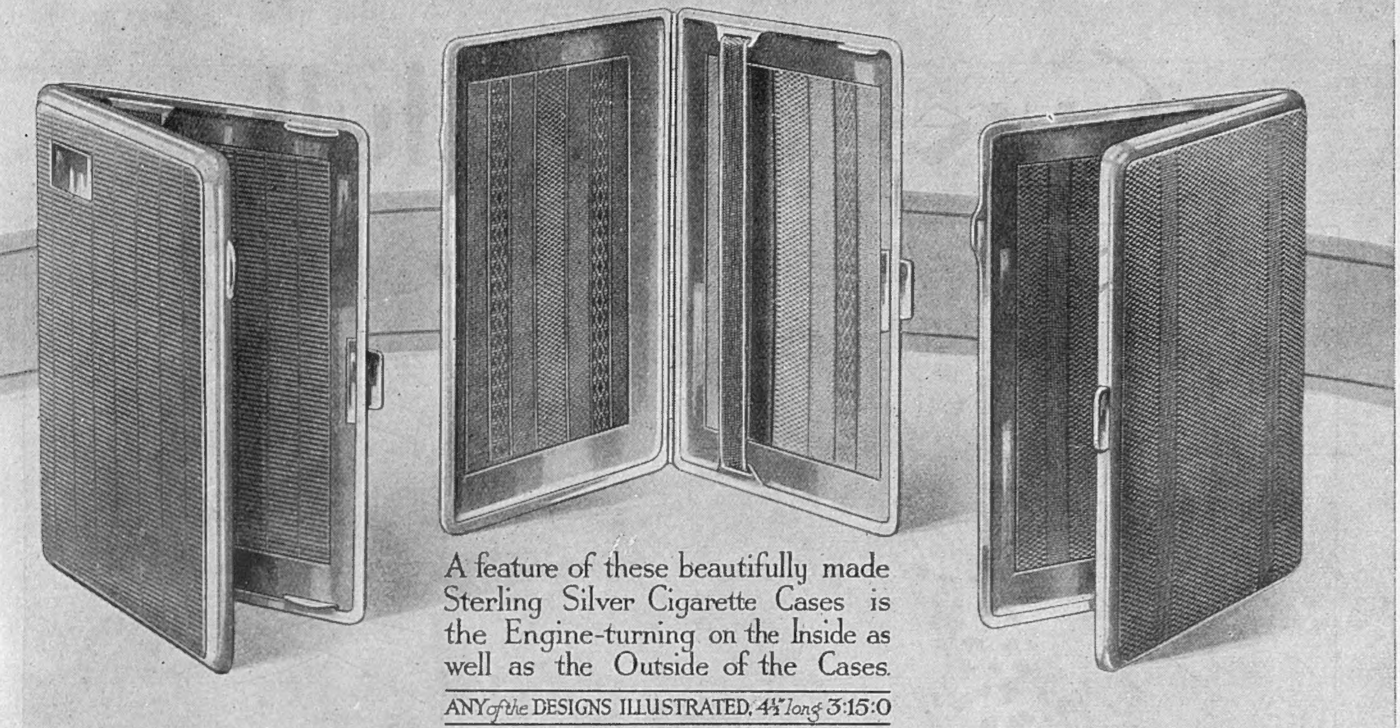

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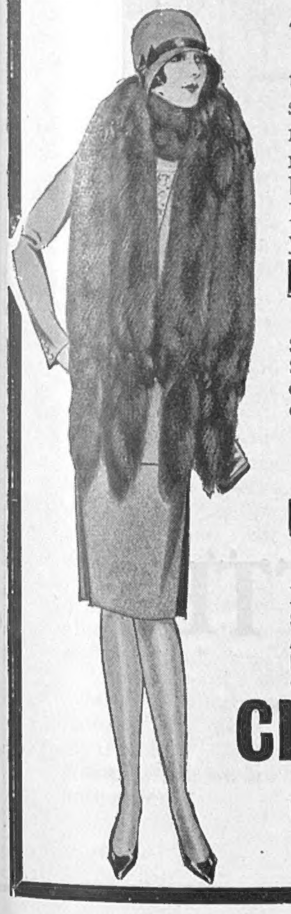
*A Catalogue of Gold and Sterling Silver Cigarette Cases will be sent by return of post, or selections will be forwarded for approval.*



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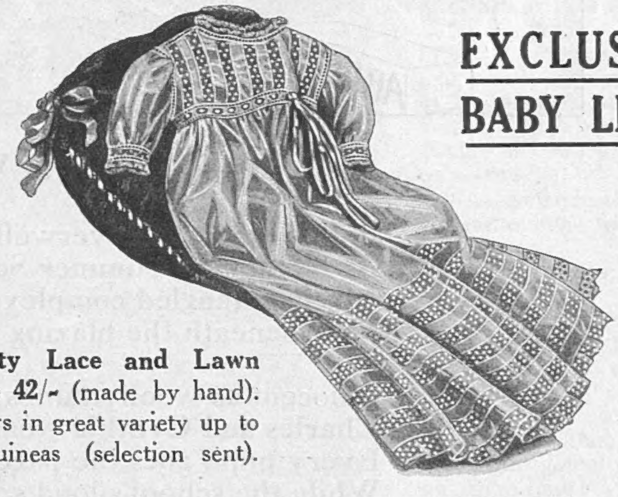

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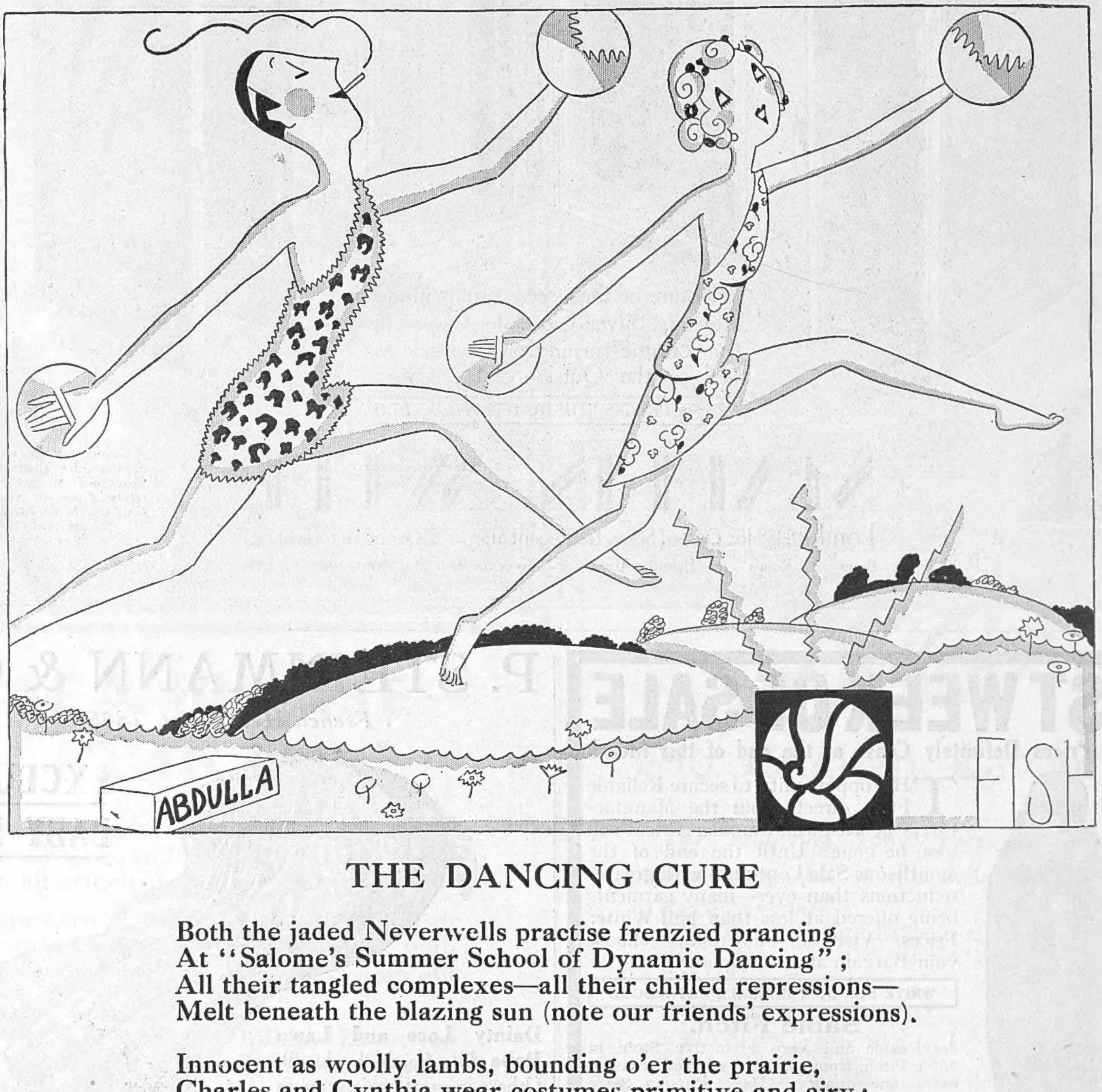
*(BETWEEN BOND ST. & PICCADILLY CIRCUS)*

# Cures by Abdulla



## THE DANCING CURE

Both the jaded Neverwells practise frenzied prancing
At "Salome's Summer School of Dynamic Dancing";
All their tangled complexes—all their chilled repressions—
Melt beneath the blazing sun (note our friends' expressions).

Innocent as woolly lambs, bounding o'er the prairie,
Charles and Cynthia wear costumes primitive and airy;
Every pupil goes the pace—heartened by Abdulla—
While the school's loud speaker brays tunes of joy and colour.

F. R. HOLMES.

## ABDULLA SUPERB CIGARETTES

VIRGINIA TURKISH EGYPTIAN

IN GREAT VARIETY FROM 5/- PER 100 UPWARD.

BRITANNIA & EVE

Vol. I. No. 4 *A Monthly Journal for Men and Women* AUGUST, 1929

# TECHNIQUE

## *A Brilliant Study of a Woman who knew Love*

### *By* May Edginton

*Illustrations by* FORSTER

"WE hesitate to trouble you, dear Amy—"

"When you're so busy packing and all—"

"To go on such a terribly, terribly long journey——"

"But we do so value your good judgment, my dear—"

'It is about Miss Ring.'

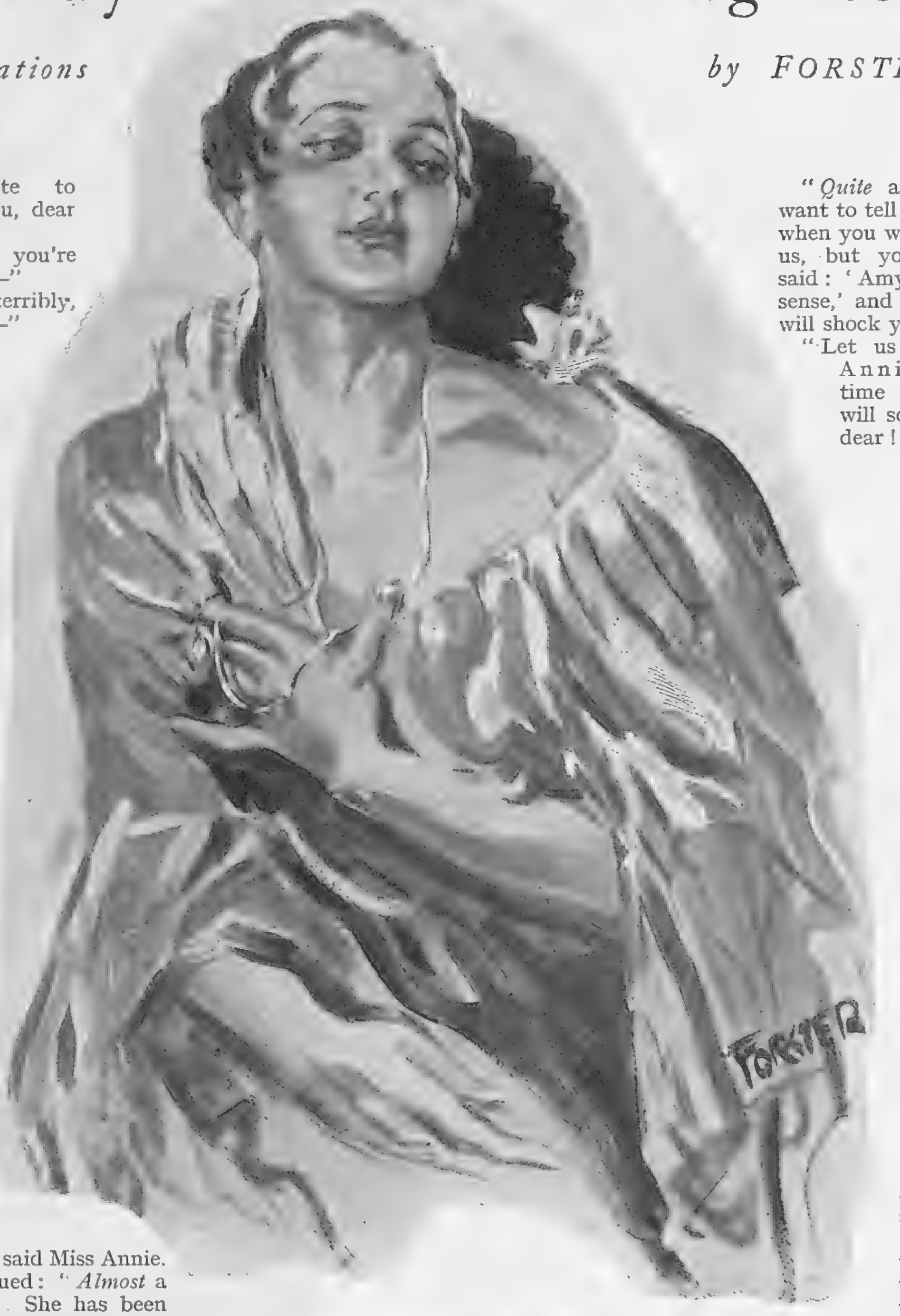
Lady Duske had breakfasted with them—the two worried old ladies—rather earlier than usual on this morning of her departure for America. She had her hat on, and looked the immaculate traveller in her neat frock of fine tweed. Now it was after breakfast and they had detained her in the sunny breakfastroom whose windows looked out over a thick hedge of privet to the summery blue of the sea.

"Miss Ring?" said Lady Duske in her sympathetic voice.

"As you know, dear, Miss Ring has been with us twelve years; long before we ever had the great pleasure of your company, my dear. And she has always behaved herself like a lady——"

"Well, *almost* a lady," said Miss Annie.

Miss Elizabeth continued: "*Almost* a lady, as my sister says. She has been invaluable. And now we hear this gossip, which we are sorry to say is quite authentic—"



*". . a pendant that she wore; a huge black opal, its changing fire rimmed in old silver and slung from an almost invisibly thin silver chain."*

"*Quite* authentic. I didn't want to tell you, Amy dear, just when you were going away from us, but your Aunt Elizabeth said: 'Amy has such wonderful sense,' and though we know it will shock you—"

"Let us tell Amy at once, Annie. She has no time to waste. The car will soon be here. Dear! dear! How we shall miss you! . . ."

"But two months will soon pass."

"Don't interrupt, Annie, because we must tell Amy about Miss Ring. It is the butcher, dear. A most prosperous man with a chain of shops, they say. But, Amy, Miss Ring is carrying on a—a—"

"A—a clandestine understanding with him, dear—"

"A married man with children!"

"They have been seen walking together through the bluebell woods."

"She has confessed to us that it has been going on for some time."

"And that she loves him!"

"Annie! You will shock Amy!"

Lady Duske made a little sound of sympathy.

"What we want to ask you, dear, is: what do you advise us to do?"

"Elizabeth is in favour of giving her another chance."

" If she will promise us to stop it."

" That," said Lady Duske, " is what I would advise you to do, if she will promise to stop it."

" But we couldn't have it going on, could we, Amy ? "

" Certainly you could not have it going on."

AND now, relieved at her advice coinciding with their wishes for their own convenience, the old ladies patted Lady Duske, kissed her, and let her go upstairs to finish her packing, for the car was nearly due. Releasing their minds from painful contemplation of the problem of Miss Ring, they contemplated, with pleasure, the vision of Amy, their niece by marriage, widow of their only nephew Ralph—Ralph who had been so clever and scientific and had received a knighthood, and who would have inherited their money if he hadn't died. But now it was going to his sweet widow who, five years ago, had come, at their invitation, to see them ; and then, at their invitation, to live with them.

" We'll have to leave it all to the Cats and Dogs now," said Miss Annie when news of Ralph's death had come.

But Miss Elizabeth had replied : " There's his wife whom we've never seen ; and we ought, perhaps, at least to see her, to see if she is our sort—before deciding a thing like that."

Well, how happy the last five years had been, with dear Amy still almost a girl, still not far into her thirties ! Dear Amy, of whom one could feel so proud, who was —the ultimate requirement of both sisters —such a lady. Who had got up so carefully Ralph's notes on his various subjects, and gave lovely little lectures here in Hexton, presided over by the vicar ; and who had been twice invited—this was the second time—to give those lovely little lectures before some women's clubs in America.

A Mr. Merriam—an American who had known Ralph—arranged those lectures, they understood. How kind it was of him, this unknown, far-away man, to do so much for Ralph's sake, for Ralph's widow !

Miss Annie spoke, breaking a silence full of this sort of reflection :

" Perhaps dear Amy will use her influence with Miss Ring."

" Say a few words ? . . . I hope so, too."

II.

LADY DUSKE locked her suitcase, and straightened herself. From her window also she could see the shimmery sea. Her bedroom was very neat and chaste—flowered wallpaper, nice white curtains, a little water colour or two that Miss Annie had done years ago, and a framed text, beautifully embroidered on satin, by Miss Elizabeth. The labels were on trunk and suitcase, and as she straightened up, Lady Duske heard from below the sweep of the car, in which the old ladies were sending her to Southampton. And she heard another sound through the half open door, a stifled sob.

Lady Duske spoke in her voice of sympathy : " Miss Ring ? Come in."

The companion came in, bundling over the threshold in her nervous grief, and the two looked at each other, Lady Duske, with distress, with kindness, and yet with calm ; the other red, tear-soaked, frightened, unhappy.

" I—I came to see—if I could help you finish."

" It is all done, thank you, Miss Ring."

A pause.

" The car has come, I think," said Lady Duske, with a slight movement.

Then the other burst out : " Oh, you're so kind ! So kind ! I can see you've been told ; you know it all." A sob. " You've always been so kind to me—I don't know what you must think of me now—but I do assure you, Lady Duske, it—it—" a sob—" it hasn't gone far. Except—in my heart it's gone far ; and he loves me too. He—he's not happy at home, and—and—we used to talk when—sometimes he was in his shop when I took an order—though not often ; he doesn't often serve. But sometimes it was ; and then—and then—gradually—but how should you know how it all happened ? You couldn't know. You're so good ; so good and sweet yourself, you'd never understand the feelings of a woman like me—I haven't understood myself till lately." Sobs and sobs. " Did—didn't know a w-w-woman could feel so !"

" Poor dear Miss Ring. I'm so sorry ! So sorry ! "

" Thank you. I knew *you* would be. So sweet—so sweet and kind and *good*. I wish I could feel *good* like you. So calm." A turgid effort to choke back the sobs. " I know you think, like they do, and like I do, that I must give him up. It mustn't ever happen again."

" My poor, dear Miss Ring."

" I've promised. I'll never go for a walk with him again. I'm wrong. I'm wicked. But—I'll try—"

Lady Duske stood near the short, broad woman, who shook with her emotion ; and again they looked at each other. Lady Duske's cool white hand played with a pendant that she wore ; a huge black opal, its changing fire rimmed in old silver and slung from an almost invisibly thin silver chain. It hung below her waist. And the companion's eyes went to the cool white hand on the fiery opal, and rested there. The opal—she'd admired it always ; it seemed a part of the beauty of Lady Duske—for beautiful she seemed to the other woman. So they stood, in passionate and compassionate quiet.

Miss Ring stammered : " You believe me ? It hasn't gone far. I—I—I've never let him even hold my hand. Never ! Never ! "

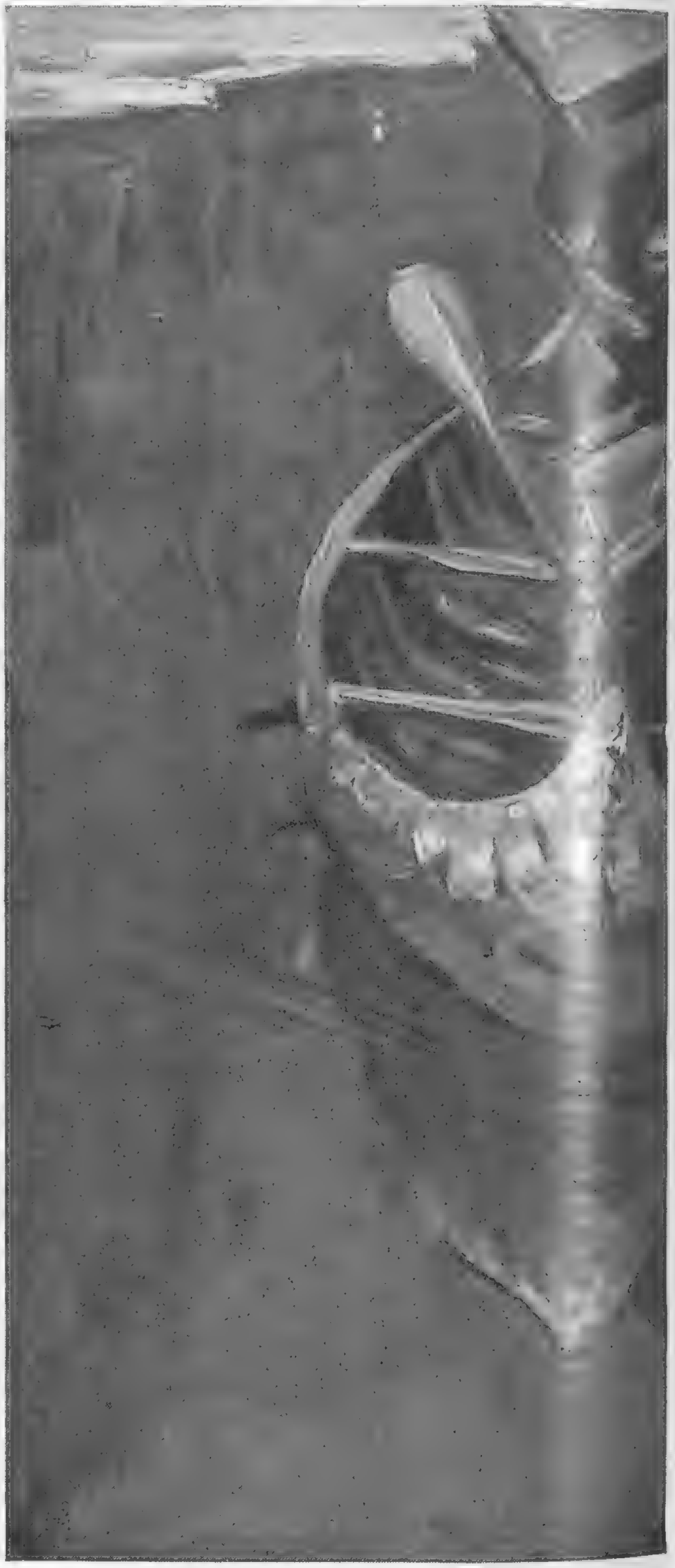
Lady Duske nodded.

" It's the first time—a—a man has ever —said he loved me. And I—I'm thirty-seven. I—I . . . it's meant so much ; but of course I—I've promised the Miss Bertons it shall—END ! " Again a sob broke. " Oh, as I look at you, it makes me wish I could be like you. So cool ; and so good, and so wise."

" Try to be wise," said Lady Duske.

* * * * *

She was in the old-fashioned car, bowling along, looking at the back of the



" . . . *they were gloriously alone . . . the harvest moon would rise* old-fashioned chauffeur who had been the aunts' coachman. She leaned back, slight, pale—colourless, Hexton called her, even while it approved and admired—her very fair hair in a very smooth wing on either side of her little felt hat. Her lips, pale too, and rather thick, quivered a little. Her excellent tweed coat folded slimly round her. She had a hand inside it holding the black opal that sent out its blue and green fires, seeming to warm her hand.

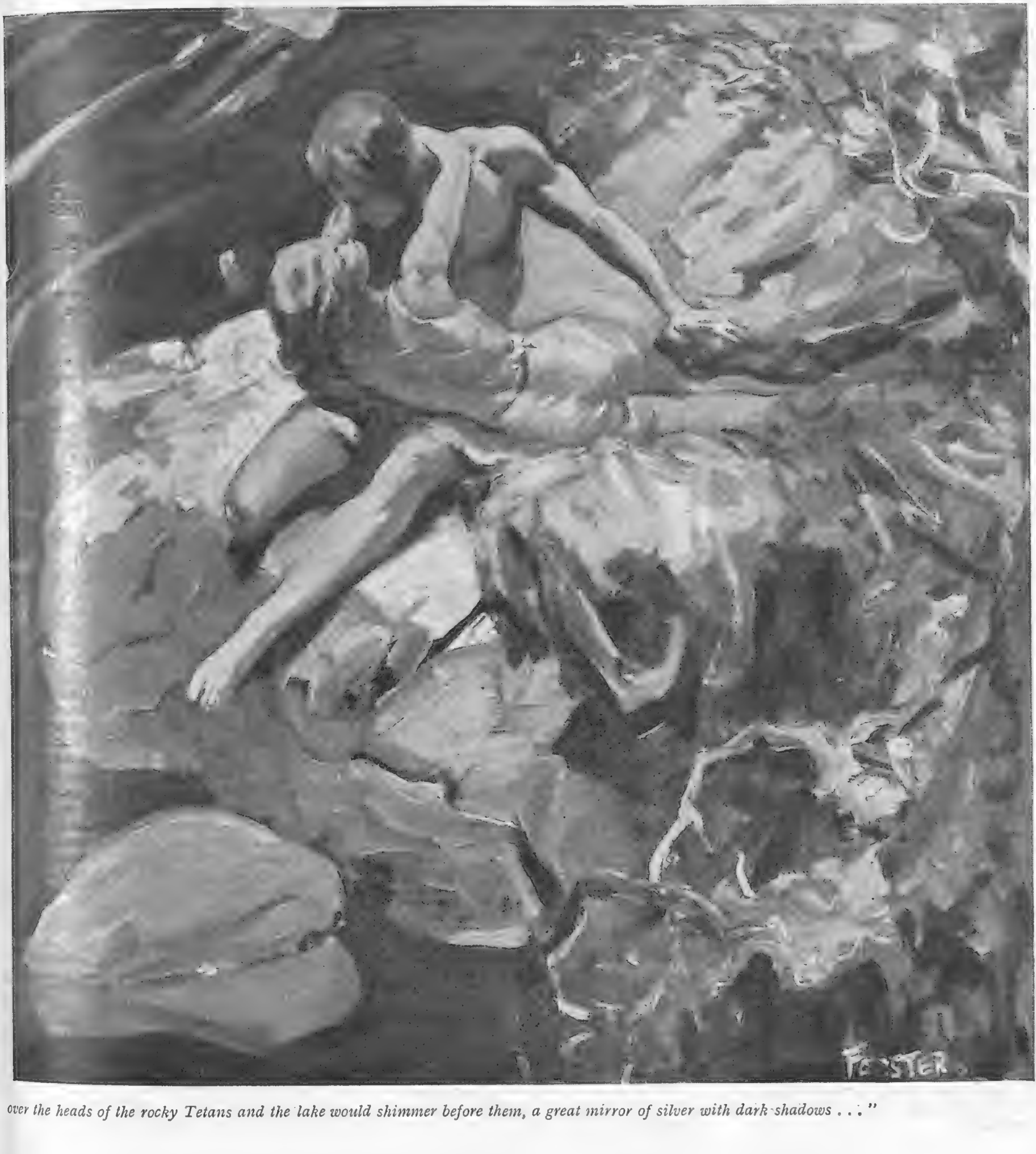
Soon—soon Southampton!

It was a good thing the old ladies had decided against coming to see her off; although, of course, there would have been no danger. . . .

### III.

THERE would have been no danger. One arranged. One did not look for anyone one knew as one reached the dock, showed one's passport, went calmly up the gangway on to the boat. But calm as one was, one was alive! Hexton was behind; one was all alight and burning. One had a thousand eyes and ears seeing and hearing. One knew, anyway, that he would not greet one on the dock, in case. . . .

She walked alone on to the boat. There were few passengers and she was early—a slight, pale, colourless woman, but with a beautiful way of walking; not a way that Hexton would notice, but a significant, beautiful way nevertheless. She walked as only some very slender women walk, narrow feet straight as arrows placed like the feet of a trained dancer, one after the other in line. As she came aboard she knew with some of her thousand eyes and ears that someone was looking at her feet as they came. Then someone looked to her face as she passed. She looked up, too, losing none of her



*over the heads of the rocky Tetans and the lake would shimmer before them, a great mirror of silver with dark shadows . . ."*

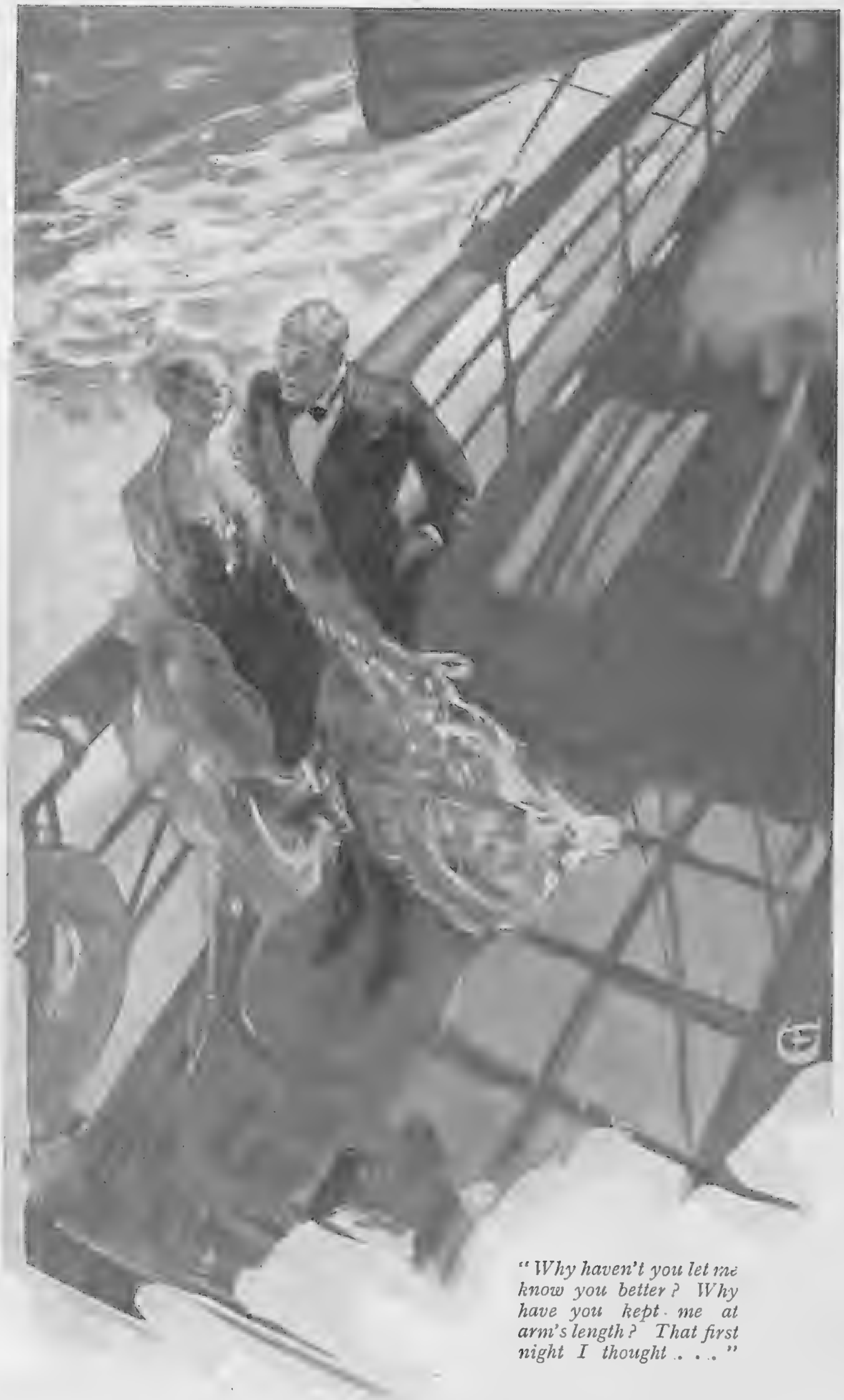
pallor, her limpid colourlessness. She saw the stripes on his sleeve instantly. Second officer Black-haired. Intensely black-haired. There was a moment's vibration between them. She knew and he knew that it would be rather a pity if they did not know each other better

That was all. Because it was arranged that she should go straight to her cabin on a lower deck She dismissed from any lingering in her vision the intensely black hair. One often saw, met, passed and thought. . .

But a reminder: " I have booked a return passage on this same ship," came to her.

She went steadily down to her cabin.

There was a cablegram lying on her dressing table. She picked it up; opened it; read it; put it away in a pocket of her travelling hand-bag. It was signed " Norton." There was not time for any dreaming anticipation over that, though, because of someone more imminent. At any moment someone might come. And then, even as the cablegram's message still went through her like wine warming her veins, she heard the rap on the door, the rap gay and rhythmic—not needing to be subdued at this time of day. The door opened swiftly, shut swiftly. She was in Bernard's arms.



*" Why haven't you let me know you better? Why have you kept me at arm's length? That first night I thought . . . . "*

" Oh, at last ! "

" At last ! "

They listened every now and then acutely for the steward with baggage. When he came, the door was hooked back and they were standing apart. Bernard was saying : " . . . . So unexpected to see you, Lady Duske. If there's anything I can do for you. . . . ."

Stewards are knowledgeable but prefer to have nothing to know. He was gone again. Again the door was shut.

Again they kissed consumingly.

" It's going to be a wonderful voyage, sweetheart."

" Where's your cabin ? "

" Where do you think ? Next to yours."

" About the ship we'll be very formal —"

" Of course. But we sha'n't always be ' about ' the ship. . . . . We're both at the captain's table. I've looked."

" You would be. I suppose I naturally would, too."

" Lovely girl ! You look too wonderful. Your face has changed since I came in."

Her face had softened ; flowered. She had slipped her mask off for him. She laughed.

She sighed: " It's been just starvation. . "

" It was bad luck my being sent to Berlin for so long ; but what magnificent luck to be sent to Washington ; and to have you able to cross, too ! "

" It's a year since—"

" The one and only time when we—"

She stood closely enfolded by his arms, stroking his eyebrow with the tip of a finger, smiling into his eyes, her own half closed.

" And at New York—"

" We part again —if you can't join me in Washington."

" Not safe! Not safe ! "

" Let's forget Washington, anyway. We have a week."

SHE was unpacking some of her things, alone. The first dinner bugle had sounded. The ship was moving smoothly over the waters of the Channel. She took out the kind of *lingerie* that she bought secretly—the old ladies would have thrown fits—and her great extravagance which cost her yearly nearly half of the pittance Ralph had been able to leave —of Chanel perfumes a rich stock of them ; and the simple black dinnerfrock. Her mind roved past the dinner table, past the intervening wasted hours reading in the lounge, to the time when she would again be in this cabin, only a dim light switched on ; waiting for someone to slip in.

Carefulness. Caution. They would be very, very formal " about " the ship. Bernard in the Diplomatic, with his queer but nobly born and influential wife, who didn't live with him, and yet wouldn't live without him . . . no scandals must brush him.

And she herself ? Didn't she love her final release from her prim husband, orderly wedded life ? Didn't she love her surreptitious freedoms that she took with both hands, greedily, whenever the

(*Continued on page* 151.)

# The Long Bulge UPWARDS

*The Wanderlust dies hard. In all Jim Tully's battles that of quitting the life of the vagabond was the hardest. Most men who work their way upwards seem ashamed of the old life. Jim Tully, one of America's greatest hoboes, writes of his ups and downs with ruthless realism and detachment*

## By Jim Tully

*Jim Tully was born in America in 1891. His father was a ditch-digger, his mother a county school teacher. He has been called the American Gorky by prominent critics in the United States. His work has appeared in many of the leading magazines in that country. For eighteen months he was secretary to Mr. Charles Chaplin. The life story of the great English comedian, written by Tully, created a sensation in America. His book, "Circus Parade," was chosen by the Literary Guild of America as the best book of the month*

IT was George Bernard Shaw who said that the tramp has the endless trouble of doing what he likes with himself. This may be true of the vagabond in England; in America the gentleman of troubled leisure faces many problems.

Born in that land of realistic sorrow, I became a "road kid" at fourteen years of age. A road kid might be termed a hobo apprentice. American tramps are loosely termed hoboes.

Road kids are far more vicious as a rule than the older hoboes. Imprisonment and age have not taught them the way of prudence. They either get off the road by the time they are twenty, or become hopelessly lost to the ways of vagabondage and the jail. In either case the road scrawls with monstrous hand its ruthless lines upon them. If one can, by the hit or miss of circumstance, escape from the life before it is too late, he will have a tiger's chance of surviving. He will have learned initiative, fortitude, and the art of asking for little of life, and getting less, deserving less than that.

As I am writing for an English audience, it may be best to explain that hoboes steal rides on trains. They seldom walk from one town to another as tramps do in older and more settled nations. In earlier days three score of them once captured a whole train. That was during one of the frequent American panics, when the wealthy ate as usual and food was harder than usual to obtain for the poor.

Many strong American characters were once road kids. Jack Dempsey, the former heavyweight champion pugilist of the world, hoboed about America. His tales of the road are as interesting and vivid as his battles in the ring. He has since learned to wear a dinner jacket and to use his fork properly at times.

LIKE most men who come from the bottom, he seems ashamed of the life he once lived. If there is a top in life, there must surely be a bottom. So long as there are both, there will be those who touch them.

Jack London was also a road kid. Arrested as a vagrant, he served a sentence in a New York jail. London was not a sensitive man. Lacking the great compassion, and the capacity for remembered sorrow which made Maxime Gorky famous, he touched lightly upon his career as a young hobo.

Josiah Flynt was the first American vagabond to become articulate. He was the nephew of Frances E. Willard, one of the fanatic pioneers who brought the blight of hypocritical prohibition to the United States. Flynt dropped the name of Willard when he went the way of the tramp.

Worn out by the vicissitudes of the road, the hardships of which had sapped his vitality, he died, a weazened little cigarette fiend, at thirty-eight. It was announced in American newspaper headlines when he crossed over about twenty years ago.

Not gifted as a writer, he had the long patience to do magnificent research among the debris of mankind. His most famous books are *Tramping with Tramps* and *The Powers that Prey*. In the latter book he invented the word "graft" as used in common speech to-day

Jack London dedicated a book to "Josiah Flynt—A blown-in-the-glass stiff," which means, in hobo vernacular, the real thing.

Flynt assumes importance in my story in that he was one of the deciding factors which gave me the strength to leave the road. It might be said here that the fever of the wanderlust is very difficult to cure. In all the battles in my life, and there have been many, that of quitting the life of the vagabond was the hardest

HUNGRY and tattered, I reached Chicago. Flynt was soon to go the last, long journey. Reading of his illness in the newspaper, I sent him a note. He invited me to call at his hotel.

I made several attempts before I had the courage to enter the lobby and tell the clerk that I had called to see Mr. Flynt. The clerk loomed mightily above me. He looked at my tattered clothes and forlorn expression. Fearful that he might summon the police and have me ejected from so ornate a building, I hastily showed him Josiah Flynt's letter.

With an expression of bewilderment, he directed me to the great man's room.

The keen, fading eyes took in my befuddlement. I immediately made a social error. I called him "Mister."

I am red-headed.

"Don't mister me, RED," he said kindly. "Call me Cigarette—that's my moniker." A moniker is the name by which a hobo is known.

Flynt's moniker was given him because he was never without a cigarette. Mine was Red because of the shade of my hair. Jack London's was Frisco Jack, for the reason that he came from near San Francisco. Frisco is the hobo's abbreviation of the name of that city. One hobo, who was born in England, was known as the Duke of York!

His breath came slowly, even painfully. In spite of his condition, he talked to me a long time. Every now and then, as if to drive the words into my brain, he repeated, "Get off the road, Red—it'll kill you if you don't."

A poverty-stricken young lawyer facing Blackstone could not have been as confused and deferential as I was before the greatest man whom my world had produced. I had read all that he had written. And even then I dreamed of following in his footsteps.

He gave me five dollars. I left him, determined to leave the road, but dazed as to how to proceed.

A ragged robin among the birds of mankind, I thought long and earnestly during the days that followed.

JOSEPH CONRAD once wrote that strength was nothing to boast of when you have it: that it merely arises from the weakness of others. In most cases perhaps the great romancer is right.

I was in no position to become strong on another's weakness. It was to be a battle of the spirit, waged by an Irish-American youth of nearly twenty-one, who had been a vagabond for seven years.

I had lived much within myself. A constant reader, I knew the works of Thomas Hardy, Charles Dickens, and Oliver Goldsmith—of Samuel Johnson and William Shakespeare. To keep from freezing on winter days, I would pore over their great books in the free libraries.

There I also encountered Zola, Dostoievsky, Balzac, and Tolstoy. They had all, with great words, opened far vistas in my soul. But, nevertheless, they had made the struggle more difficult.

Highly complex, a blending of all through which I had passed, a lover of beauty with a streak of brutality in my nature, with wide shoulders and heavy jowl, with sensibilities which the hurts of life had taught me to hide, with a gipsy heart and a hatred of routine, I was in a poor way to reach fame and fortune in a materialistic nation.

*Mrs. Tully, who is paying a visit to London with her husband*

It is true that I could talk with the Doctors Johnson and Goldsmith. But they, too, had not known the practical way of life themselves. They had even touched the shores of hunger. So, much to my regret, I decided to turn my back on the masters of words and get a job. A job in America is often something by which a boy fits himself into a silly social scheme, and as often breaks his heart.

I HAD left an orphanage when I was about eleven. My mother had been an Irish woman of moods and dreams. A woman who had a greater capacity for life than the sphere in which to express it, she died in childbirth in the early thirties. One of those sad people who live by ignorance and die by faith, she left me a pitiful heritage.

My father, coming from Ireland as a boy, was a digger of ditches in Ohio. He could throw a shovelful of mud and drink a glass of whisky with any man. But six children, left to the mercy of God and wind and weather, were a trifle too much for him.

Hence I remained in an orphanage six years and received the only education in the academic sense that I have ever had.

My father had the strength of a gorilla. I inherited some of it. I learned as a road kid, in the Americanese of the prize ring, to "throw a mean pair of boxing gloves."

After a struggle to get away from the road, in which I had failed a half-dozen times, I decided to become a pugilist. In all my combats with bare fists I had never been hurt.

I returned to Ohio—still a hobo.

A pugilist by the name of Chicago Jack Tierney had whipped several men in that state. It was becoming difficult to obtain matches for him. The problem was to convince the fight promoter that I was a match for Tierney. I conceived a plan.

I knew an old printer in my Ohio town, many miles from the section where Tierney was famous.

I told the old man my idea, ending with the modesty of the belligerent Irish, "I can lick Tierney if they'll just throw me in the ring with him."

KNOWING that no man can obtain any sort of an important ring engagement in America without what is known as a "record," I told the old printer to print a record which I imagined. In it we told of the men I had beaten. The old man made it appear as if it had been clipped from a Chicago newspaper.

My aged friend, no doubt seeking for a last thrill in life, became enthusiastic over my chances against Tierney. He helped me to get the letter ready which was to be posted to the promoter. The bogus clipping was enclosed. Within a week I secured the match.

The printer bought me a suit of clothes. On the day of battle I left with him for the engagement.

It was do or die with me. And death was not in my mind.

The promoter took me to Tierney's headquarters. I was introduced to the confident young bruiser. Irish like myself, he looked at me with narrow eyes.

Knowing that indifference might be of psychological importance, though I knew not the word at the time, I glanced

*A striking portrait of Jim Tully, the author of this article*

nonchalantly at Tierney, and said brusquely, " I'll see you to-night."

As I left his presence I heard him say, " He looks tough." The door closed.

We answered the gong at nine that night. Tierney was far the better boxer. He was just as vicious as I.

We advanced swiftly and crashed together. Blows clattered like hail on a roof. Our hands were more heavily taped than is allowed at present. Our five-ounce leathered hands were literally sledges. Tierney worked in close and began to pound my kidneys. It is known in America as " in-fighting." Deadly damage is often done at this form of fighting, which the spectator's eye is not quick enough to see.

It was lucky for me that I had been trained in a brutal school.

Something happened. Tierney's gloves swished about me like machine-gun fire. He had found in the first terrible encounter that I was the stronger. He avoided further in-fighting whenever possible. I had found that he was the superior man at long range. My problem was to beat him at in-fighting. His problem was to cut me to pieces at long range.

THERE often descends on the man in the ring something, for the lack of a better term, I will call an oblivion of time. He fights automatically, the blows which tear his flesh and bruise his body becoming in time as painful as needle points against the most delicate nerves. At other times, according to the mood and the imagination of the bruiser, he becomes literally an eagle borne on a red cloud of blood.

On this night I became, for a mad half-hour, something beyond myself. To enable me to keep away from flying and bloody mallets of pain, I had to go forward. A backward step and my head would be nearly torn from my shoulders.

Tierney was a gallant foeman. Once I threw a left which caught his jaw. His head " rolled with the punch." Before he had gained equilibrium I followed with a right. It ripped across his jaw and made his mouth fly open with pain. He sank to the canvas.

I HAD to swallow hard to keep my heart from swelling out of my breast in the wild exultation of victory so near at hand.

The referee counted: " One—Two—Three—Four—Five—" (Tierney squirmed on the wet canvas)—" Six—Seven—" The magnificent young bruiser rose and caught me with a terrible left hook to the jaw. I went down.

The gong sounded.

My second dragged me to my corner.

The next round opened in a whirlwind of fighting. Lured on as we were with hope of victory, we stood toe to toe and slugged. I can still hear Tierney muttering in the excess of the strain, " Damn your soul!" And my own reply came stubbornly, " Pray for your own."

Round after round followed to the number of ten. At the end of the battle the referee raised both our hands, indicating an even battle.

On the sporting pages in newspapers in far cities next morning it was announced that Jim Tully, an unknown, had fought a draw with Chicago Jack Tierney.

Many matches followed. I became flashily dressed, and wore diamonds. Then a reaction came.

Until this time I had never known girl love nor woman love.

When frequenting a library, a young woman in charge became interested in my future. I told her of my dreams. She corrected my first crude efforts at writing. She begged me to leave the ring. Asking little of life save that it be not humdrum, I continued for some time as a pugilist.

After one hard battle the girl sent me a telegram which read, " What is the use of whipping the whole world and ending up—a brothel keeper ? "

She later died of pneumonia as a Red Cross nurse in France.

SOME years later my first book was accepted. Success had come after eight years of solid effort. It contained nearly one hundred thousand words. The writing of it nearly drove me insane.

On my journey to New York to confer with the publisher, I read in an Ohio paper that the body of the girl had been returned from France, to lie in ground that for me will ever be sacred.

The second book, *Beggars of Life,* a record of tramps and tramping, was unknown in America three years after its appearance. Its sale was less than five thousand copies. My style was too terse—even shocking.

Then, by some miracle, the book caught on. A play was adapted from it and appeared in New York. A film version was made. Translations came. The book was published here in England.

I followed with a novel of Hollywood, entitled *Jarnegan.* A play was also made from this novel.

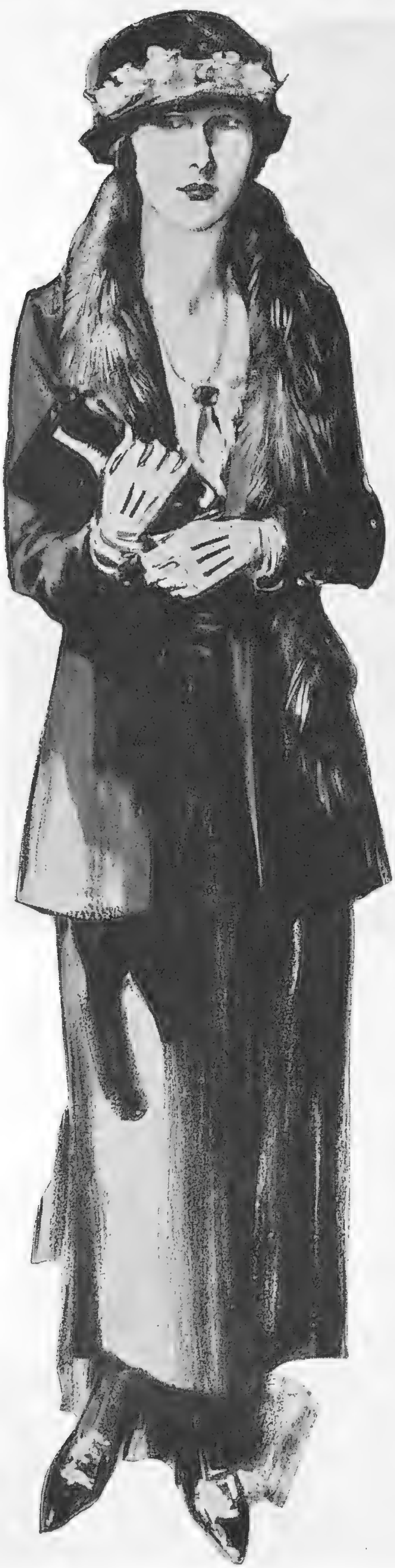
I have written two other books. *Circus Parade,* a novel of the circus underworld, was banned in Boston, Massachusetts. At the same time, the Literary Guild of America chose it as their book of the month. I followed this book with the tale of my own family, *Shanty Irish.* I will dramatise it for the New York stage this autumn.

After the publication of my first book I knew nothing of the technique of short story, article, or interview. But in the past seven years I have appeared in these mediums in twenty-eight different American magazines.

Looking back upon it all, it seems like a life some other man has lived. But many whom I met on the long road are still my closest friends.

My chief regret is that the one woman who had faith did not live to see my eventual success.

My ambition is—to write a great book.



*Revisiting the Old Country,* ELINOR *rhapsodises, with every reason*

# The Advance of the

I COME to England only about every two or three years now, and each time I am struck by the advance of the English girl—the English girl as you see her in the street and shop, as well as in the drawing rooms—and the very first thing to realise about her is her supreme courage, for she has had to fight for every inch of ground she now owns.

Having emerged from the chattel stage, when she was a mere pawn for parents or husbands to use in their game, she became as deeply enslaved by custom and convention, though she was not any longer actually forced to mate against her will. Then the War brought her freedom in a great measure—and now she has developed into perhaps the most important unit of her race. And here she is! A creature as eager as Alice might have been if she had immediately entered the garden she saw through the door!

The advance of the girl in England is quite different from that of her counterpart in America, largely for financial reasons. The American girls always seemed to have had money to spend, and were the pampered darlings of their men folk—but it seems only lately that Englishmen have grown to admit that girls should be well dressed and soignée, and allowed to do as they please.

TWENTY years ago, fathers and brothers would have made an outcry about lipsticks and powder—and as for these delightfully practical short skirts and transparent silk stockings, they would have considered them horribly improper.

But now all that has passed, and the English girl has advanced towards claiming, unhampered, her racial advantage of more finely sculptured bones than any other nation possesses. She has a stamp of " breeding " which strikes the eye of any stranger who happens to have a thinking mind. And when these nice, finely cut bones are covered with healthy flesh, she can be the perfection of the feminine type. I notice that there are not so many of those rabbit-teeth about, or those inadequate chins—too long or receding—all the signs of decadence and wrong feeding or mating. I am told by a health expert that the main cause of these ugly things was because the babies sucked " comforters," or their thumbs! and that when the mothers began to realise the evils of these ways, the children's mouths improved. In any case, the general impression is better now.

YEARS ago children had to spend their school time in wretchedly cold rooms. Grown-ups seemed to consider that a martyrdom of icy hours was the best thing for them, which most probably stunted their growth, or produced unbalanced shapes later on; one part too long and another too short. American children never have had such suffering to encounter, so they have had the chance to develop a good structure. Perhaps the little scholars here are now more humanly treated, and that may be one reason why the girls are prettier. Another reason is certainly that more attention is being given to teeth. The millions of English people who yearly used to be poisoned by decayed teeth, and wore a grey unhealthy air! It used to be left to chance—if you were born with good teeth, very well! but if not, nothing was done about it. In America in every grade of society, the children's teeth are the first consideration, with the result that you only see regular white perfection in the grown girls.

THE discarding of the boned corset is another reason for increased beauty all over the civilised world. When I see these pretty, dainty maidens in London crowding out of the places of business on Saturday at noon time, I am impressed with their courage and resource, for even with the great advance in the possibility of buying nice ready-made garments, the smarter footwear at reasonable prices, the actual sum they have to spend on personal adornment is simply infinitesimal—not as much as an American girl, in the same class, would have to keep her in hats! All this means contrivance and thought, and I reiterate, *courage*. It is quite easy to be beautiful and soignée if you have quantities of money to spend on yourself—it is really the sign of a slovenly mind if you are not perfection—but think of the difficulty if you have to climb on to an omnibus, or fight through a tube every morning and evening, during weeks of drizzling rain and fog, and have only the most minute margin for extra shoes and coats when your first ones become waterlogged!

THEN I want to express my appreciation of their charming manners and sweet, soft voices Twenty years ago, no matter how any woman may have looked, you could tell the class she

# GLYN, the Novelist and Film Director for a shower of compliments, on ENGLISH Girl

came from directly she began to speak—but now the progress of refinement in the English girl's voice is remarkable. Nearly all of them speak melodiously. There is little of the "kao" for "cow," and "raound" for "round," which formerly distinguished the suburbs from Mayfair. In shops you are sure of unobtrusive attention. There is no bombast, no resentful demonstration of "I'm as good as you—perhaps better"—which there used to be in numbers of the lesser establishments.

A famous American financier who has a business here told me he could not say enough of the English girl clerks' and stenographers' disinterested loyal service, or their eager, willing co-operation, untinged with the spirit of gold-digging!

ANOTHER remarkable thing about them is their increased sense of the fitness of things: their public behaviour is so enormously improved. Years ago, if you went to any public place of entertainment which the lower middle class frequented, you would see cuddling and hear loud talking, and, in short, vulgarity, all round you. Now everyone seems to behave with good taste, and that divine self-respect, which is the strongest force in the British nation, seems to have permeated every class. To me all the girls now, wherever you go, appear to be what we used to call "ladies"—they are all so lovely and sweet. And in the higher social grades they seem to be altering, too. There is no longer that ridiculous class barrier for those who work. Every sensible girl seems to work; either at some job, or some intellectual post—or, if not, she at least has numbers of public or national interests which take up her time in a disciplined manner.

IT is the way of the old to deplore almost everything which youth does which is different from that of their own day. Especially they suggest that morals and manners are joining the bow-wows!

It is all perfect nonsense! The girls now are learning life from experience—not from precept alone, as they were formerly obliged to do—and so they must inevitably pass through some stages where mistakes produce less harmonious aspects. But lessons learned in this way are never forgotten—and so the modern English girl is likely to make a splendid mother for the future race.

I was told while still in America that I should find the cocktail drinking and the general intoxication of all the young people just as bad as it is in the U.S.A. But as yet I have not found it so. I have not seen a single girl tipsy. If they do drink cocktails they perhaps do not go on taking them when they feel the spirit going to their heads, and the natural reserve of the English character keeps them from hilarious demonstrations. But one thing I do notice—the women of thirty-five to forty are changing more rapidly than they should. I have seen a number of sodden complexions and fattened outlines, which alcohol alone produces, so I conclude that cocktail drinking, unless checked, will deal in the same way with the girls, and that when I return in the next three years I shall perceive it.

WHEN I remember the downtrodden appearance of most girls we saw in the streets before the war, and contrast them with these well dressed, sprightly creatures of to-day, the change is remarkable. We have to thank the enterprising shops which brought in attractive ready-made clothes instead of the poor girls being dependent upon home-made confections—the sleeves so often put in wrong and the skirts hanging anyhow! But there is something beyond all this.

Their faces express *hope*.

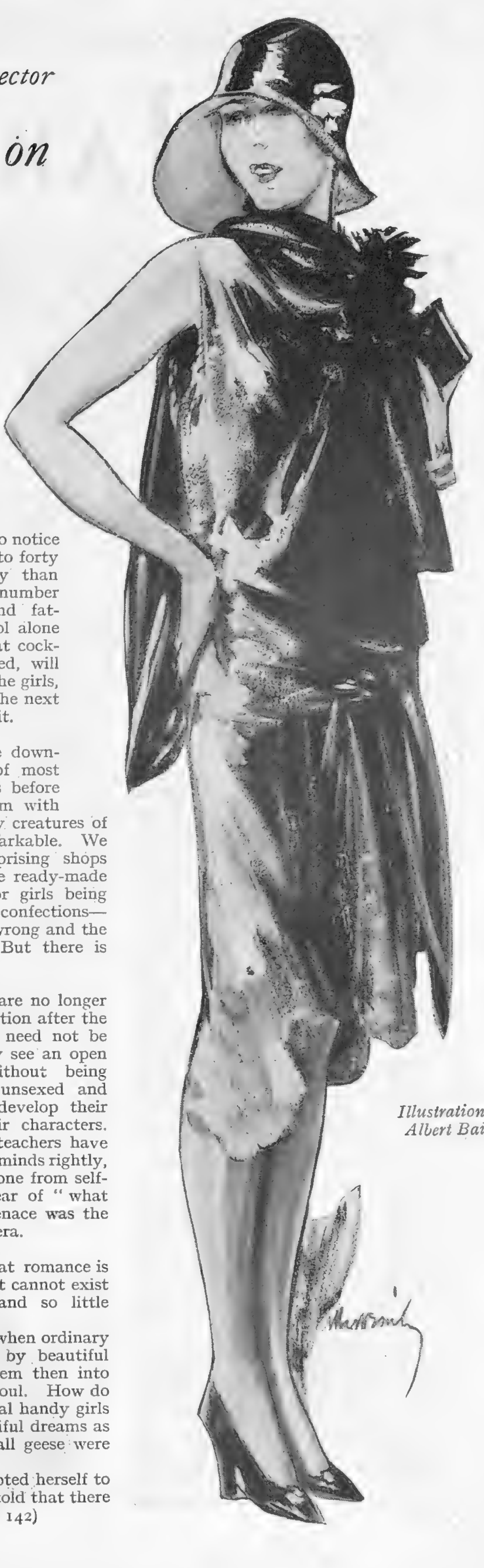
Life and its possibilities are no longer beyond their reach. Stagnation after the brief romance of marriage need not be their inevitable fate. They see an open road, they may work without being reproached for becoming unsexed and "ungenteel." They can develop their tastes and strengthen their characters. And, if the mothers and teachers have trained their subconscious minds rightly, they know how to stand alone from self-respect more than from fear of "what people will say," which menace was the dread god of the Victorian era.

THE elderly complain that romance is dead; they argue that it cannot exist with so much blatancy and so little mystery.

What is romance? It is when ordinary happenings are enveloped by beautiful imaginings which bring them then into greater harmony with the soul. How do we know that these practical handy girls do not dream just as beautiful dreams as we did when we believed all geese were swans?

The English girl has adapted herself to existing conditions. I am told that there

(*Continued on page 142*)



*Illustrations by Albert Bailey*

*A Story of Scotch—and proud of it!*

# MARY, Queen OF

## By Guy Gilpatric

THE *Inchcliffe Castle,* Para to Naples, stuck her rusty snout around the bend of Andalucia and ambled into sheltered waters across which sprawled the purple shadow of Gibraltar. Behind the Rock the sun had climbed an hour high; but Britannia's Lion, in its towering majesty, shut off all save a few ambitious rays which leaked around its edges and framed it in a pinkly-glowing aureole.

The full moon, on the other hand—it would have been your left—swung over the white houses of Algeciras, in Spain, and, sinking lower, paved a baleful pathway beyond Trafalgar for the wandering footsteps of Admiral Nelson's unquiet love-sick ghost.

In this strange and lovely moment of borning day and dying night, the *Inchcliffe Castle's* anchor let go with a shocking clatter of chains, a vulgar display of sparks, much profanity from the fo'c'sle head, and even more from the bridge. The profanity was that of religious men, which is the kind that blisters paint.

THE anchor caught in the mud, jerked loose once or twice, stirred up many bubbles and an evil smell, and finally hooked a fluke. Mr. Montgomery, hanging over the bow and seeing the chain stretch taut, waved his hands with the weary, yet triumphant, gesture of an orchestra leader bringing the Ninth Symphony to a glorious close.

Captain Ball, on the bridge, heaved a sterterous sigh. "Ring off the engines," he directed; and somewhere down below the telegraph jingled. Suddenly, disturbingly, the decks ceased to throb and the stanchions to tremble. After eighteen pulsing days the ship seemed no longer to be alive. Silence, torrents of silence, poured in from all sides. And just then the sun, conquering the traditionally unconquerable, scaled Gibraltar's heights and sent the night, its moon, and its lovely mystery, scurrying away into Africa.

"Hell's bones!" remarked Captain Ball, unbuttoning his overcoat and taking a cigar from his nightshirt pocket. "What a trip *that* was!" Resting his elbows on the bridge rail, his eye travelled aft over the battered gear and salt-streaked superstructure which told of a rough and troublous passage.

Mr. Glencannon, the Chief Engineer, appeared on the deck below. At the heels of his oil-soaked carpet slippers toddled a jet black female Scottish terrier, with barrel chest, stump legs, and whiskers such as one associates with natives of Aberdeen. Mr. Glencannon strolled to the rail, spat copiously over it, and considered Gibraltar at length—meanwhile wiping his face with a handful of greasy cotton-waste. Then he lifted the dog in his arms, and placed her forepaws on the rail.

"Mary," he said, "this is Geebraltar, an heestoric port. I'll first deerect your attention to the street which runs peerpindicular to yon wharf. If ye'll note the fourth—no, the fufth, building on the left, ye'll be notin' a pub which sells the finest whusky South of the Firth o' Clyde. And then, on the nuxt street, over toward the naval coal docks, ye'll see a sma' house wi' a red roof. That's a pub called "The Royal Oak," after an old ancient freegate ship whuch . . . oh, a vurra gude morning to you, Captain Ball."

"Good morning, Mr. Glencannon," and the captain nodded over the canvas splasher. "How are you and Mary this morning—fit?"

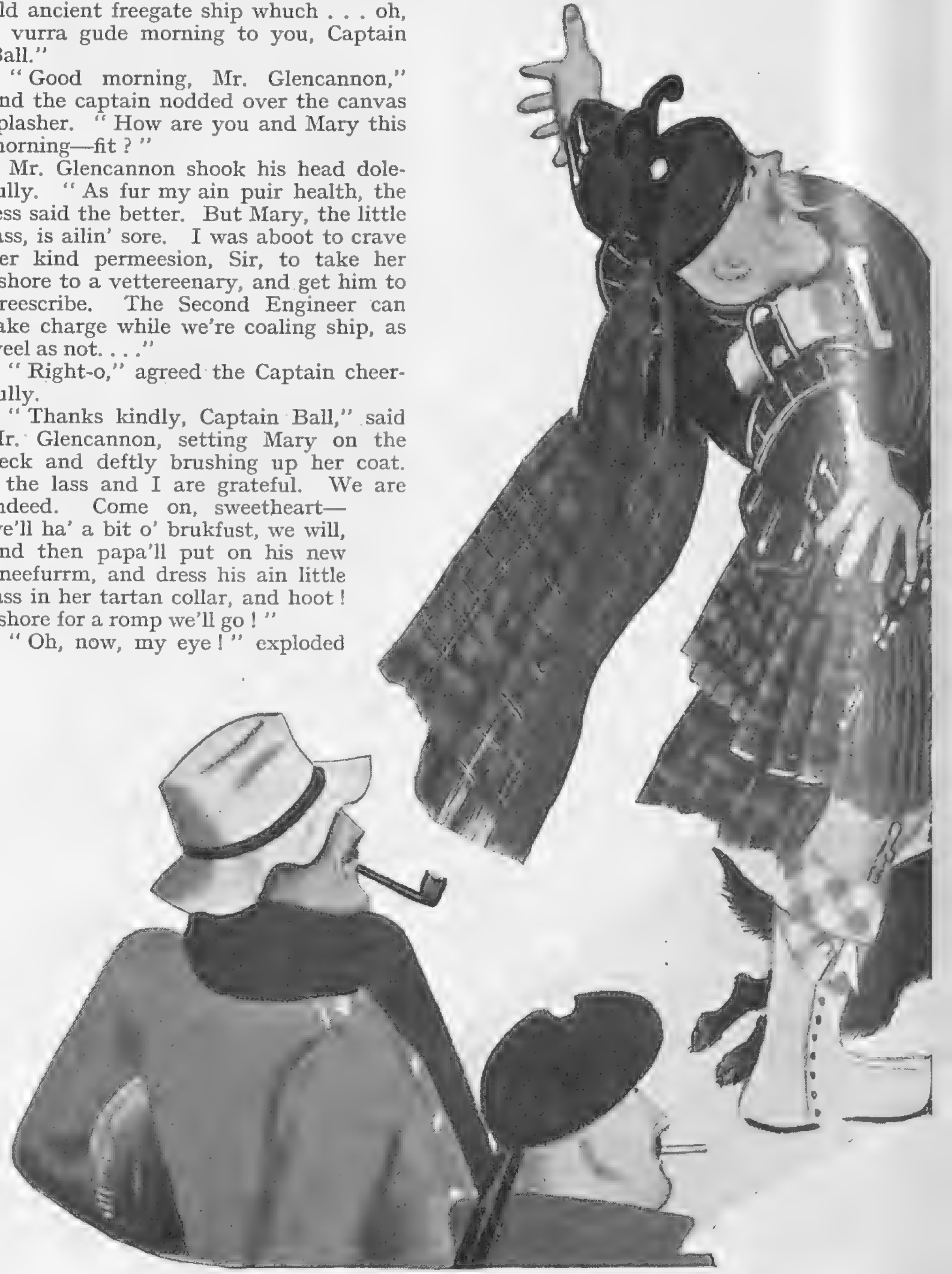
Mr. Glencannon shook his head dolefully. "As fur my ain puir health, the less said the better. But Mary, the little lass, is ailin' sore. I was aboot to crave yer kind permeesion, Sir, to take her ashore to a vettereenary, and get him to preescribe. The Second Engineer can take charge while we're coaling ship, as weel as not. . . ."

"Right-o," agreed the Captain cheerfully.

"Thanks kindly, Captain Ball," said Mr. Glencannon, setting Mary on the deck and deftly brushing up her coat. "the lass and I are grateful. We are indeed. Come on, sweetheart—we'll ha' a bit o' brukfust, we will, and then papa'll put on his new uneefurrm, and dress his ain little lass in her tartan collar, and hoot! ashore for a romp we'll go!"

"Oh, now, my eye!" exploded Mr. Montgomery, the Mate, who had joined Captain Ball upon the bridge "Did you ever 'ear such blithering tosh in all your life, Sir? Mr. Glencannon mykes a bit of an ass of 'imself over that dog when 'e sets 'is mind to it, 'e does!"

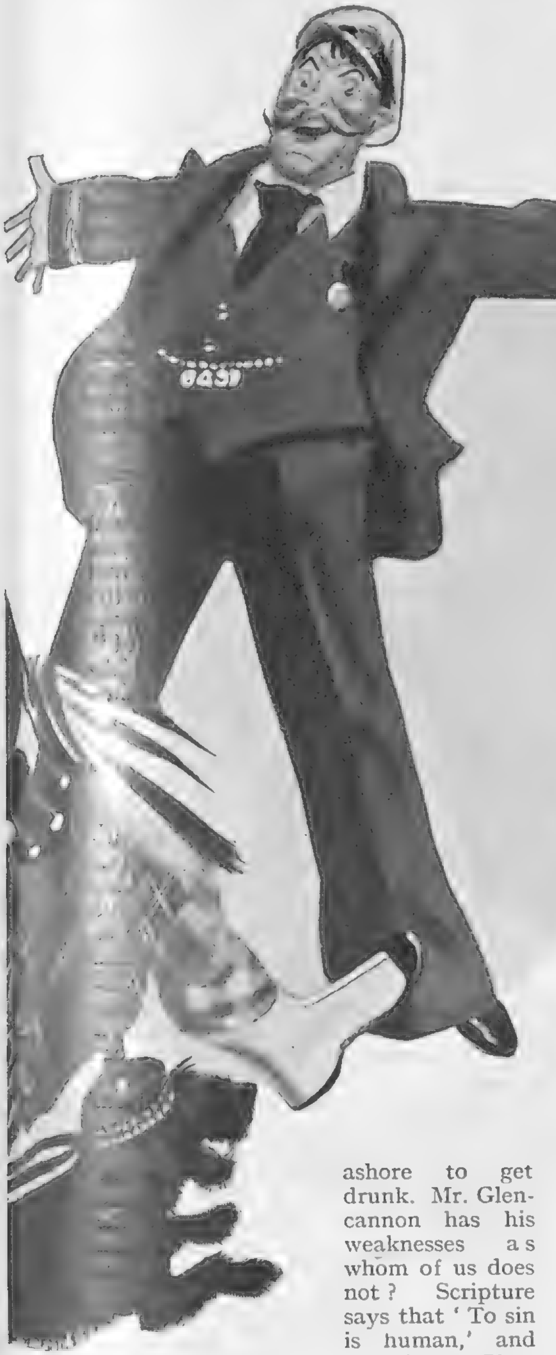
CAPTAIN BALL crinkled the corners of his eyes as do men who weren't



*Illustrations by A. R. THOMSON*

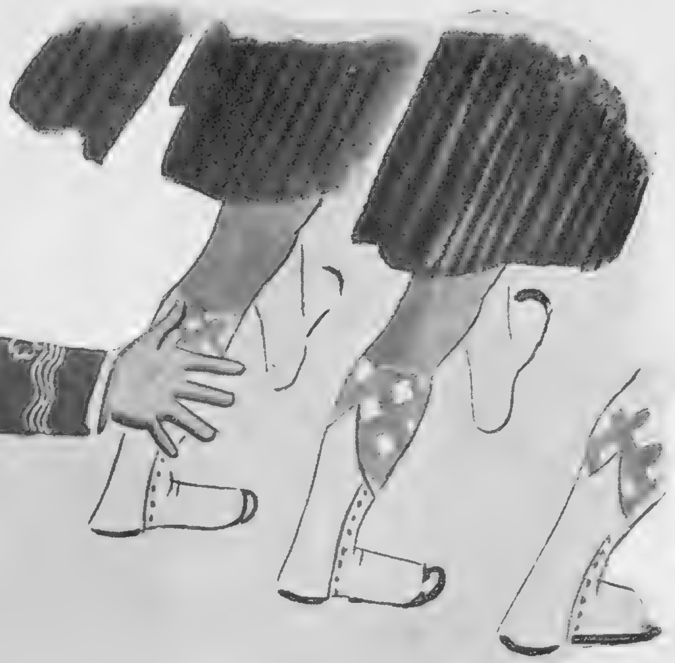
# SCOTS

born yesterday. "Well, I'll tell you, Mr. Montgomery, it's like this. I know as well as you do that he's going ashore to get drunk. Mr. Glencannon has his weaknesses as whom of us does not? Scripture says that 'To sin is human,' and though Mr. Glencannon drinks a full quart of whisky every day, and be damned if I haven't seen him drink five quarts, we must remember to let he without sin cast the first stone—particularly when he's the only engineer on the high seas who can handle our rusty old tubercular junk pile of a blank-blanked engine."



"Well, all I can say is, God 'elp the Rock of Gibraltar!" grunted Mr. Montgomery, only half convinced. "'Ere 'e comes now."

Mr. Glencannon, brave in his best white cap, the four gold stripes of his rank, and the medal awarded him for saving a German's life by mistake, stood at the foot of the companion and invited bids from the yammering bumboatmen to take him ashore. He cut the lowest bid in half, kicked the chin of the nearest competitor, who had sought to seize his arm, and made the trip to the Commercial Wharf for "thruppence." With Mary frisking at his heels, he passed through cobbled streets lined with white-washed houses labelled, for example, "*Sgt.-Major Alfred Hoskins, 67th Rgt. R.G.A.*," and "*Non-Com. Married Quarters—No Loitering.*" The latter sign he felt to be distinctly offensive in its insinuation. "Ha! no fear!" he muttered toward it; "I've better to do than loiter aboot with the shee-beef o' the Royal Garrison Arteelery!" And forthwith he turned into an establishment the window of which displayed a spirited lithograph of the Relief of Lucknow, depicting several bottles of MacCrimmon's Very Old Liqueur Whisky being put to good use by the beleaguered defenders in the foreground.



*It was the Dumbartons, beyond a doot . . . and Mr. Glencannon's own cousin Douglas was Pipe Major of the regiment!*

He found MacCrimmon's Very Old to be distinctly creditable stuff—as good, in some respects, as The Laird's Selected Relics, Clammarty Royal Tartan Blend and Dunleven Particularly Choice. But none of them, of course, could compare with Duggan's Dew of Kirkintilloch—most gorgeous of all liquids that ever dripped golden from the nozzle of a still to mingle its perfume with that of the heather in the cold Highland mists.

NOW, like Duggan's Dew, Mr. Glencannon hailed from the town of Kirkintilloch, in Dumbartonshire; and the picture on the label made him first happy, then sentimental, and finally homesick. A great grief overcame him; tears coursed his cheeks as he contemplated that label, and he was weeping copiously when he finished the bottle. "Look," he sobbed, hoisting Mary to the table. "Gaze, lass, upon the dear fameeliar scenes o' your childhood. 'Tis there that our mothers live. Ye played there as a bairn, and so, alas, did I . . ." And Mary, falling into the spirit of the occasion, tilted back her head and gave vent to piercing wails. Mr. Glencannon purchased six cases of the whisky, ordered five to be delivered aboard the ship, and the sixth to be stowed in a cab. The cab proved to be a spidery Victoria driven by a Spaniard in straw hat, short jacket and baggy trousers. Mr. Glencannon and Mary scrambled aboard with the God-speed of the publican and some asistance from the bystanders.

"Where to, Capitan?" inquired the Spaniard.

"How in the hell shud I know?" replied Mr. Glencannon. "Must I act as guide to ye on ye're ain native heath?"

"But I come from La Linea, Señor," protested the Spaniard.

"Vurra weel—let's go there, then," and with Mary perched on the seat beside him, Mr. Glencannon dropped off to sleep.

They had clip-clopped out of the streets of the town and were well in sight of the Neutral Strip—a barb-wired belt of land which separates Spain from the Crown Colony of Gibraltar—when the driver reined in his nag. Mr. Glencannon, opening his eyes, saw that they were halted at a house before which paced a sentinel in the uniform of the Royal Garrison Artillery. A sign on the place read: "*H.Q. Frontier Guard. Passes for Spain.*" Across the road, under the flat face of the Rock, stretched a field filled with hurdles, water-jumps, cricket greens, polo goal-posts and aeroplane hangars. Upon this field troops were playing football.

THE driver dismounted, entered the house, and shortly emerged with a little green slip which read: "North front. Permit until first evening gunfire John Cochrane, Chief of Frontier Police."

Mr. Glencannon was considering this suspiciously, and was just about to ask Mary what country they were in, when a disturbing sound came from the distance. At first he thought he only imagined it, and instinctively he glanced at Mary for confirmation. But, yes—her ears were cocked, her tail was wagging, and she was craning her neck around the side of the carriage. It was the sound of bagpipes; and they were playing "Piobair o' Lochaber."

"Losh!" exclaimed Mr. Glencannon, lurching to his feet. "Why, it's the Argyll and Dumbarton Highlanders!" Mary showed her front teeth in a broad smile, and then her entire perfect set in a series of joyous barks. Her little hairy forepaws pattered on the cushions, and she wriggled with excitement. For there, down the long white road, was the head of the approaching column — kilts and sporrans swinging to the time white gaiters slogging up and down, tartan ribands a-flutter on the pipes, and the bass-drummer, with his leopard-skin apron, whirling his sticks cross-armed, overhead, and behind him in the wild inimitable Highland manner! It was the Dumbartons beyond a doot—and Mr. Glencannon's own cousin, Douglas, was Pipe Major of the Regiment!

*Mary, Queen of Scots*

Nearer and nearer they came—the shrill chant and basso drone of the pipes leaping into the air and echoing against the great grey face of the Rock above the plain. Then came the muffled *clump* of sixteen hundred hobnailed boots, the rhythmic swish of eight hundred tartan kilts! The Dumbartons—the great and glorious Dumbartons!—were marching by! Wheeling smartly before his very carriage, they deployed into the field.

THEY were going to play football, and so they weren't carrying their rifles. Numerous sporting majors, captains and subalterns had turned out with the team, and they swung along with their walking-sticks beneath their arms and banter upon their lips. And over all, there was a friendly, comfortable smell of venerable Scotch whisky upon the soft Iberian air.

Mr. Glencannon was sniffing deeply when suddenly he and Mary beheld a sight which transfixed them. It was the regimental mascot—the handsomest, whiskeriest Scottish terrier in the whole wide world—a rakish, swashbuckling lad wearing a tiny Highland bonnet cocked over one ear, the silver-and-cairngorm badge of the Dumbartons pinned to the side of it. And he toddled along with a man who stood full seven feet high—a giant with a chest the size of the *Inchcliffe Castle's* main boiler, and great hairy knees like the oak trees worshipped by the Druids of antiquity. This giant—there could be no mistaking him!—was Mr. Glencannon's own cousin Douglas.

MARY cast virginal modesty to the winds, and shrilly yapped her admiration. Cousin Douglas, spotting Mr. Glencannon, gave vent to a joyous "Hoot!" and promptly fell out of the ranks. Mr. Glencannon, not to be undone, promptly fell out of the carriage.

"Heigh-nanny, lass!" said the terrier with the bonnet, swaggering up to Mary and kissing her full upon her luscious black lips, without so much as a by-your-leave. "I'm Jock o' the Dumbartons, senior dog o' the reegiment. Welcome to Geebraltar!" Mary stood blushing, eyes downcast, but heart throbbing wildly. . . . Mr. Glencannon and Cousin Douglas were slapping each other on the back, saying, "Weel, weel, weel, I'll be dommed!" and repeating it over and over again.

"Losh, Cousin Neil, and it's gude to see you!" roared the giant at length. "Why, ye domned old ghoul, ye, when did we meet, the last?"

"Let me think, let me think," said Mr. Glencannon, closing his eyes and grasping the carriage lamp for support. "Why, o' course!—it was Nineteen-fufteen, when I was Second on the transpoort takin' ye oot to G'llipoli."

"Thurteen years ago—ah, to think of it!" sighed Cousin Douglas, and the sigh was as the sound of a locomotive plunging into a tunnel. "Weel,"—and he wrinkled his nose, smacked his lips, and cast his eye on the case of whisky partly concealed by the carriage rug. "Weel, it's customarra in such happy ceercumstances . . ."

". . . I was aboot to suggest it!" hastened Mr. Glencannon. "Coachman, I'll thank ye for the loan o' a corkscrew."

"Dinna' trouble yersel'," said Cousin Douglas, seizing a bottle and smiting it so lustily against his palm that the cork leapt out as from the choicer vintages of Rheims. "Come, Cousin Neil, do we mount yon carriage the twa o' us, an' go see the bullfight over in Spanish Town. T'wull be better than the futball. But feerst, let us drink a drap to our happy meeting. Here—I'll open another bottle, so we'll both have one . . ." He tilted his own quart beneath his bristly red moustache; and when he took it down again, lo, it was only a pint.

"Haw!" he snorted, closing his eyes ecstatically and holding the bottle at arm's length. "'Tis the Dew of Kirkintilloch! I dinna' ha' to look at the label—I reecognise the way it treeckles doon an' cozeys my sluggish liver! 'Tis a happy meetin', Cousin Neil—a happy meetin' indeed!"

HE climbed aboard the carriage, which groaned in every joint and took an alarming list to starboard as he settled into the seat. Mr. Glencannon was about to join him, when he saw Mary and the mascot joyfully gambolling across the troop-filled field.

"'Tis a' richt, peerfectly a' richt," Cousin Douglas assured him. "Let the little tykes frusk aboot the while the lads are playin' futball. I'll tell MacPheerson and MacColquhoun to keep an eye on them, and leave them with Corporal MacClintoch at the Frontier Guardhouse. Ye see," he explained, "we're off juty to-day to play the 67th Arteelery—attendance optional. My time's my ain till evening gun. So, carra on, coachman."

The driver beat several clouds of dust out of the hide of his nag, and headed for the border At the British side they were halted by a Highlander who blanched perceptibly as he recognised Pipe Major Douglas Glencannon.

"I'll thank ye for a look at your passes, gentlemen," he said, saluting.

"Tak' a gude look at this, Corporal MacClintoch!" replied Cousin Douglas, extending a fist the size of a hoof, and quivering it threateningly beneath the guardian's nose. "Tak' a varra gude look, while yurr still alive to see it!"

"Thank ye," said Corporal MacClintoch, backing up a trifle, and saluting again "Yurr passes are sateesfactorra."

They jogged across the Neutral Strip—a stretch of meadow in which the kine of Castile and Britain browsed in sisterly contentment—and paused again, for inspection at the Spanish Customs. The *aduanero* was a fat gentleman in a blue uniform and a sword left over from the American War. "Have you tobacco or spirits?" he asked in perfect English.

"I dinna ken your lingo," replied Cousin Douglas, smacking a fresh bottle against his palm, and watching the cork sail into a roadside cactus. "Drive on, gilly!"

The coachman was plainly troubled. "Tell heem you have no the tobacco, no the alcohol," he whispered.

Without removing his feet from the opposite cushions, Cousin Douglas leaned halfway across the road and seized the *aduanero* by the throat. Dragging him to the side of the carriage he shook him playfully.

"Pass!" gurgled the guard, retreating into his hut and swallowing diligently—"Vamos con Dios!" The driver clucked to his horse, and five minutes later they turned into the main street of La Linea de la Concepcion and headed for the bull ring.

AT this point, things became curiously garbled. It seemed that a great deal was transpiring over a long period of time, but Mr. Glencannon's next really definite impression was of a splitting headache. He lay with his eyes closed, his very soul cringing as white-hot twinges of migraine surged through his brain. His memory was filled with shouts and battle cries and scenes of carnage—of Spanish policemen in cocked hats being felled with bottles—of Cousin Douglas getting sulky and jumping up and down in the carriage until it broke in two separate halves—of a valiant strife in a sand-filled arena, with himself and Cousin Douglas (by this time minus his kilt) siding with the bull—of retreat with honour across the Neutral Strip, harried by a swarm of infuriated Spaniards—and of the timely reinforcement of the British Frontier Guard on the Gibraltar side. Little by little, it was coming back to him. It had been a bra', bra' day!

Opening his eyes, Mr. Glencannon found that he was in his own room aboard the *Inchcliffe Castle*, and that he was wearing the green velvet jacket of a Spanish *matador*. Painfully hoisting himself to a sitting posture, he saw Mary, Queen of Scots, upon the floor, contentedly chewing a bull's ear.

"Bless me, I remember noo!" he chuckled, "Daddy brought it hame to his lass as a souvenir of Spain."

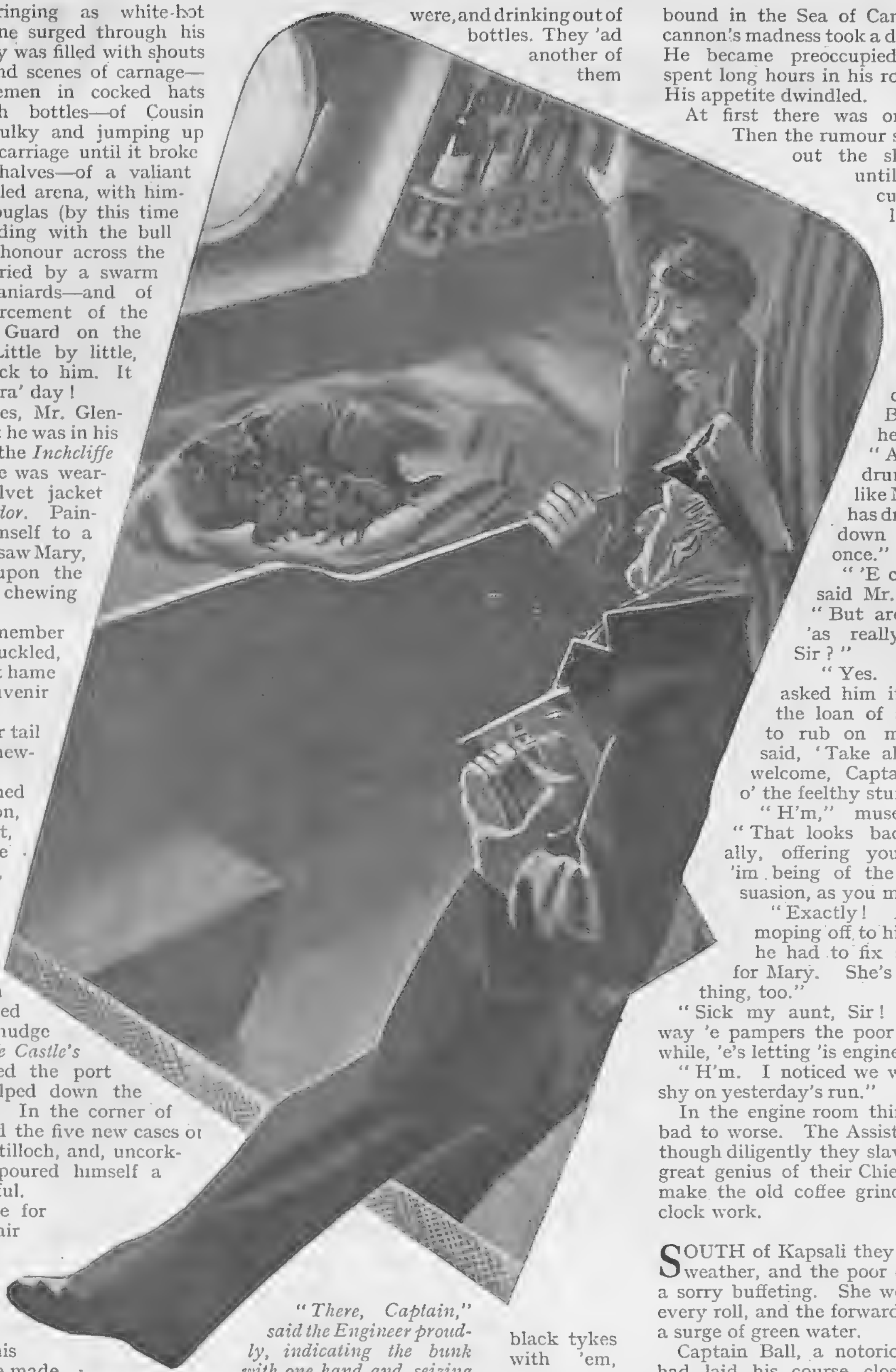
Mary wagged her tail and continued chewing.

"Weel," sighed Mr. Glencannon, lurching to his feet, "I wonder if we've coaled yet. Why, I do believe we're at sea!" He peered through the port at a blue expanse of Mediterranean across which trailed a long black smudge from the *Inchcliffe Castle's* funnel. He opened the port and gratefully gulped down the fresh, cool breeze. In the corner of his room were piled the five new cases of the Dew of Kirkintilloch, and, uncorking a bottle, he poured himself a brimming tumblerful.

"Thur's no cure for dog-bite like the hair of the dog that bit ye!" he remarked to Mary, tossing it off and smacking his lips. Then, donning his working clothes, he made his way to the engine room—head clear, step brisk, and hand steady.

"Strike me ruddy, but the Chief's a wonder," observed Mr. Swales, the Second Mate. "To look at 'im this arfternoon, you'd think 'e was the Harchbishop of Canterb'ry!"

"'Is recuperating powers are remarkable," agreed Mr. Montgomery. "I 'ad 'ell's own time gettin' 'im out of the tender larst night. There was 'im and another wild man—a non-com. 'Ighlander nine foot tall, with nothing on below the wyste but one of them 'airy Scotch tobacco-pouches, like. Singin' "Scots wha ha' wi' Wallace bled," they were, and drinking out of bottles. They 'ad another of them black tykes with 'em, syme as Mary—wearing a little Scotch bonnet, 'e was."



*"There, Captain," said the Engineer proudly, indicating the bunk with one hand and seizing a bottle with the other. "Look what the Angels ha' brought to Mary and her puir old Dad."*

"Well, the Scotch are a mad race," said Mr. Swales.

"Mad as 'ell," agreed Mr. Montgomery. "And Mr. Glencannon's the maddest of the lot. But despite 'is quart a day, not counting 'olidays, he's a great engineer, Mr. Swales, a great engineer."

SOME weeks later, though (they had called at Naples, gone to Cattaro, thence to Odessa, and were westward bound in the Sea of Candia), Mr. Glencannon's madness took a disquieting form. He became preoccupied, morose. He spent long hours in his room with Mary. His appetite dwindled.

At first there was only a rumour. Then the rumour spread throughout the ship's company until it was discussed incredulously from fo'c'sle to engine room. Mr. Glencannon had sworn off liquor!

"The thing is serious," declared Captain Ball, shaking his head ominously. "A man who has drunk all his life like Mr. Glencannon has drunk, can't shut down on it all at once."

"'E can't, indeed!" said Mr. Montgomery. "But are you sure 'e 'as really sworn orff, Sir?"

"Yes. Last night I asked him if he'd lend me the loan of a little whisky to rub on my corns. He said, 'Take all I've got and welcome, Captain—I'm quit o' the feelthy stuff!'"

"H'm," mused the Mate, "That looks bad, Sir. Specially, offering you all 'e's got, 'im being of the Scottish persuasion, as you might say."

"Exactly! And he went moping off to his room saying he had to fix some medicine for Mary. She's sick or something, too."

"Sick my aunt, Sir! It's only the way 'e pampers the poor tyke! Meanwhile, 'e's letting 'is engines go to 'ell."

"H'm. I noticed we were quite a bit shy on yesterday's run."

In the engine room things went from bad to worse. The Assistant Engineers, though diligently they slaved, lacked the great genius of their Chief, which could make the old coffee grinder behave like clock work.

SOUTH of Kapsali they ran into dirty weather, and the poor old *Castle* took a sorry buffeting. She went rails under every roll, and the forward well-deck was a surge of green water.

Captain Ball, a notorious coal saver, had laid his course close. They were less than a mile off the thundering white breakers, when the engines sighed, wheezed, and stopped. From the grating and ventilators came clouds of steam, and the sound of hammers and scurrying feet. Mr. Montgomery leaped to the speaking tube, and addressed the engine room. "'Urry up, you —— tinkers!" he screamed. "If you don't get way on 'er smartly you'll swim out through the condenser pipes!"

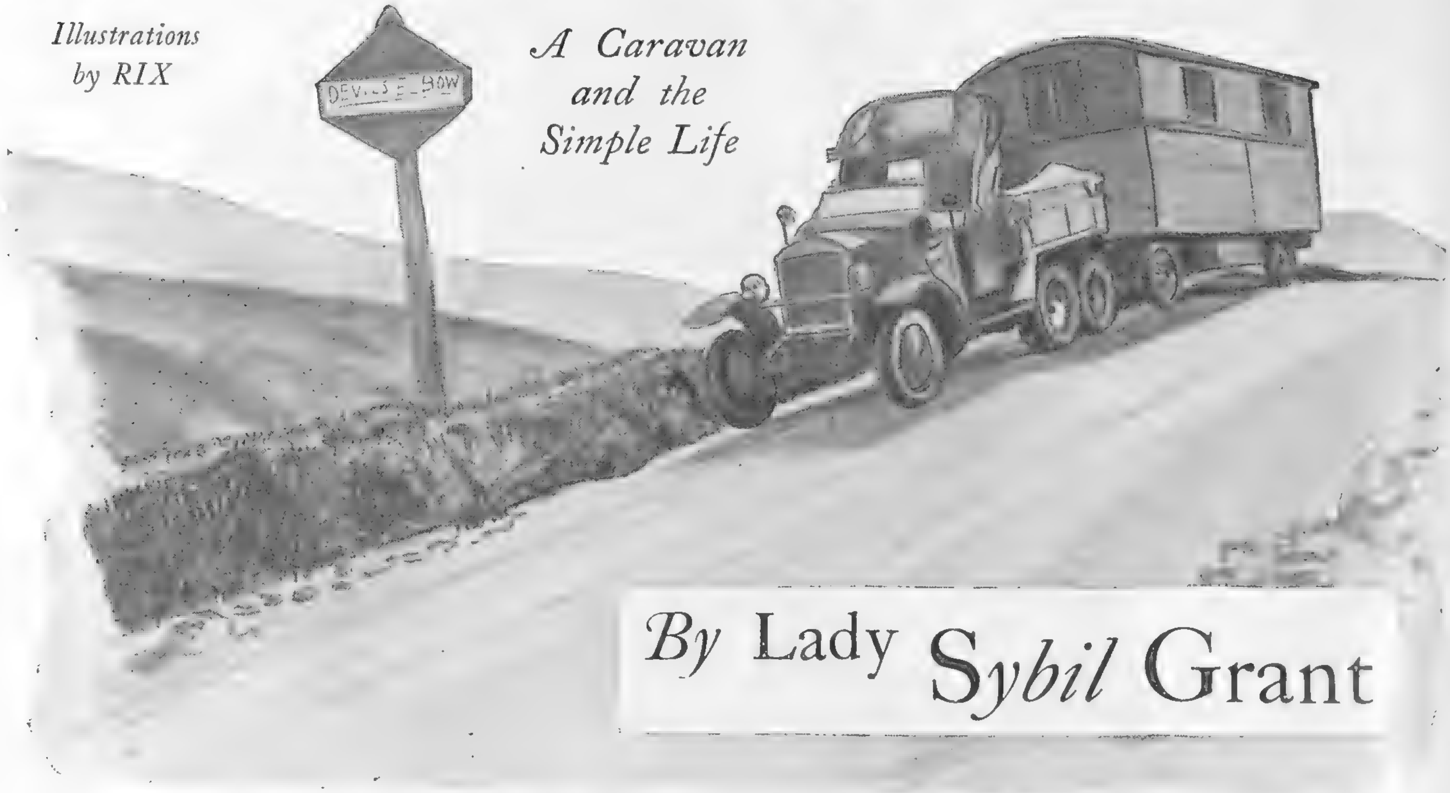
Captain Ball then stepped to the tube, and said a few words of his own. Those near by could smell the rubber gums of his false teeth burning. When he had

(*Continued on page* 164).

# My *best* friend "*S*ilver *W*illie"

*Illustrations by RIX*

*A Caravan and the Simple Life*



## *By* Lady *Sybil* Grant

*"The brow of the hill after a long climb"*

SHE stands—brown and homely—close to our door where I am always passing; and when irritating duties nag and nudge I can almost hear her say, "Soon, quite soon, we will steal away together."

It is with reluctance that I ever write about so-called "caravanning." First, because it makes me restless; next because there is so much and yet so little to say; and then because it is so difficult to say it! To me van-dwelling is real life; living in houses is less real and has the great drawback that you become too fond of those houses, and if they are let or sold, or you must leave, your heart is torn.

I love my van with so deep and personal a feeling that it is hard to describe, and, wandering about together, our halting places become in a queer kind of way forever our own.

Thus Mr. Snooks lets me pull in for the night upon a corner of his land, and I can always carry away with me a little picture entirely mine which no one can let or sell or take away. You will say that anyone can do this anywhere. Perhaps so—but not in the same degree; because, under such conditions, you see the countryside in a very special way. Even the landowner himself scarcely ever sees it the same; for instance, all living things will come near a van as they never approach a car, or even a house.

Upon a snowy morning in the Highlands I have wondered why an old man should be grumbling outside, but it was a grouse on the roof. Once, in a wilder place still, upon a golden afternoon, some deer came quite close to have a look. At night another funny grunting sound means a badger, and the wandering vixen has a strange wild call. Birds love the roof, which has to be made as sound-proof as possible in consequence.

In the illustration you will see a lovely Highland stance, near a little singing burn almost buried in the heather.

WHY is she called Silver Willie? Because, as a small child, if you knew where to look upon the sea shore at my old home—Dalmeny—you found a shell called by that name. It is a little cosy brown shell lined with mother-of-pearl, and your luck made you happy all day long. I had never named a van before; but she is just like a Silver Willie—all plain and brown outside. And, like the King's daughter, all glorious within. No—nothing glorious, certainly no mother-of-pearl. Everything very simple, with no fashionable gadgets—bed, chair, and table, turning into half a dozen other things—the difference between van-dwelling and trip-trailing. Of course, one is always thinking of little improvements and (sometimes!) carrying them out. For instance, the "alternative tackle," by which she can be towed from either end where there is difficulty in turning, has been lately added.

*Take the "Open Road" in a caravan and weariness, whether of the body or the spirit, will drop like a cloak on the way and all living things will become your friends*

By the bye, do not run away with the idea that I idle while the crew work—we each have lots to do.

Silver Willie had to be very large for special reasons, and this Morris Commercial six wheeler lorry can pick up and remove the van like a baby from any kind of stance, at the same time carrying a vast cargo—all that is required by the crew during months of travel: cooking stoves and goodness knows what else—safe and dry under a neat waterproof hood. When not upon the road with me the lorry does errands, fetching and carrying, so that we wonder what we did before its arrival.

The crew last year consisted of our driver and gardener, both out for the first time, and both keen to go again. Upon short journeys a driver only is sometimes taken; but that means one is inevitably tied—as the outfit is never left alone. I drive the lorry, but not when towing—which is a tedious process, calling for endless patience. The gardener sleeps in the lorry, which turns into a neat bedroom, and the driver occupies a folding hut designed by me (and at last, after many failures, successfully constructed), which travels in a box under the van.

MY longest one-day journey with a horse was 26 miles, and with a lorry 125 miles, but I love horses too well ever to want to drive a horse-van in this country again. Since the war road surfaces and increased traffic make it very hard on any but mechanical transport.

Naturally with a horse you *must*

arrange your day's journey to suit him—walk up all the hills and camp early. There are also difficulties about finding good forage. I always carried a four days' supply, which in the case of a cart-horse is no light load. When travelling alone, as I do, one tries to see friends on the way. They seem to like this—perhaps because one is not much bother, wanting no bedroom and passing on soon; and for oneself it is very delightful: everyone at their nicest, no unpacking, and your dogs with you.

Unfortunately it is very difficult to arrive at any given time, and tidying oneself up is a long process, because a van-dweller's lorry has no windscreen (I never travel in the van), and dust and grime accumulate by the end of the day.

WHEN I want to recall particular stances I remember them rather in a jumble. For instance, a lovely wood in Surrey crowded with primroses and violets under the spring moon, and four nightingales singing against each other all night long.

A splendid sunset on the top of Ben Nevis, up which I had climbed on a burning September day, and across a sky brighter than Joseph's coat—one cloud swimming in the shape of a black swan, and slipping down later in the dark seeing the ground suddenly studded here and there with topaz—the watching eyes of mountain sheep.

*Intruders beware! The lady on the steps keeps watch when in camp*

*Silver Willie in a highland stance near a little singing burn, almost buried in the heather*

OR dawn in Trafalgar Square. Yes, I had my van there once as an office when I had to run the whole of that solemn place (with the exception of one side-show) during three days for the Red Cross. I felt I simply had to sleep there for one night, and did so unknown to the police whom I heard chasing some malefactor across the Square and from under the van in the middle of the night.

Or (very different camping ground) the great avenue at Hatfield, or deep August sun in the magic spaces of Salisbury Plain, or midnight upon the Barbican at Alnwick, when that romantic place seems to wake: and you can imagine highwaymen, rievers, armies, clattering through the narrow streets, past the grave, tight-lipped houses. And again (was it beyond Inverness?) passing an incredibly wild group near a fire with fine tall flames—and coming to rest at last upon heather where a great echo in the mountains flung back the glorious challenge of the stags, across a foaming river, under an ice-cold moon.

SOMEHOW nearly all my thoughts cross the Border—stories of fellow licensed hawkers—(the writer is a duly licensed hawker, and is [honorary] agent for a particular branch of Scottish industries)—odd experiences, and amusing incidents. You hear all kinds of news such as, "Old Sam is still going strong. You remember him? No? Well, he's over seventy—but could never learn to read; but old Sarah died near Basingstoke last year. She was over seventy, too, but could never get old Sam to marry her," etc.

Two really beautiful faces cross my mind as I write. One belongs to a dark-eyed showman's wife, with a classic profile and brass earrings, who once asked me to share her pitch upon the Downs in race week; and another even more interesting because of a rarer type, a girl with so white a skin you would think she had never left the house, large grey eyes, perfect features and teeth. She lives always in a van with a racehorse (*sic*) between the shafts! This was ridden by her brother in pony races all over the country.

I speak no word of Romany—my friends are more the travelling showmen sort—hard-working, very sporting and very discreet. You never ask or are asked questions—an etiquette which might be practised with advantage elsewhere. I have had smartly dressed trippers climb up and look in the van when in motion—never in camp: the lady whom you see upon the steps sees to that!

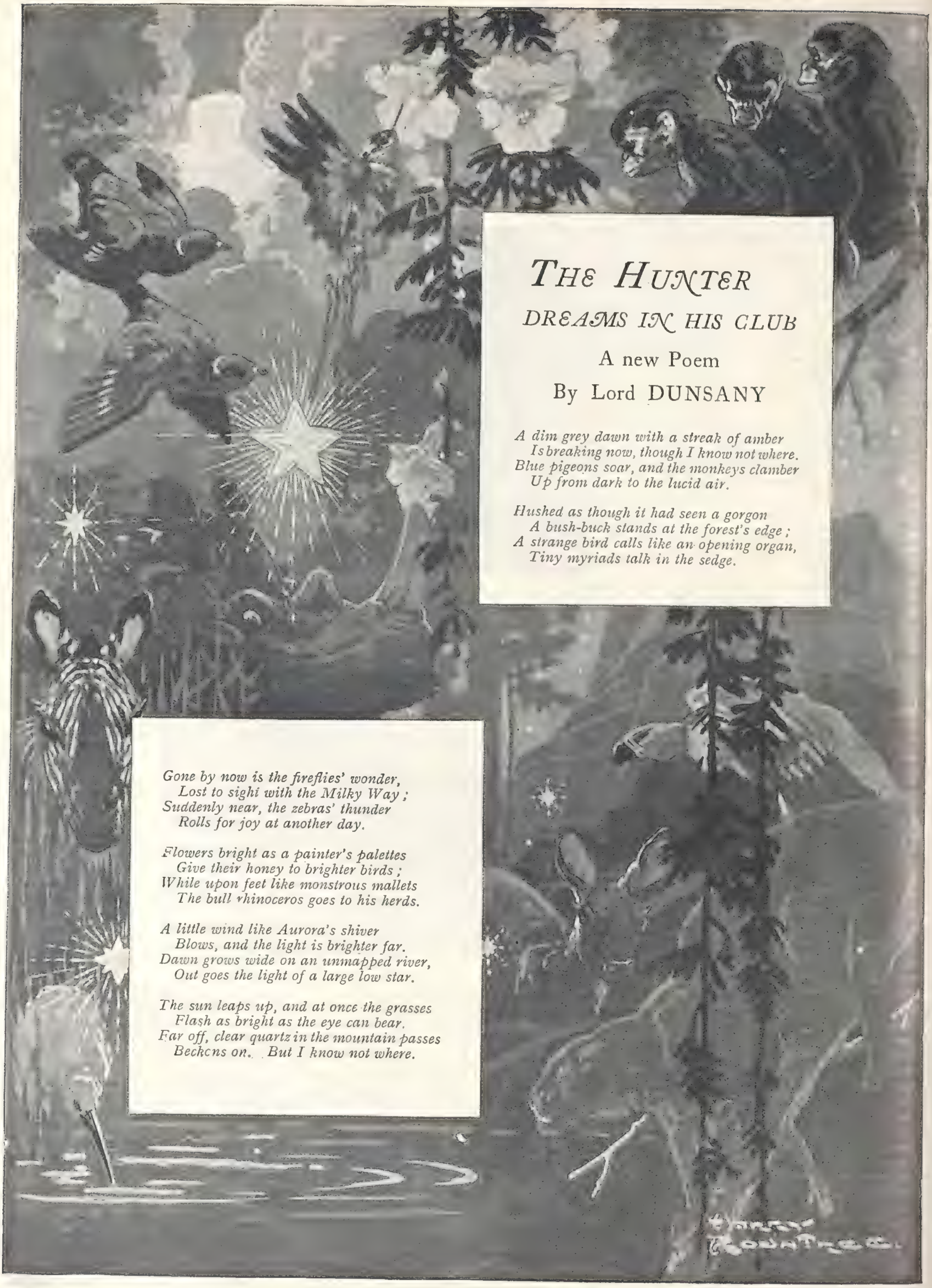
YES, solitary travel makes for collecting all sorts of friends. They will come and have a peaceful smoke and tell you all kinds of things. I often write it down afterwards in a series of jumbly notes, which I usually lose. Here are some mixed up with shopping, etc., and you will see how silly they are:

"Started for Scotland yesterday, thank goodness. Fair morning. Butter, petrol. Remember Sunday" (this means, remember to get shopping done before, as one is apt to forget days). "Saw Meg Merrilees to-day; tall, all in black, loose black hair in a long lock tossed under her chin and over one shoulder, eagle features, looking on at a car being pulled out of a hedge after skidding . . . pouring rain all the way until we crossed the Border. Camped upon the Good Samaritan's land for one night. He told me that in the eclipse year he had been asked beforehand if people could come on his land. In all seventy thousand turned up! They were as excited as a race crowd and everyone had yellow glasses which they threw on the ground as soon as it was over. What struck him most at the actual moment was that the birds stopped singing, buttercups shut up, and thousands of bats, whose existence he had never suspected, rushed out and were lost in the daylight. . . . Travelled this morning mile after mile along a narrow road mixed up in the procession of 'Blackpool's Pleasures,' but never discovered the nature of these, as the vans were all shut up and the inhabitants, if any, were 'purdah.' Pulled off the road near . . . : the Church kept ringing its odd little bell, which squeaked and seemed to suffer from string halt. Supper very late—fried eggs and bacon."

HOW silly it looks in print, but I keep these scraps for what they bring back. There are addresses of delightful people and places, which I never reveal.

A letter that arrived this week repeats at the end: "Why not bring the caravan to Cape Wrath and enjoy the calm and rest of it all."

It is a wonderful idea. What do you say to it, Silver Willie?



# THE HUNTER DREAMS IN HIS CLUB

A new Poem

By Lord DUNSANY

*A dim grey dawn with a streak of amber*
*Is breaking now, though I know not where.*
*Blue pigeons soar, and the monkeys clamber*
*Up from dark to the lucid air.*

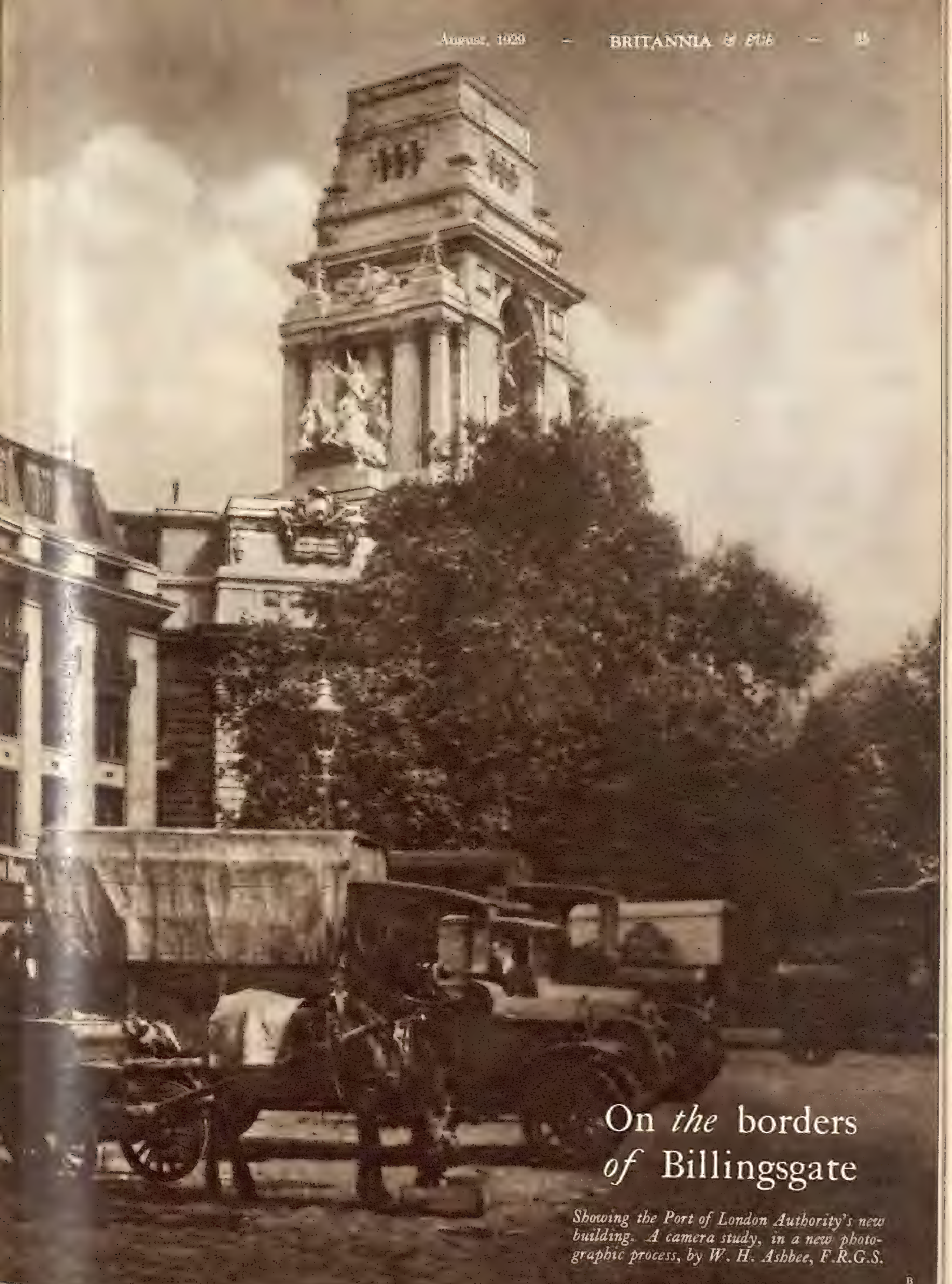
*Hushed as though it had seen a gorgon*
*A bush-buck stands at the forest's edge;*
*A strange bird calls like an opening organ,*
*Tiny myriads talk in the sedge.*

*Gone by now is the fireflies' wonder,*
*Lost to sight with the Milky Way;*
*Suddenly near, the zebras' thunder*
*Rolls for joy at another day.*

*Flowers bright as a painter's palettes*
*Give their honey to brighter birds;*
*While upon feet like monstrous mallets*
*The bull rhinoceros goes to his herds.*

*A little wind like Aurora's shiver*
*Blows, and the light is brighter far.*
*Dawn grows wide on an unmapped river,*
*Out goes the light of a large low star.*

*The sun leaps up, and at once the grasses*
*Flash as bright as the eye can bear.*
*Far off, clear quartz in the mountain passes*
*Beckons on. . But I know not where.*



# On *the* borders *of* Billingsgate

*Showing the Port of London Authority's new building. A camera study, in a new photographic process, by W. H. Ashbee, F.R.G.S.*

*Bessie Love and Leila Hyams*

*The two Film Stars above, who are sisters in the new talking film, "The Idle Rich," have assumed for the occasion the strongest of family likenesses, although in real life they are no relation to one another. Miss Bessie Love (left) was starred in "The Broadway Melody," the Talkie that has been such a success at the Empire, and Miss Leila Hyams has been recently seen in "Alias Jimmy Valentine"*

# *Beauty* in *Movieland*

## *Three charming ladies of the Screen*

*Another new talking film, "Hard to Get," has for its heroine the lovely Blonde, Miss Dorothy Mackaill, who made her first appearance on the screen in "The Face at the Window," and has played with John Barrymore in "The Lotus Eaters." She also had some stage experience in the chorus of "The Joy Bells," at the Hippodrome, and was for a time with the Ziegfeld Follies. Miss Mackaill is British*

*Dorothy Mackaill*

## Lupee Velez

*The alluring Oriental in Lon Chaney's new film, "Where East is East"*

# *The* Camera *looks at the* Stage

*(Left)*
*Evelyn Laye, the leading lady of Drury Lane, shows that a smile and a shawl go well together.*

Mannell

Sasha

*Raquel Meller, singer, actress and film star, is famous for her dark-eyed Spanish beauty. She was born in Madrid, educated in a convent and discovered by C. B. Cochran*

*Madeleine Parker, première danseuse, makes a pretty picture with her ribbons and shoes.*

Sasha

Mabel Robey

*Olga Lindo, who made her name in "Rain," made a welcome return to the London Stage in "The Stranger Within."*

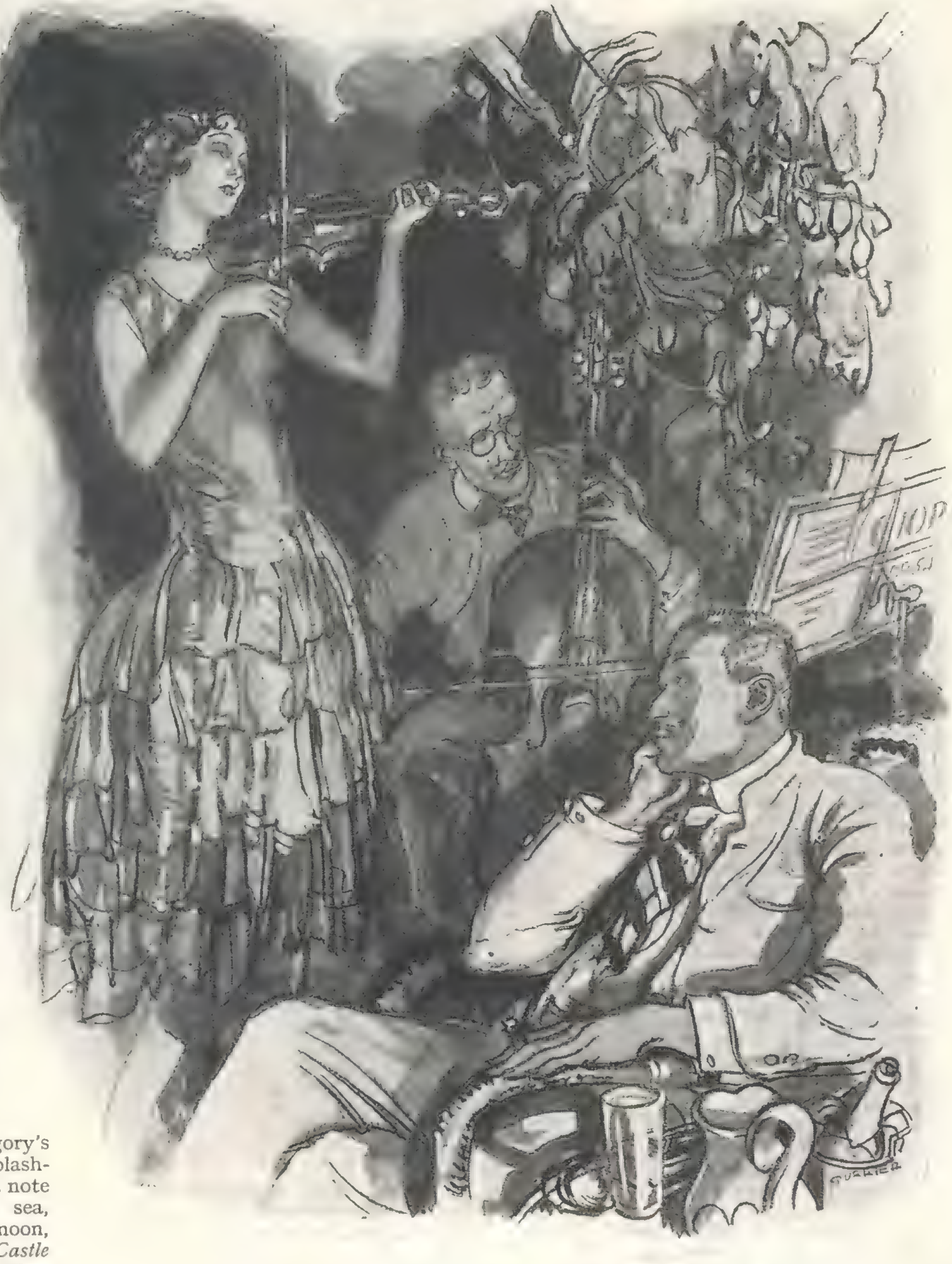
*A Triangular Drama of the Irony of Faith*

# Under *the* Baobabs

*The story of a man who, "in his day, was undoubtedly one of the world's great lovers, and . . . since the terms are synonymous, one of the world's biggest fools. . . ."*

### By Anthony Parsons

*Illustrated by Steven Spurrier*



*"Some of his dearest memories were of the musical evenings those three had spent together; evenings when Ludwig had played on his 'cello and Hilda on her violin. . . . She could make the thing laugh or cry. She could make it respond to her every mood. . . ."*

IT was a hot night—hot as only Dar-es-Salaam can be hot when the monsoon clouds are banked low on the north-west horizon, and there is not sufficient air to flutter even the extreme fringes of the giant palms standing so still and so sentry-like along the foreshore. Overhead the softly shaded lamp hung still as a leaden weight on its chain, while from over the sea wall—not twenty yards from where the three of us were sitting on Gregory's verandah—the soft "plash-plash, plash-plash" of the incoming tide struck a note of sleepy monotony. Far out at sea, etched sharply against the rising moon, the black hulk of the *Norman Castle* could be seen swinging southward on her voyage home; and even as we watched her disappear round the Point, faintly to our ears came the last good-bye bellow from her siren.

"And that's that!" announced Lashington, slipping off the verandah rail and lowering his long length into a comfortable chair. "There goes the end of a bag of trouble! Just shove that bottle over, will you, my son?"

Gregory did as the doctor had asked. He had met him down on the quay that afternoon, and, finding that the doctor was not proposing to return to Lewali until the next day, had promptly insisted upon his spending the night with us.

"You haven't told us yet what's brought you down to Dar-es-Salaam," he remarked, pushing over a box of cheroots in the wake of the bottle. "And what was that you were trying to tell me about a Hun—or something?"

Lashington reached out for a cheroot.

"It was that Hun that brought me down here," he said. "I came to see him off in the *Norman*. But as for the rest—well, I've either been the means of saving a man's reason for good and ever, or else I've merely postponed the awful day. And the devil of it all is that, as far as I can see, I shall never know which!"

"Saved whose reason, Doc?"

"The Hun's!"

"But what's the Hun doing in the

country at all? It was only a fortnight ago that Germans were permitted to come back to East Africa. How does this chap come to be leaving the territory when his brothers are only just beginning to come back to it?"

"Ah," replied Lashington, "that's the whole thing in a nutshell! This fellow—Von Hultz was his name, by the way—this fellow was actually lying off shore waiting for the very minute when the ban was officially repealed. He was the first Hun to re-enter East Africa since the signing of the Armistice. And now, having done all he came to do, he's gone back to Germany in the *Norman*."

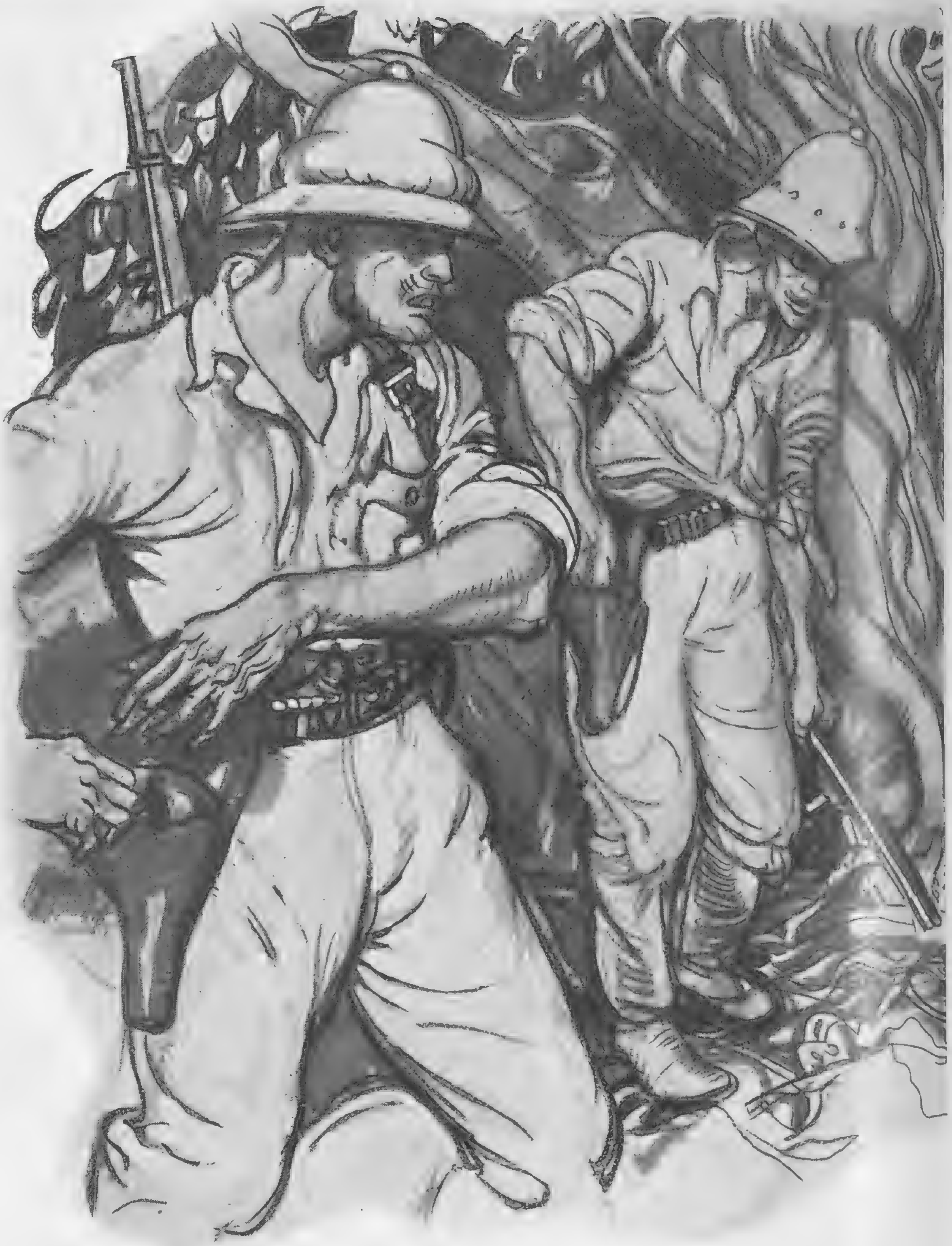
"Well, he must have been darned quick about it!" Gregory opined. "What did he come for, anyway?"

LASHINGTON fingered the stem of his glass.

"His wife," he said simply.

"His wife?" Gregory sat bolt upright in his chair. "His wife?" he repeated. "But my dear old bean, all the German women were hoofed out of the country with their men-folk ——"

"The quick were," Lashington interrupted coolly, "but not the dead." And before either of us could speak: "This Von Hultz was a mighty queer bird," he went on thoughtfully. "He came back to fetch what I think can best be described as a memory. He came to fetch something he felt he couldn't live without, something he felt was essential to his peace of mind. You see, this Von Hultz, in his day, was undoubtedly one of the world's great lovers, and," he added drily, "since the terms are synonymous, one of the world's biggest fools!"



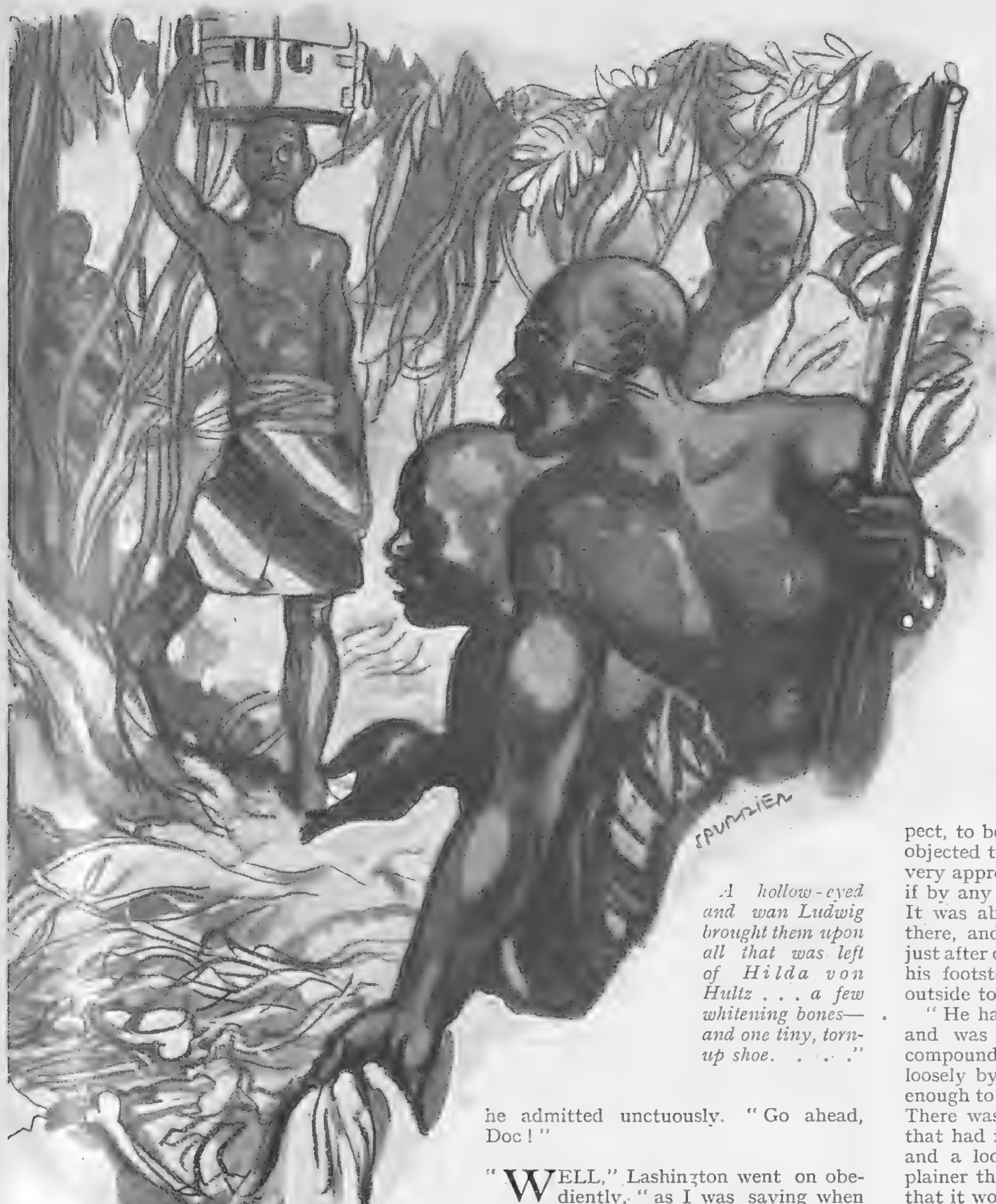
"BUT half a minute!" Gregory cried incredulously. "Do you mean to say that he came back here to fetch a dead woman?"

"Just that!" the doctor confirmed. "And there's nothing very extraordinary about it—I mean it's done every day by people who have a fancy to have their own kindred buried somewhere near them—but there were points about this affair that made it—well, very peculiar. In the first place, the poor fish had come out expecting to find his old estate in precisely the same condition as it was when he left it to take up arms for his precious Fatherland ten long years ago. Whereas, of course, in common with all the other enemy properties, it had been put up to auction, sold, re-sold, sold again, cut up and amalgamated to such an extent that when I took him out to see it he simply could not recognise it.

"I shall never forget the look of hopeless distress in his eyes when he first went out there and looked about him. He'd come up the previous night, on the mail—exactly a fortnight ago to-day, that is—and although I'd been warned of his arrival by the C.M.O., whose instructions I had already had about being present at the exhumation and so on, I hadn't been able to persuade any of the planters to put him up. It wasn't that they minded his being a Hun so much as the fact that they imagined he would necessarily be a bit down in the mouth and consequently difficult to entertain. Well, the upshot of it all was that I had to put him up myself—and that's how I came to hear the inside of his story.

"HE was a funny old bird in a good many ways. From a strictly medical point of view his head was too domed for absolute normality, but apart from that he appeared to be a pretty healthy specimen of the genus planter. His English was well-nigh perfect, his manners were all one could wish for, and if it hadn't been for the obsession which had brought him out I daresay we should have had quite a pleasant time together. As it was, unfortunately, he had only one thought in his head—and that, to find what was left of his wife and to find it with all possible speed ——"

"I say, I hope you're not going to tell



*A hollow-eyed and wan Ludwig brought them upon all that was left of Hilda von Hultz . . . a few whitening bones—and one tiny, torn-up shoe. . . ."*

us anything gory," Gregory chipped in sharply. "I can't stand horrors!"

"Horrors!" Lashington exclaimed. "Who's said anything about horrors? This story is a story of Faith—that Faith, with a capital F, which you and I and the vast majority of men with us are apt to consider as sheer madness and imbecility ——"

"Good heavens!" the other ejaculated in even greater dismay. "Do you mean it's about religion?"

"Well, if you like to call love a religion, then, yes—it is!"

"O-h!" drawled Gregory in a relieved voice. "Oh, in that case, you have my permission to proceed." He poured himself out a fresh drink, and settled himself deeper into his chair. "I confess to a sneaking regard for a good love story," he admitted unctuously. "Go ahead, Doc!"

"WELL," Lashington went on obediently, "as I was saying when you interrupted me, when I took the unfortunate Hun out to the estate that had once been his he simply couldn't recognise it.

"'But didn't you mark the exact spot with a stone?' I asked him as he stood there frowning round upon the growing cotton. 'Didn't you put up a cross, or anything of that?'

"He shook his yellow head.

"'Everything is different!' he muttered under his breath. 'The house has gone, the barns have gone—even the baobabs have been cut down and taken away. And it was under the baobabs that I buried her.'

"'Then in that case,' I said, 'the best thing we can do is to get hold of Wiltshire. He's the man who owns the property now.' But when we did get hold of Wiltshire, it turned out that he knew no more about the baobabs than we did. They had been cut down and taken away by the fellow who had the estate before him.

"'Still,' he told the Hun, 'I've got one or two boys on the place who've been here for years, and it's just possible one of them might be able to put us on to the spot.'

"And that's exactly what happened. Wiltshire found a native who remembered—more or less—whereabouts that clump of baobabs had stood before it was cut down. And after a lot of poking about and a lot of discussion with the other boys, he was also able to point out approximately where the Hun's house had stood. And from those two points the Hun narrowed down the search to a piece of ground about fifty yards square.

"THAT done, the Hun started in to work. It was an appallingly difficult job that faced him, because, apart from the area of the ground to be dug over, he resolutely refused to allow anyone but himself to do the digging. Looking at what he'd got to do, I imagined that I was going to have him billeted on me for the next month or so. And I didn't half like the prospect, to be perfectly candid. Not that I objected to the Hun as a man, but I was very apprehensive of what might happen if by any chance he failed in his search. It was about mid-day when I left him there, and I saw no more of him until just after dusk that night. Then, hearing his footsteps on the verandah, I went outside to say 'How-do!'

"He had thrown himself into a chair, and was sitting staring out over the compound. His hands were hanging loosely by his sides, and one glance was enough to show me that he'd had no luck. There was a tenseness about his mouth that had not been there in the morning, and a look in his eyes which told me plainer than any words could have done that it wouldn't take very much more to knock him over completely.

"'Take it easy,' I warned him, as I offered him a stiff drink. 'There's no call to wreck yourself.'

"'Wreck myself?' he asked, with a bitterness that was downright painful to hear. 'When I've possessed my soul in patience for ten weary years?' He shook his head. 'I'm not likely to wreck myself now,' he said, 'not yet, at any rate!'

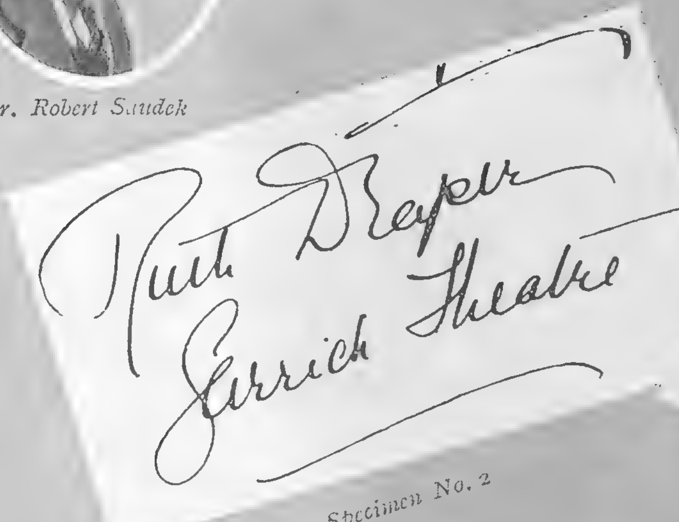
"HE was silent for a moment, his eyes dully morose. 'It's a shame the way they've cut up my property!' he burst out then. 'Because, look at it how you like, that property *is* my property! Every single hectare of it was won from the jungle by my spade, and by *my* sweat. It was there that I grew up to be a man, there that I built my home, there that I brought my wife. We lived there, Hilda and I. *Lived* there, I tell you! It was our home. It was all we had in the world—all we wanted ——'

*(Continued on page 156)*

# Mr. Robert Saudek, *the well-*

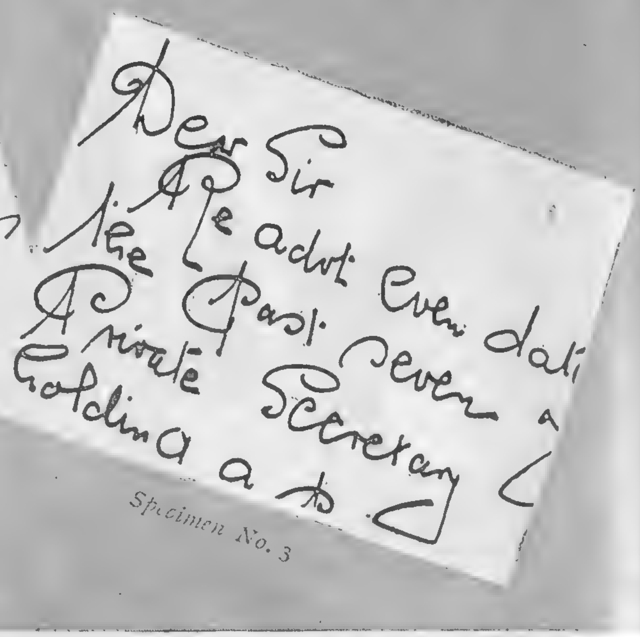
# Y*our* Char

*Mr. Robert Saudek*



Ruth Draper
Garrick Theatre

Specimen No. 2



Dear Sir
I have acted every dai
the past seven a
Private Secretary
holding a

Specimen No. 3

ALTHOUGH hardly anybody questions the fact that there is character in most mature handwritings and in some yet immature handwritings of children, and though amateurish graphologists sometimes succeed in reading a person's character very accurately from his script, this would by no means prove that there is or will ever be such a thing as scientific and reliable character reading from handwriting.

To claim reliability of character reading from handwriting implies that no other factor but a man's character shapes the handwriting. But science has established that there are at least twelve factors which co-operate in the formation of our handwriting, and that the assemblage of all those mental qualities, which we use to term "character," is only one, although a very prominent one, of these twelve factors.

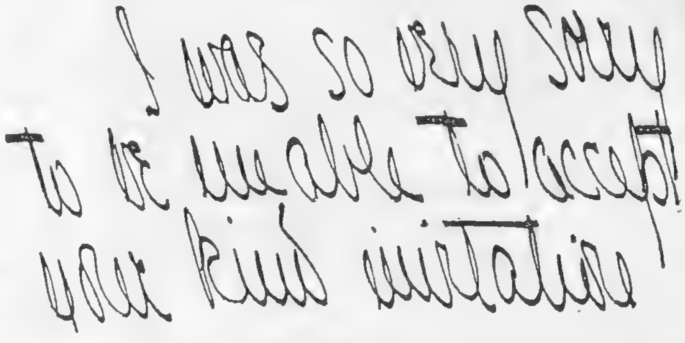
In cases when one or several other factors happen to be dominant they can easily paralyse the influence which otherwise "the character" would have had on the writing.

Any striking feature in a handwriting can have several different causes—e.g., mechanical, physiological or mental.

Just two examples to elucidate this state of things.

SUPPOSE we have to deal with a shaky hand—e.g., a script with tremulous broken strokes. Such a handwriting may be typical either of old age, or of acute drunkenness, or of a great mental irritation, or of paralysed (frozen) fingers; or of a kind of stammering in writing—i.e., a failure in co-ordination of the speech—and writing centres in the brain; or of a bad functioning of the muscle tonus (again either acute or permanent); or of an acute physical effort, such as rapid running which has caused convulsive breathing and increased circulation of the blood.

Thus, both the very old man and the healthy athlete may write a shaky hand, the first because his muscles do not respond to the stimuli of the brain any more, the latter because he has a minute earlier won the world's tennis championship and because his grip muscles have undergone an unusual strain during the match.



I was so very sorry
to be unable to accept
your kind invitation

*Specimen No. 1*

How can we decide which of the possibilities was present in the actual case?

TEN years ago we could not. Character reading was then for a great part guesswork. It is only the research work done shortly before and after the Great War which enables us to establish the actual cause of tremulous writing. Slow motion cinematography has greatly improved our knowledge about the part which the musculature of each finger, the forearm, the actual speed of the writing and all the other factors play in the writing movement. We now know what a natural, quick and unrestricted handwriting looks like and how any irregularity shows in the writing.

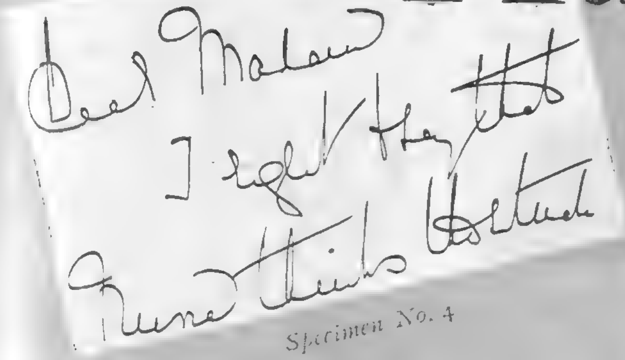
Let us compare the handwritings Figs. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, and ask ourselves whether those fanciful strokes which are typical of all six hands and which are evidently meant to strike the reader as original and artistic, bear in all cases the evidence of the same mental quality—e.g., of originality, fancy and artistic taste, or if only some of them, or possibly only one out of the six, can be rightly regarded as evidence of such qualities.

EVEN the reader who has never glanced at a textbook of graphology will hardly have any doubt that Fig. 6 is typical of a higher intellectual and æsthetic standard than all the other five.

Why? Because the shape of the characters is graceful, really original and still perfectly natural, and because all these æsthetic virtues of the calligraphy have been attained in a *quick* writing, whereas Fig. 5 attempts originality by means of a dull ostentatiousness only—in

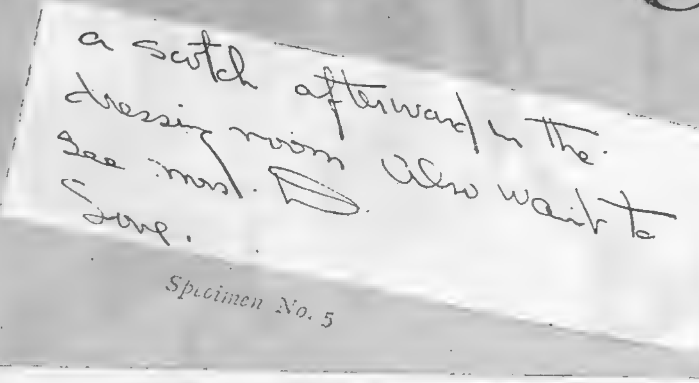
## *known Graphologist, says—*

# acter *stands out in your* Handwriting



Dear Madam
I regret that
Nurse thinks situation

Specimen No. 4



a scotch afterwards in the
dressing room
see most. D. Also want to
Love.

Specimen No. 5

fact, by deliberately producing an invented script, by distorting the legibility of most characters, and by boastfully pretending a smart style (the deliberation becoming evident from the *slow* writing tempo, which must have mental reasons, since neither mechanical nor physical inhibitions were present).

Let us now examine Fig. 2. It also attempts to be striking, and so it is. But the writing movement is much more natural, the strokes are fanciful and reveal good taste. The script is certainly ostentatious, but still, it lives up to a rather high artistic standard.

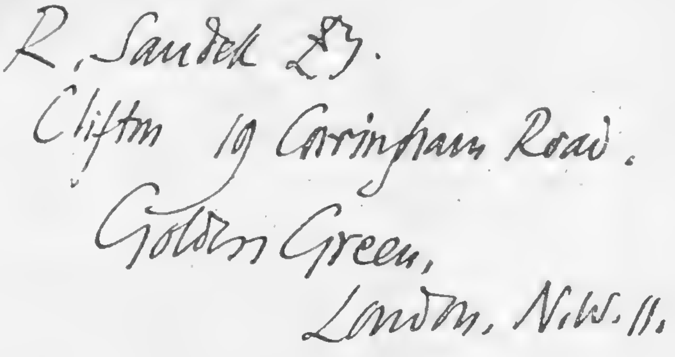
This could hardly be said of the writing of Fig. 4. Though it also attempts superiority it is, in fact, vulgar. It tries to look aristocratic, but it impresses the reader rather by its ostentatious hardness, haughtiness and conceit than by its originality. Although written slowly it is hardly legible. The text runs as follows:

*Dear Madam,—I regret to say that Nurse thinks the situation . . .*

In fact, the last two words can be only guessed from the context, but certainly not read.

Fig. 3, again, looks ugly, is pretentious, tries to be impressive, but bears evidence of bad taste and of an unrefined and subaltern mind, whereas Fig. 1, though it has also been written slowly and deliberately, looks rather an imitation than a genuine writing in a style of which the writer grasps only the conspicuous features, so that she did not succeed in imitating the very nature of the inconspicuous parts of the writing. There is neither spontaneity nor rhythm in the writing movement. A person when writing naturally in such a style would have done so because of an inner urge, and therefore with spontaneous vivacity instead of with heavy and deliberate strokes.

THE examination of a few handwritings shows us that fanciful original strokes in handwriting can, according to circumstances, reveal:



R. Saudek Esq.
Clifton 19 Corringham Road.
Golders Green,
London, N.W. 11.

Specimen No. 6

1. Artistic sense and refined fancy;
2. Ostentatious exhibitionism of originality;
3. Admiration of somebody else's originality which has created the wish to be alike; *bona fide* trying to imitate the behaviour of one's hero or heroine;
4. Pretence of originality with a *mala fide* imitation of somebody else's originality;
5. Foolish boastfulness of a subaltern mind: vulgar taste which insists on being the centre of attention and, by doing so, gives away his own silly conceitedness.

GIVEN the fact that any feature of handwriting may be claimed for quite different psychological meanings, it seems an almost hopeless task conclusively to define its actual meaning, and it appears as quite common sense that for decades psychologists doubted whether science should ever succeed in isolating the various factors, which co-operate in the formation of individual handwriting; in other words, whether graphology should ever grow into an exact science.

But our present problem appears much less difficult if we consider that, quite in the same way as any feature in handwriting can have various psychological meanings, also any word in any language has two, three or ten different meanings and that, in spite of that, man has succeeded in making himself understood in words not only by his fellow-countrymen, but also by most people of other nationalities when they have learned his language.

The meaning of any noun, adjective or verb varies according to the context in which the word occurs, according to the precise position in which it is placed in a sentence, and according to the subject we are actually talking of.

The word "fiction," for instance, has these five significations: (1) literature, novel; (2) story telling; (3) a feint or false story; (4) untruth, falsehood; (5) forgery. The word covers everything

(*Continued on page 164.*)

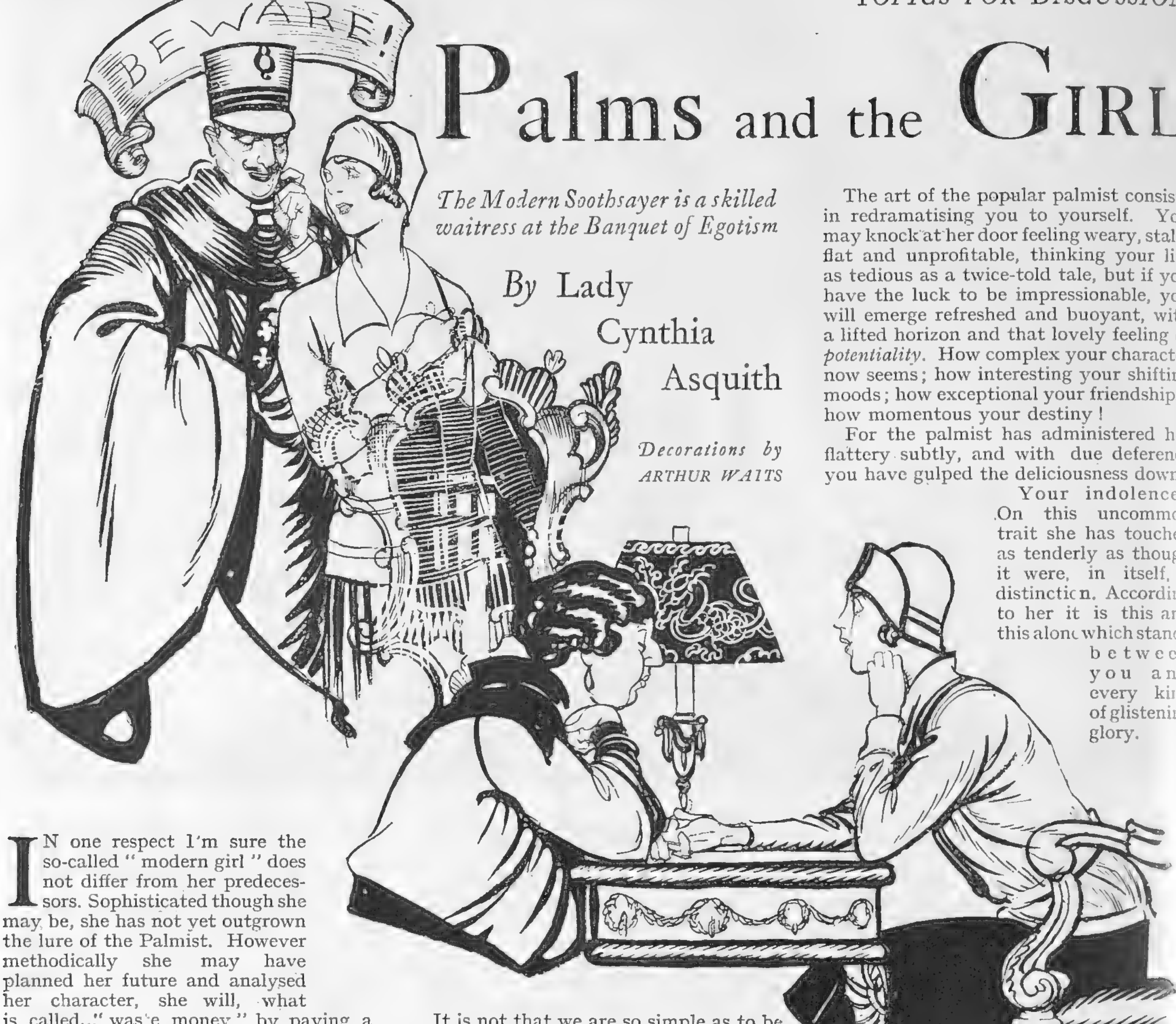
*TOPICS FOR DISCUSSION*

# Palms and the GIRL

*The Modern Soothsayer is a skilled waitress at the Banquet of Egotism*

By Lady Cynthia Asquith

*Decorations by ARTHUR WAITS*



IN one respect I'm sure the so-called “ modern girl ” does not differ from her predecessors. Sophisticated though she may be, she has not yet outgrown the lure of the Palmist. However methodically she may have planned her future and analysed her character, she will, what is called, “ waste money ” by paying a professional to describe her past, present and future, as well as her disposition.

From the ear-ringed gipsy at the fair, whose hand you must cross with silver, up to the top-of-the-tree-witch in Bond Street, every professed palmist is sure of her fees. Human nature brings clients to her parlour as inevitably as it brings them to the doctor's consulting-room and the solicitor's office

I wish I could have all the guineas palmists have—as Americans say—“ separated me ” from refunded. I was going to say all the guineas I have squandered. But I'm not sure that in spending those guineas I was not getting better value for my money than in most other transactions.

I don't mean that I was in any practical way the better for those visits—that to be forewarned was to be forearmed. But I certainly derived a great deal of enjoyment from the “ séances,” and if enjoyment is not worth paying for, what is ? ”

WHAT precisely is it that makes us so happy while we are in the palmist's parlour—premises into which we have perhaps slunk rather furtively, having heard the parody :

“ ‘ Will you walk into my parlour ? ’
Said the palmist to the mug.”

It is not that we are so simple as to be impressed with the perfunctory prophetic patter of the inferior palmist. You can scarcely conceal your impatience if she mutters of a “ snowstorm,” “ a journey to go,” “ a letter to come,” “ a dark stranger,” “ a future sojourn beneath palm trees,” “ a connection with the gallows,” and so on. Neither, I'm sure, can you be prevailed upon to “ beware of your dark-haired woman friend—especially where men are concerned.”

For my part I do not really much care for predictions, not even those of a more subtle kind than the stereotyped ones I have quoted. I neither expect nor greatly wish to have the veil lifted from my future. But in our own personalities we all of us are interested, and, in patronising palmistry, you are paying someone to talk about yourself and yourself alone for a whole hour. To our self-importance this is as flattering as an interview with a doctor or a priest, only the topics under discussion are more entertaining and the cross-examination is less crude.

YES, I'm sure I go to a palmist, not to learn my future fate, but to be told about precisely those things which I ought to know for myself—my mentality, my character and my moods. It is diagnosis I seek, not prescription.

The art of the popular palmist consists in redramatising you to yourself. You may knock at her door feeling weary, stale, flat and unprofitable, thinking your life as tedious as a twice-told tale, but if you have the luck to be impressionable, you will emerge refreshed and buoyant, with a lifted horizon and that lovely feeling of *potentiality*. How complex your character now seems ; how interesting your shifting moods ; how exceptional your friendships ; how momentous your destiny !

For the palmist has administered her flattery subtly, and with due deference you have gulped the deliciousness down.

Your indolence ? On this uncommon trait she has touched as tenderly as though it were, in itself, a distinction. According to her it is this and this alone which stands between you and every kind of glistening glory.

If only you had more of that commonplace commodity energy, just enough to enable you to raise your foot to the lowest branch, why, then, you would be at the top of the highest tree !

YOUR talent for music (forgetting you are tone-deaf, you heave a self-reproachful sigh) ? What have you done with this ? And what about your great gifts for writing and for drawing ?

Accused of that rarest of all crimes—the hiding of talents under a bushel !—you walk away feeling yourself a Leonardo *manqué*, elated out of all touch with reality and temporarily transfigured.

Is it not a fact, significant of human vanity, that we should prefer to be told that our failure is due to our own lack of effort rather than to natural deficiencies for which we could not be blamed ? To be scolded is much more gratifying than to be pitied. Few of us would wish to be exonerated from responsibility by accusing

(*Continued on page 158*)

*MONTH BY MONTH*

# Home *versus* HOTEL

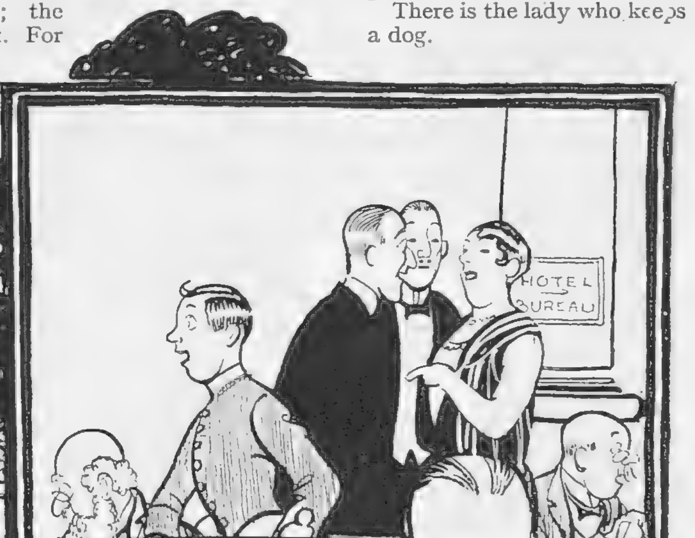
*A limitation of responsibilities, meals that arrive automatically, companionship, often uncongenial! In return for a life that tends to be parasitic, futile and trivial*

### *By* Warwick DEEPING

THE post-war period has added a new coterie to the community, that of the people who reside more or less permanently and impermanently in hotels. They are to be met in England, and on the Continent, drifting from one hotel to another, and carrying with them sounds of wrath and discontent and lamentation. Apparently their numbers are on the increase, and their influence upon the atmosphere of the hotels which they inhabit is not a happy one.

In nine cases out of ten it is the woman who is responsible for this surrender. She has grown weary of trying to solve the domestic problem. She has found the modern servant quite impossible. But, after coming into contact with numbers of these women who have abandoned the domestic hearth, one realises just how and why the change has come about. Many of these good ladies are themselves so impossible that one can understand why no modern maid would stay and serve them.

These women who drift into hotels, dragging their more or less unwilling males with them, are the failures. They will give you a number of reasons for this flight to hotel life. Their children have married and the big house was not needed. Or an establishment for two was a complex superfluity. Or John was bored and liked his "bridge" in the evening. Or servants were not to be had, only sluts and wenches. But the real reason is that these women are selfish; that they have funked one of the most vexing of our modern problems; they have found housekeeping too difficult.



AS a mere man I am open to reproof, but I will temper it by saying that I realise how much of herself a woman has to give if a house is to be a pleasant and efficient refuge. I recognise the anxieties and the worries and the work, and the little petty irritations, and the problem of the eternal meals, and the bearing with the moods of other women. The making and keeping of a successful house is one of life's great accomplishments. It requires courage, tact, patience, and unselfishness, and, having a happy home of my own, I pay my homage to the mistress and the maker of it.

Now, what does an hotel offer?

A limitation of responsibilities. Service, for which you are not responsible. Companionship. Gossip. Meals that arrive automatically. A rather fictitious sense of space. More leisure. Infinite possibilities for grousing. It certainly does limit certain worries, but also it imposes very grave limitations upon the people who attempt to elude such worries. It tends to be a parasitic life, a pottering, futile, trivial existence. The people who live it are apt to deteriorate. The women tend to become gossips and grumblers; the men often take to drink. For the average, healthy man becomes desperately bored in a hotel. He has nothing to put his hands to. When he has washed and shaved and dressed, the pragmatical part of the day is over.

However luxurious the hotel, and however efficient the management may be, life here has a dreadful sameness. After the first seven days the menu seems to repeat itself; the food has a flatness, and there is too much of it. And there are various horrors, and the most horrid thing of all is the communicating door. You hear your neighbours, and they hear you. You share their activities, even the cleansing of their teeth. You are a creature hutched in a row of hutches.

THERE is the slamming door. How many people in hotels remember to shut a door quietly?

There is the bridge maniac who wanders to bed at any hour around midnight, and is complacently forgetful of his or her neighbours.

There are the people who air their domestic differences.

There is the communal bath, dependent for its sliminess or otherwise on the conscience of the floor maid. In how many English hotels do you find the private bath?

There is the gramophone maniac. Why gramophones are not forbidden in hotels is a matter beyond my comprehension.

There is the lady who keeps a dog.

There is the lift.

There is the hotel bore.

There is the family that imposes its children and its nursemaid upon you.

There are the people who possess all the fire in the lounge on winter evenings.

(*Continued on page* 159)

# Famous Women

## No. 4. SUSANNA and the Elders

**Famous Women of History**

*This month it is Susanna, maligned by the Elders and rescued by the heroic Daniel, who continues our Series of Women who have made History. Next month Mr. Matania, who has already presented Helen of Troy, Boadicea and Judith to our readers, will depict the story of*

*SAPPHO*

SUSANNA was not one of those who are helped because they help themselves. She was just as different as she could possibly be from Judith, that formidable widow. Her business was not to save the temple, but to be saved herself. Perhaps she had been too well brought up. She had specially righteous parents who taught her according to the law of Moses and married her, when she was old enough, to a " great rich man " Joacim, who dwelt in Babylon. Joacim had a house and a fair garden joined to it, and was much visited by all the Jews because he was more honourable than all others. Susanna was very beautiful as well as very good. She was also very methodical. Every afternoon she walked in her husband's garden, suitably accompanied by her maids. As a rule, she just walked, but when it was hot, as in Babylon it not infrequently is, she also had a bathe; not an impulsive, rash kind of bathe, but a properly organised one. For instance, there was a very hot day once, and she decided to bathe. In her careful, methodical way, she told her two maids what she meant to do, and ordered them just to shut all the garden doors, and then to go back to the house by one of the small side doors and fetch her washing materials. " Bring me oil and washing balls," she said, " that I may wash me." According to several famous pictures of Susanna, she then prepared to get into the water. But there is no authority for this in the story. It is just that the artists prefer to paint her just going to bathe, rather than waiting quietly, as she surely did, for her maids to return and help her off with her clothes. There she sat in the shade no doubt, all alone, but knowing that the maids would not be long, and thinking that then, when they returned, she would have a nice wash.

AND then the utterly unexpected thing happened. Two of her husband's friends, elders who " kept much at Joacim's house, and all that had any suits in law came unto them there," suddenly appeared, and ran towards her. The fact was that these two horrid old men had been hiding in the garden, just waiting for a chance to catch Susanna alone. Now they had got it, they wasted no time. They briefly and simultaneously pointed out that the garden doors were shut, that they were both in love with her, and that unless she at once gratified their passion, they would announce to the world that she had sent away her maids in order to receive the embraces of a young man in whose arms they had found her.

Now Susanna, with all her plans upset like this, was utterly bewildered. All she could do was to sigh. She sighed, poor lady, and then in bald and commonplace language commented on the situation and declared her decision as follows:—" I am straitened on every side: for if I do this thing, it is death unto me: and if I do it not, I cannot escape your hands. It is better for me to fall into your hands and not do it than to sin in the sight of the Lord." No sooner had she announced her decision than, like a panic-stricken rabbit in a trap, with a scream of despair, she delivered herself over to her blackmailers.

NATURALLY annoyed at having their bluff called so promptly, the elders joined their voices to hers in a cacophonous concert, while one of them ran and opened the garden door. In rushed the servants, to be received by the elders with their slanderous tale, at which the poor girls at least had the decency to blush, " for there was never such a report made of Susanna."

But Susanna herself was like one stunned. The whole thing was so horrible, so incomprehensible, so sudden and so unexpected, that she was simply numbed by it. Meanwhile, the elders, those unspeakably squalid, vindictive old men, hurried on their revenge. On the very next day, at an assembly held in Joacim's own house, they had Susanna sent for, to stand her trial for adultery. When she appeared, with all her kindred with her, and her beautiful face veiled, they ordered her to unveil herself, to have another good look at her, and amidst the lamentations of all her own people actually had the impertinence, the sanctimonious old frauds, to lay their hands on her head. Then, as she wept, and looked up toward Heaven, trusting in the Lord, they told their abominable lie about the young man whom they had seen in her arms and who had escaped from them, for he was stronger than they, and had opened the garden gate and run for it. When they had asked Susanna for his name, she had refused, they said, to give it. And the assembly believed them, for they were elders and judges of the people.

ALL Susanna did now was to cry out once again with a loud voice: " O everlasting God, that knowest the secrets, and knowest all things before they be: Thou knowest that they have borne false witness against me, and behold I must die." And they led her away, as their descendants were to lead another away in the fullness of time, to put her to death.

What Joacim, that great rich man, was doing all this while is not clear. Perhaps it was prudence that had made him rich. Perhaps his greatness and his riches kept him very busy, too busy to be able to watch the elders looking at his wife, or to look after her himself. Anyway the Lord, who was taking more interest in the affair than had appeared hitherto, did not employ Joacim on this occasion, in spite of his claims as the husband of the victim. Instead, he had recourse to " a young youth whose name was Daniel." Now Daniel was emphatically the man for an emergency—a man for lions' dens and dragons and the tweaking of the consciences of Oriental despots. He happened to be taking a walk just as the idiotic crowd and the gloating elders were hurrying off poor, passive, trustful, helpless Susanna. No sooner did he set eyes on the procession than he shouted out at the top of his voice these cryptic words, " I am clean from the blood of this woman." He must have looked very impressive as he said this, for everybody stopped and asked him what he meant. Then, standing in the midst of them, he uttered this magnificent phrase:

" Are ye such fools, ye sons of Israel, that without examination or knowledge ye have condemned a daughter of Israel."

And he added, imperious master of men that he was, " Return again to the place of judgment: for they have borne false witness against her."

BACK they all went in haste, and that was the end of the troubles of Susanna. No sooner was she proved innocent than she returned, the sweet, placid creature, to Joacim her husband, who, we are especially told, joined with her family in praising God because there was no dishonesty found in her. No doubt it never occurred to her, when she resumed the routine of her married life, that he might have reached this comfortable conclusion without the assistance of Daniel. Wives like Susanna are not always good for husbands like Joacim. On the other hand, they are just born to be rescued by people like Daniel.

The story of Susanna, in fact, is quite obviously written round the personality of Daniel; it is part of the great man's cycle: it commemorates one of his triumphs.

# *of* History

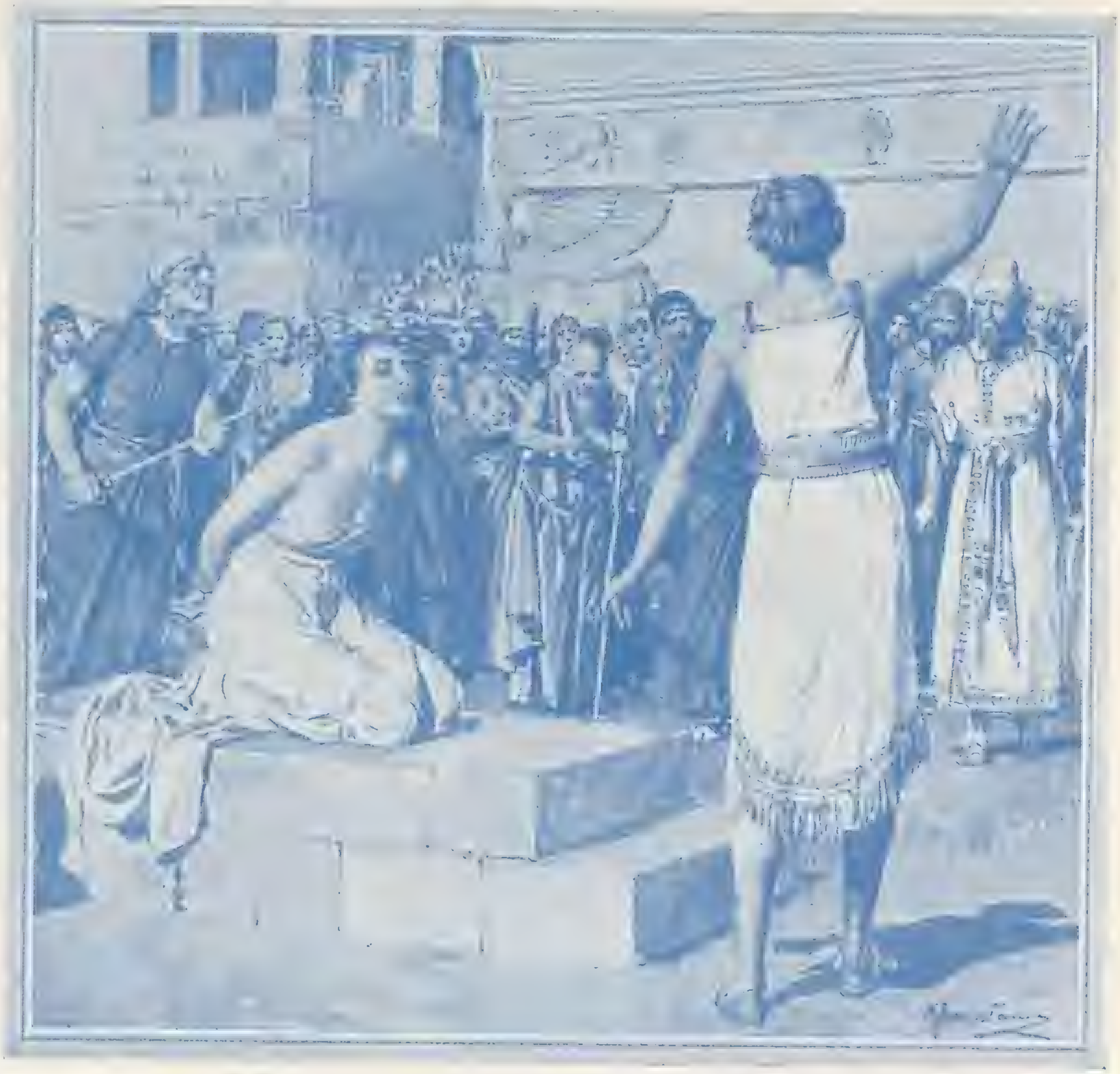
*Described by*
*KENNETH BELL*

*Painted by*
F. *Matania*, R.I.

Daniel, like Judith, is the personification of the qualities of his people: he is the hero of the chosen race, in the second century before Christ. So there must be, besides the obvious moral of the story of Susanna, some other symbolic meaning in the tale. Daniel, in fact, was invented by the Jews of the Maccabean period, in order to cheer themselves up at one of the most dangerous of all the crises of their tempestuous and melancholy history. They badly needed cheering up. For what had happened was that Jerusalem, the holy city, had incurred the wrath of the Seleucid monarch, the heir of Alexander the Great, Antiochus Epiphanes.

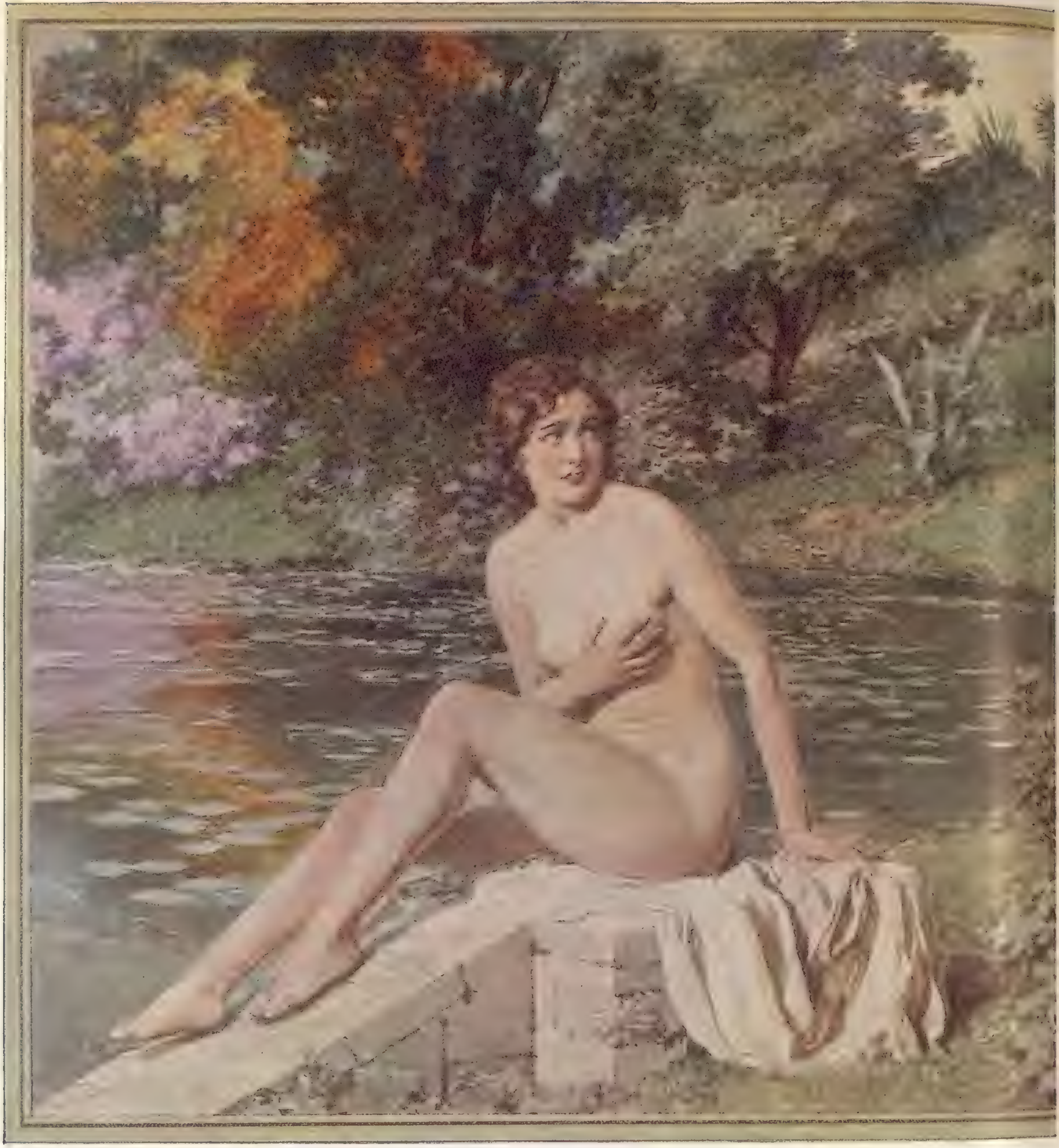
ROUND about 170 B.C. Antiochus Epiphanes was campaigning in Egypt when he heard that Jerusalem had risen in his rear.

This was just at the time, too, when he thought he had really succeeded in civilising, after a fashion, its barbarious inhabitants. Anyhow, he had induced the High Priest of the Jews to change his name from Jesus to Jason, to wear a Greek hat, and to send a deputation to the athletic games at Tyre. These were all good signs, and Antiochus had felt that there was really a prospect of inducing these miserable Jews to come into the genial circle of the Greek world and to behave like other people. But it was Jason himself, once the promising renegade, who had stabbed his would-be civiliser in the back. On a false report that Antiochus was dead, the miserable fellow, who had recently been deposed from the office of High-Priest, in favour of Menelaus, a Benjaminite, and had fled to the country of the men of Ammon, came back at the head of a raiding party to Jerusalem. He captured the city and besieged Menelaus in the citadel. The people, who did not approve of the way Menelaus had behaved, and objected to Benjaminites on principle, backed Jason up. So Antiochus discovered that he had lost his hold on Jerusalem, and on his way home from Egypt he decided to turn aside and finish with the Jews. On the news of his approach, Jason fled over Jordan and left the city to its fate.



*". . . Are ye such fools, ye sons of Israel, that without examination or knowledge ye have condemned a daughter of Israel . . . ."*

IT then appeared to the miserable Israelites that the Lord had turned his face away from his own people, and left them desolate. The Temple, the sacred and inviolable Temple, was sacked and looted. Antiochus himself, to the horror of the faithful, entered the Holy of Holies, into which none but the priests might go, and to their despair emerged unscathed. His Syrian soldiers made blood run like water in the narrow streets of the holy city, and leaving horror, despair and desolation behind him, the God-King went on his way. And this was not the end. Having given up the idea of establishing himself in Egypt, Antiochus now decided to make of Jerusalem a frontier fortress of his empire, an outpost, in the far South, of the Greek world. He would convert or colonise the place: make its inhabitants into Greeks, or turn them out and put Greeks in their place. So he sent Apollonius, one of his generals, to re-occupy the city. Once and for all its peculiar religion, the obvious cause of all the trouble, was to be stamped out. There was another massacre of the ortho-

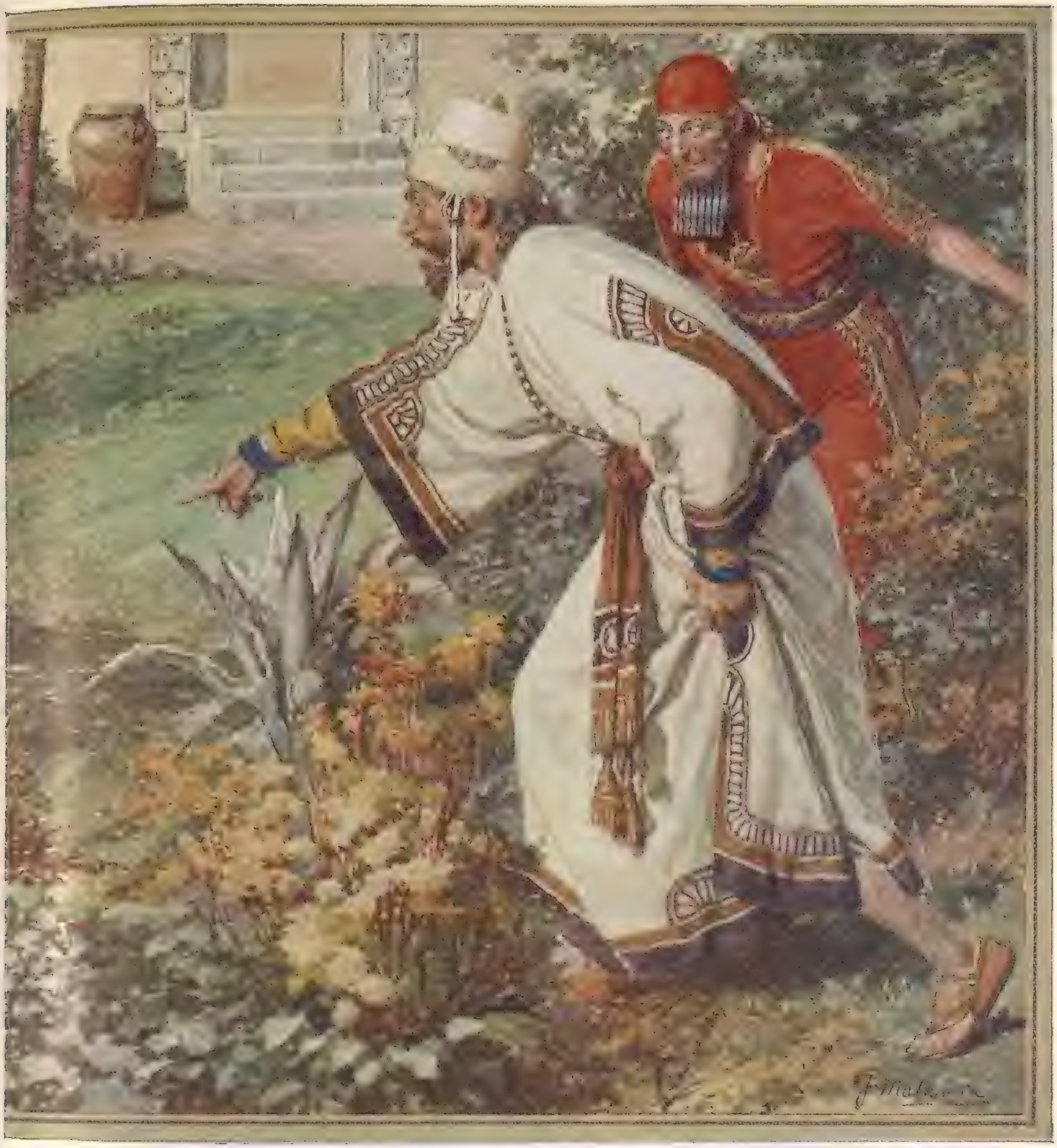


*" . . . Two of her husband's friends . . . . judges of the people, elders . . . suddenly appeared and ran towards her."*

dox Jews, directed by Menelaus, the renegade High Priest. A new fort, dominating the city, was built on " Mount Zion," and strongly garrisoned.

NOW the field was clear for the work of civilisation. A Greek altar, " the abomination of desolation " was set up on the old Jewish altar in the Temple court, and swine—actually swine !—were sacrificed upon it. The High Priest himself partook of these impious sacrifices, the " broth of abominable things." The birthday of Antiochus Epiphanes, the God-King, was made a monthly holiday celebrated with Greek rites. A Dionysiac festival was introduced, when the people of Jerusalem were expected to march about in procession, crowned with ivy And to see that there was no slovenliness or slackness in this process of Hellenisation and that everything conformed to the purest Hellenic type, the forming of the new institutions was entrusted to a friend of Antiochus who came straight from Athens itself. The city of Athens had planted her heel on the neck of the city of Jahovah. The full force of oriental despotism had roused itself to plant, on the grave of Desert Monotheism, the worship of the Mediterranean Pantheon. In that grim little town, oriental in its dark alleys and cramped, crowded bazaars, semitic in its passionate loyalty to the worship of the one true god, was to rule the religion of beauty and self-expression, and the unbought grace of life.

THERE are two sides to the Jewish nature; it is Janus-faced. One face looks eastward to the wilderness of Judæa and away beyond the hills of Moab to the Arabian Desert, where man is nought, and God is everywhere the same. The other looks westward across the fat lands of Philistia out to the sea and its perfect islands, the home of adventure and commerce, of the pride of life and the lust of the eye. And when Antiochus



Epiphanes, who was an oriental in his brutality, but a Greek, too, in his willingness to convince, his desire to proselytise, made Jerusalem into a kind of suburb of Athens, and followed up his massacres by graceful acts of concession, the Jews were divided. Half of them, the steady-going, prudent, enlightened, prosperous and sensible half, looked westward, and decided to wear the right kind of hat, and to sacrifice swine and put on garlands of ivy.

The other half of the Jews looked the other way, down towards the Dead Sea. To them, too, the violation of the Temple meant something. But it was the need for action, not for submission. It taught them to look inwards to their own hearts and to ask, not how they could conciliate Antiochus, but how they had offended God. And the answer they heard was that they had forgotten how to fight. At all costs they must learn how to guard their heritage. It was not enough to be a peculiar people, they must discover how to become once again a terror to their enemies.

AND then, when plainsmen would have despaired and dwellers in valley lands would have bowed the knee, in Judæa, which, like Greece itself, is a land of barren hills, there arose a man who knew how to fight for liberty, and his name was Judas Maccabaeus. While Jerusalem lay passive under the heel of Antiochus, in the little villages and across the hillsides of the rough and difficult country around it, bands of guerillas covered and crept and pounced. Forgetting even the Sabbath in the need for victory, they fought to the death for the old faith and the right to worship the one true God.

Daniel is Maccabaeism incarnate, and his rescue of Susanna is an allegory of the triumph of the true Jews over the Hellenisers. The elders, the false, crafty, lustful leaders of the people, who sought to lead them astray, are the prosperous, worldly, prudent party which responded to the blandishments and the violence of the Selencids and by them were called "loyal." Of course, they lusted after Susanna, the pure wife and mother, the beautiful daughter of Zion, placid and trustful in her submission to fate and to her husband's will; and to her parents' teaching. Of course they schemed and plotted to find her alone and catch her off her guard, for their love was a bestial craving which was only hate turned inside out. And when she would not sin in the sight of the Lord, and give them her body, they determined to take her life.

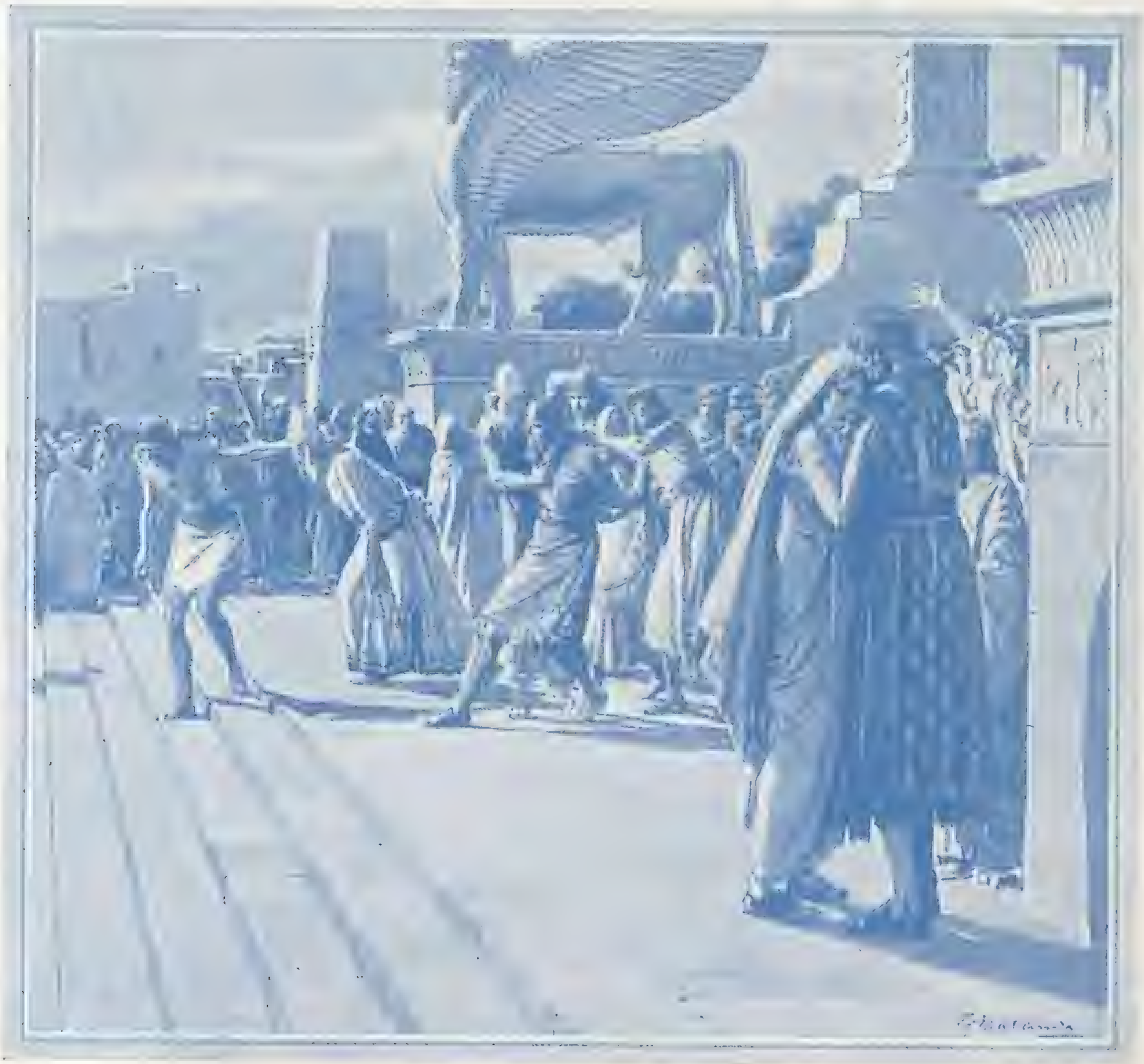
BUT for all their cunning and for all their prestige, for all the stroke of fortune which put Susanna apparently at their mercy, for all their influence over the foolish multitude and their power to terrorise the spiritless husband, they met their match. One too many for them was the young youth whose holy spirit the Lord raised up. Susanna was innocent and the elders were cunning, but Daniel had the qualities of both. He was a true Jew. The Law of Moses strengthens the will and purifies the heart, but it also sharpens the wits: "Have you cross-examined the witnesses?" That is the obvious and crucial question which Daniel asks. He stakes everything, for the Lord is with him, on the answer and its results. And the elders, for all their cunning and the luck that went with it, were helpless in his hands. For they had forgotten one perfectly obvious step: they had not thought of arranging both to tell the same story. Daniel had only to divide them, and the fact that when they hunted Susanna they hunted in couples so as to have a double testimony against her, was turned against them with overpowering effect. "Under what tree sawest thou them companying together?" asked Daniel, first of one and then of the other. And the first, seeing, like his fellow, the need to be precise about the tree, since they could not be precise about the youthful lover who had seduced Susanna, answered: "Under a mastick tree." But the second answered: "Under a holm tree." Five syllables sufficed to blow the whole squalid story into the air.

AND then appeared yet another advantage of the law of Moses, that drastic and salutary code. The proper penalty for giving false witness, whatever the Sadducees might say, was, according to the Pharisees, the fiercest of the opponents of Hellenism, the penalty of death. "An eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth." So the crowd got its execution, and Susanna her revenge. The Lord is not mocked.

The story of Susanna, then, like the story of Judith, enshrines that superb conviction, so false in the short run, so true in the long, which is expressed in that hardest of hard sayings, "I was young and now I am old, yet never saw I the righteous man forsaken, nor his seed begging their bread." Here, again, that blend of the ideal and the material which is the strength of Judaism comes to light. The exploit of Judith and the rescue of Susanna are both, in a sense, too good to be true. History denies what they both assert. In history, Judith, the pious widow, does not alone destroy the hosts of Nebuchadnezzar, any more than Daniel, the righteous youth, alone brings to well-merited execution the elders of the people. The mills of God grind much more slowly than such legends would have us believe, and it is not only the sons of the unrighteous who have to beg their bread. But the conviction that, in the long run, righteousness brings its reward, not in some future state of existence but in the world we know, is a fact which can and has moved mountains. If history proves anything, it proves that God is not mocked.

FOR remember what happened. Within a generation or two of the time of agony which produced the Daniel cycle, there was born on the hills about Jerusalem the founder of the religion of Christianity. If Antiochus Epiphanes had succeeded in civilising Judæa and uprooting from among its inhabitants their barbarous superstitions, if Palestine had become like any other little corner

(*Continued on page* 148)



"... *The proper penalty for giving false witness ... the penalty of death ...*"

### *By* W. *Somerset* Maugham

*A Sawbwa, or Shan chief, riding on his state elephant*

# Through *the* JUNGLE

## *Part* II. *(conclusion) of a* Graphic T*ravelogue*

*In which the famous novelist and playwright describes his experiences, impressions and reflections during a lone trek through the Shan States*

I ENTERED upon the last lap of the journey to Keng Tung. For two or three days I went along the valleys by a level path, with a pretty stream flowing by the side of it; on its banks grew huge trees, and now and again I saw a nimble monkey leaping from branch to branch; then I began to climb. I had to cross the divide between the basins of the Salween and the Mehkong, and soon it grew very cold. Up and up we went.

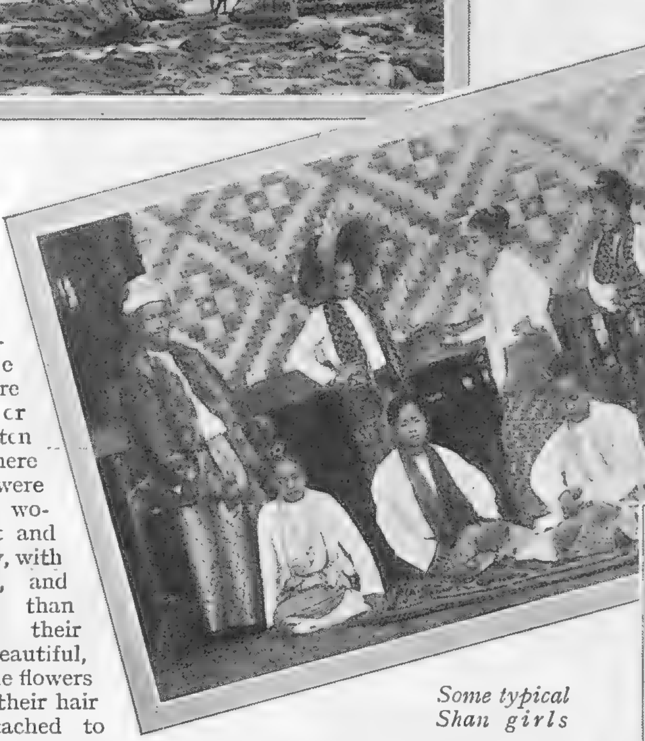
In the morning the mist swathed the surrounding hills, but here and there their tops emerged from it so that they looked like little green islets in a grey sea. The sun shining on the mist made a rainbow and it was like the bridge that led to the gate of some fairy region of the underworld. A bitter wind blew round those bleak heights and soon I was chilled to the bone. The mule track was muddy and very slippery, so that my pony kept his feet with difficulty and, dismounting, I walked. The mist was heavy now and I could see but a few yards in front of me. The bell on the leader of my caravan was muffled and plaintive, and the muleteers, shivering, trudged along by their beasts' sides in silence. The path wound through one defile after another, and at each bend I thought I had reached the pass, but the way still went uphill and it seemed interminable. Then suddenly I found myself sloping down. I had crossed the pass, which had needed so prolonged an effort to reach, without noticing it; it gave me a slight shock of disillusion.

THEN I came to a point from which they told me I could see Keng Tung, but the whole country was bathed in a silvery vapour and, though I strained my eyes, I could see nothing. I wound down and down and gradually emerged from the mountain mist, and the sun was warm on my back. In the afternoon I came into the plain. The hills I had left were dark and the grey clouds were entangled in the trees that clad them. I trotted along a straight road, wide enough for a bullock wagon, with rice fields, now only a brown and dusty stubble, on each side; I passed peasants with loads on their backs, or suspended on bamboos, going to town for the market next day; and at last I reached a broken brick gateway. It was the gate of Keng Tung. I had been twenty-six days on the journey.

Here I was met by a magistrate, a stoutish man of dignified aspect but of friendly reception, riding a mettlesome white pony, and some other official, who had come to greet me on behalf of the Sawbwa, the chieftain of that State. After we had exchanged the proper civilities we rode on through the main street of the town (but as the houses stood each in its compound with trees growing in it, it had no air of a street but rather of a road in a garden suburb) till we came to the Circuit house, at which I was to lodge. This was a long, brick bungalow, placed on a hill without the town, whitewashed, with a verandah in front of it, and from the verandah I saw among trees the brown roofs of Keng Tung. All round were the green hills that surround it.

I RODE down to the market on my little Shan pony. It was held on a great flat space in which were four rows of open booths, and here the people jostled one another in a serried throng. I had wandered so long through country almost uninhabited that I was dazzled by the variety and the colour of the crowd. The sun shone brightly. In the wayside

*Natives pulling a dug-out up a rapid on the Salween River*



*Some typical Shan girls*

villages the peasants were dressed in sombre hues, in blue or maroon, and often in black, but here the colours were brilliant. The women were neat and small and pretty, with flattened faces, and sallow rather than swarthy, but their hands were beautiful, as delicate as the flowers they wore in their hair and finely attached to their slender wrists. They were dressed in a sort of skirt, called a lungyi, a long strip of silk wound round and tucked in at the waist, the upper part of which was in stripes of gay colours and the lower part pale green, maroon, or black, and they wore a little white bodice, very neat and modest, and over this a padded jacket, pale green or pink or black, like a Spanish bolero, with tight sleeves, and little wings on the shoulders which suggested that at any moment they might fly smilingly away.

The men wore coloured lungyis, too, or baggy Shan trousers. And a great many wore huge hats of finely plaited straw, like candle extinguishers with enormous curved brims, and they perched uneasily on the abundant hair and handkerchiefs of men and women. These extravagant hats, hundreds of them, swaying, bobbing up and down with the restless movements of their wearers, gave an impression of the fantastic and unreal so that you could not persuade yourself that all these people were busy with the serious affairs of life, but rather, engaged in a frolic, were having an enormous joke with one another.

AS is usual in the East, the sellers of the same things congregated together. The stalls were merely tiled roofs on posts, speaking well for the clemency of the climate, and the floor was either the trodden earth or a very low wooden platform. The selling was done for the most part by women—there were generally three or four of them in each stall—and they sat smoking long green cheroots. But in the medicine stalls the vendors were very old men, with wrinkled faces and bloodshot eyes, who looked like wizards.

I observed their display with consternation. There were piles of dried herbs and large boxes of powders of various colours, blue, yellow, red and green, and I could not but think he must be a brave man who ventured upon them. In my childhood I had been beguiled into taking a dose of salts under the impression that as a reward for virtue I was being treated to a spoonful of plum jam (and have never been able to stomach plum jam since), but I cannot imagine how a fond Shan mother would conceal from her little Shan boy that she was administering to him a large handful of a gritty emerald powder. There were pills so large that I asked myself what throat was ever so capacious as to be able to wash them down with a drink of water. There were small dried animals that looked like the roots of plants that had been dug out of the ground and left to rot, and there were roots of plants that looked like small dried animals. But the aged apothecaries suffered from no lack of custom.

Trade was very brisk that morning and they were kept busy weighing out drugs, not with the flaky weights we use at home, but with large pieces of lead cast in the form of the Buddha. At last my patience was rewarded, and having seen a man buy a dozen pills as large as bantams' eggs, I watched him take one in finger and thumb, open his mouth, drop it in and swallow. There was a struggle, for a moment his face bore a strained look, then he gave himself a jerk, and the pill was gone. The apothecary watched him with rheumy eyes.

*An I Kaw boy*

IN the market was to be found everything to eat, to wear, and to furnish his house that was necessary to the needs of a simple Shan. There were silks from China, and the Chinese hucksters, sedately smoking their water pipes, were dressed in blue trousers, tight-fitting black coats and black silk caps. They were not lacking in elegance. The Chinese are the aristocracy of the East. There were Indians in white trousers, white tunics that fitted closely to their thin bodies, and round caps of black velvet. They sold soap and buttons, and flimsy Indian silks, rolls of Manchester cotton, alarm clocks, looking glasses and knives from Sheffield. The Shans retailed the goods brought down by the tribesmen from the surrounding hills and the simple products of their own industry.

Here and there a little band of musicians occupied a booth and a crowd stood round idly listening. In one, three men beat on gongs, one played the cymbals and another thumped a drum as long as himself. My uneducated ear could discern no pattern in that welter of sound, but only a direct and not unexhilarating appeal to crude emotion; but a little further on I came across another band, not of Shans this time, but of hillmen, who played on long wind instruments of bamboo, and their music was melancholy and tremulous. Every

*The sacred trees and*

now and then I seemed in its vague monotony to catch a few notes of a wistful melody. It gave you an impression of something immensely old.

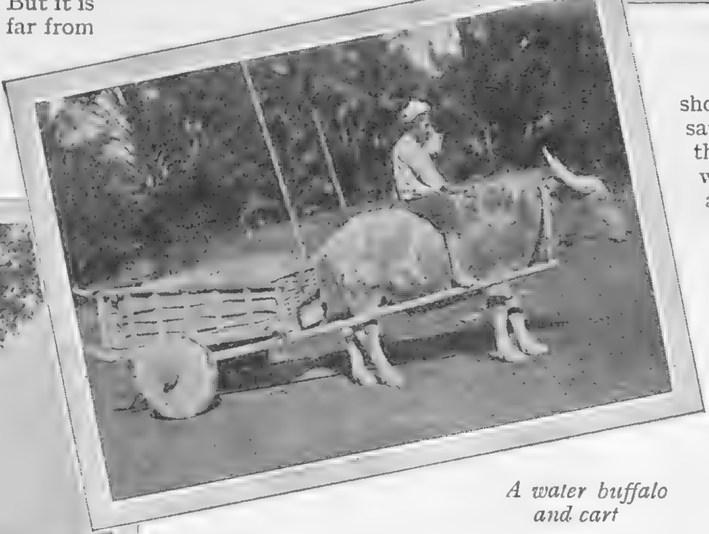
But there was nothing doleful or forlorn in the throng that crowded the streets of the market. They were gay, voluble and blithe. They had come not only to buy and sell, but to gossip and pass the time of day with their friends. It was the meeting-place not only of Keng Tung, but of the whole countryside for fifty miles round. Here they got the news and heard the latest stories. It was as good as a play and doubtless much better than most.

Among the Shans, who were in the majority, wandered in their distinctive costumes members of many tribes. They held together in little groups as though, feeling shy in this foreign environment, they were afraid of being parted from one another. To them it must have seemed a vast and populous city, and they kept themselves to themselves with the countryman's odd mingling of awe and contempt for the inhabitants of a city. There were Tais, Laos, Kaws, Palaungs, Was and heaven knows what else. The Was are divided by people wise in these matters into wild and tame, but the wild ones do not leave their mountain fastnesses. They are head-hunters, not from vainglory like the Dyaks, nor for æsthetic reasons like the people of the Mambwe country, but for the purely utilitarian purpose of protecting their crops. A fresh skull will guard and strengthen the growing grain, and so, at the approach of spring, from each village a small party of men goes out to look for a likely stranger. A stranger is sought for since he does not know his way about the country and his spirit will not wander away from his earthly remains. But it is said that travel in those parts is far from popular during the hunting season. But the tame Was have the air of amiable and kindly people, and certainly their appearance, though wild enough, is picturesque.

The Kaws stand out from among the others by reason of their fine physique and their swarthy colour. The authorities, however, state that the darkness of their complexion is due for the most part to their dislike of the use of water. The women wear a headdress covered with silver beads so that it looks like a helmet; their hair is parted in the middle and comes down over the ears as one sees it in the portraits of the Empress Eugenie, and in middle age they have funny little wrinkled faces full of humour. They wear a short coat, a kilt and leggings; and there is quite an interval between the coat and the kilt; I could not fail to notice how much character it gives a woman's face to display her midriff. The men are dressed in dingy blue, with turbans, and in these the young lads put marigolds as a sign that they are bachelors and want to marry. I wondered, indeed, if they kept them there or only put them in when the urge was strong upon them. For presumably no one feels inclined to marry on a cold and frosty morning.

There were peasants threading their way among the throng with pigeons on a perch tied by the leg with a string, which you might either buy to release, and so give yourself merit, or add to the next day's curry. One of these men passed a young Kaw, evidently a careless fellow with his money, who on a sudden impulse (and you saw on his mobile face how unexpectedly it came into his head) bought a pigeon, and when it was released and given to him he held it for a moment in both his hands, a grey wood-pigeon with a pink breast, and then throwing up his arms with the gesture of the bronze boy from Herculaneum flung it high into the air. He watched it fly rapidly away, fly back to its native woods, and there was a boyish smile on his handsome face.

*Shan porters at Shuhan*



*A water buffalo and cart*

*monastery at Kioum*

I SPENT the best part of a week in Keng Tung. The days were warm and sunny and the circuit house neat, clean and roomy. After so many strenuous days on the road it was pleasant to have nothing much to do.

I kept the emotion with which Keng Tung filled me well under control. It was a village, larger than those I had passed on the way, but a village notwithstanding, of wooden houses, spacious, with wide dirt streets, and I was put to it to find objects of interest to visit. On other than market days it was empty. In the main street you saw nothing but a few gaunt pariah dogs. In one or two shops a woman, smoking a cheroot, sat idly on the floor; she had no thought that on such a day there would ever be a customer; in another four Chinamen crouched on their heels were gambling. Silence. The dusty road had great ruts in it, and the sun beat down on it from a clear blue sky. Three little women suddenly appeared in monstrous, diverting hats, and passed along in single file; they had a couple of baskets suspended by a bamboo over the shoulder, and they walked with bent knees, speedily, as though if they went more slowly they would sink under their burdens. And against the emptiness of the street they made a quick and evanescent pattern.

And there was silence too in the monasteries. There are perhaps a dozen of them in Keng Tung and their high roofs stand out when you look at the town from the little hill on which is the circuit house. Each one stands in its compound, and in the compound are a number of crumbling pagodas. The great hall in which the Buddha, enormous, sits in his hieratic attitude, surrounded by others, eight or ten, hardly smaller, is like a barn, but its roof is supported by huge columns of teak, gilt or lacquered, and the wooden walls and the rafters are gilt or lacquered too. Rude paintings of scenes in the Master's life hang from the eaves.

It is dark and solemn, but the Buddhas sit on their great lotus leaves in the gloaming like gods who have had their day, and now neglected, but indifferent to neglect, in their decaying grandeur of gilt and mosaic, continue to reflect on suffering and the end of suffering, transitoriness and the eightfold path. Their aloofness is almost terrifying.

MUSING upon the odd chance that had brought me to that distant spot, my idle thoughts gathered about the tall, aloof figure of the casual acquaintance whose words spoken at random had tempted me to make the journey. I tried from the impression he had left upon me to construct the living man. For when we meet people we see them only in the flat, they offer us but one side of themselves, and they remain shadowy; we have to give them our flesh and our bones before they exist in the round. That is why the characters of fiction are more real than the characters of life. He was a soldier and for five years had been in command of the Military Police Post at Loimwe, which is a few miles southeast of Keng Tung. Loimwe signifies the Hill of Dreams.

Five years is a big slice out of a man's life. He spoke of Keng Tung as a lover might speak of his bride.

It had been an experience so poignant that it had set him apart for ever from his fellows. He was reticent, and as is the English way could tell but in clumsy words what he had found there. I do not know whether even to himself he was able to put into plain language the vague emotions that touched his heart when in a secluded village at night he sat and talked with the elders, and whether he asked himself the questions, so new and strange to one of his circumstances and profession, that stood in silence (like homeless men in winter outside a refuge for the destitute) waiting to be answered. He loved the wild wooded hills and the starry nights. The days were interminable and monotonous and on them he embroidered a vague and misty pattern. I do not know what it was. I can only guess that it made the world he went back to, the world of clubs and mess-tables, of steam-engines and motor cars, dances and tennis parties, politics, intrigue, bustle, excitement, the world of the newspapers, strangely without meaning.

*Crossing the Salween River*

WE are gregarious, most of us, and we resent the man who has no need of the society of his fellows. We do not content ourselves with saying that he is odd, but we ascribe to him unworthy motives. Our pride is wounded that he should have no use for us, and we nod to one another and wink and say that if he lives in this strange way it must be to practice some secret vice, and if he does not inhabit his own country it can only be because his own country is too hot to hold him. But there are people who do not feel at home in the world, the companionship of others is not necessary to them and they are ill at ease amid the manifestations of joy and sorrow of their fellows. They have an invincible shyness. Shared emotions abash them. The thought of community singing, even though it be but *God Save the King*, fills them with embarrassment, and if they sing it is plaintively in their baths.

They are self-sufficient and they shrug a resigned, and sometimes it must be admitted, a scornful shoulder, because the world uses that adjective in a depreciatory sense. Wherever they are they feel themselves "out of it." They are to be found all over the surface of this earth, members of a great monastic order bound by no vows, and cloistered, though not by walls of stone. If you wander up and down the world you will meet them in all sorts of unexpected places.

They live solitary lives, without friends, and they do not welcome the stranger. Though they may not have seen one of their own race for months they will pass you on the road as though they did not see you, and if, presuming on your nationality, you call, the chances are that they will decline to receive you; but if they do they will give you a cup of tea from a silver teapot and on a plate of old Worcester you will be offered hot scones.

THE men are at once shyer and more friendly than the women. At first you see the anxious look on their faces as they rack their brains for topics of conversation, but a glass of whisky loosens their minds (for sometimes they are inclined to tipple) and then they will talk freely. They are glad to see you, but you must be careful not to abuse your welcome; they get tired of company very soon and grow restless at the necessity of making an effort. They are more apt to run to seed than women; they live in a higgledy-piggledy manner, indifferent to their surroundings and their food. They have often an ostensible occupation. They are on the verge of bankruptcy.

Sometimes they are engaged in metaphysical speculation, and I met one who had spent years in the study and annotation of the works of Immanuel Swedenborg. Sometimes they are students, and take endless pains to translate classical works which have been already translated, like the dialogues of Plato, or of which translation is impossible, like Goethe's *Faust*. They may not be very useful members of society, but their lives are harmless and innocent. If the world despises them, they on their side despise the world.

BUT I had idled long enough, and so, bright and early one morning, I set out with my caravan from Keng Tung. I was accompanied by an official of the Sawbwa's court, who was to escort me to the frontier of the Sawbwa's dominions. He was a corpulent gentleman, and he rode a very small and scraggy pony. For the first day I rode through the plain with rice-fields on either side of the road, and then plunged once more into the hills.

I had finished now with the P.W.D. bungalows, but the Sawbwa had been good enough to order houses to be built for me on the way, and messengers had been sent on to the various villages with the necessary instructions. I felt very grand to have a house built for me to spend a single night in, and the first one I lodged at filled me with delight. It was like a toy. It would hardly have kept out the wet if it had rained, or the wind if it blew, but in fine weather it was a place for young lovers to live in rather than a middle-aged writer. It was very neat and clean, for the bamboos of which it was made had been cut that morning, and it had the pleasant, fresh smell of growing things.

It was all green—walls, floor and roof. It consisted of two rooms and a broad verandah. The walls and the floor, raised about three feet from the ground, were of split bamboos. The supporting pillars and the beams were of whole bamboos, and the roof was neatly thatched with rice straw. The floor was resilient, so that, accustomed to an unyielding surface underfoot, I had at first a feeling of some insecurity, and walked gingerly; but there was a network of solid bamboos

(*Continued on page 89*)

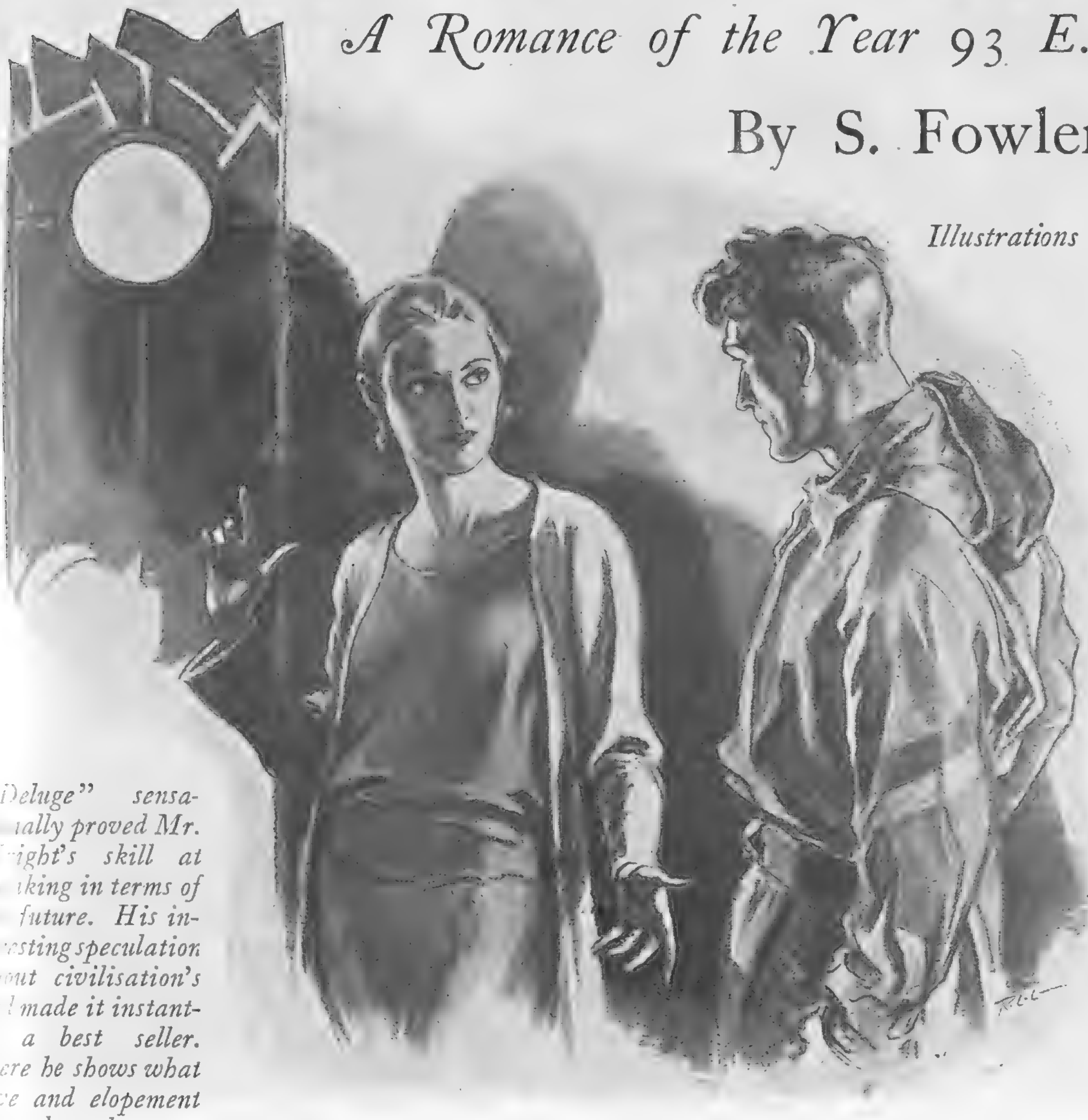
# P.N. 40—*and* LOVE

## *A Romance of the Year 93 E.E.*

## By S. Fowler Wright

*Illustrations by R. L. Lambdin*

*"Deluge" sensationally proved Mr. Wright's skill at thinking in terms of the future. His interesting speculation about civilisation's end made it instantly a best seller. Here he shows what love and elopement may be when we are all eugenic*



*"'You'd better go now, or we'll neither of us go anywhere. The disc has changed colour twice already.' She pointed to the signal"*

IN the ninety-third year (second period) of the Eugenic Era* there lived a girl named P.N. 40., who was, on the fifteenth of April of that year, within a fortnight of the age and ordeal of marriage.

For (as we know) the Eugenist government of that time had decreed that every girl who was sufficiently sound in health and ancestry should marry between the first and tenth days of the May following her twenty-second birthday—the intention being that her first child should be born in the early spring, which had been shown to be the ideal period for such nativities.

P.N. 40 was an exceptionally beautiful girl, but she was an acutely miserable one at the moment.

She sat on the sunlit loggia of her ground-floor bedroom, in the early hours of that mid-April morning; and her mouth—which was made for a quite different purpose—was shut very savagely, and her eyes were sullen.

The Eugenist government, being laudably anxious to improve the quality of the race, had realised that it cannot be done very rapidly under a strictly monogamous régime. It is a lamentable fact that the two sexes are born in approximately equal numbers.

THE prohibition of the marriage of the unfit, enacted at the commencement of the second era, was of no assistance to the solution of this difficulty, for the unfit also were found to be of about equal numbers in either sex.

It was the epoch-founding brain of Professor Gested, working with its usual mathematical precision, which had resolved the problem. He perceived that the Potential Maximum Fecundity of women is not increased by a multiplication of husbands, whereas a plurality of wives may lead to a substantial increase in the P.M.F of mankind.

Building upon this premise, he evolved a plan by which such a plurality, up to a maximum of six wives, should be allotted to those members of his own sex who were beyond criticism either in individual or ancestral health.

BY a contrary provision, men of inferior physical grades were allotted less than one complete unit of feminine companionship, to a minimum of one-sixth, by which means he contrived

(1) That a large majority of the next generation would be the children of selected parentage,

(2) That all members of the community would be married (more or less), so that a minimum of opposition was aroused among the selfish anti-social voters who had done so much to retard racial progress;

(3) That by this process of grading there would be no difficulty in avoiding an unallocated surplus, either of men or women, as the fraction of wife allowed to men of intermediate grades could be varied according to the number of women available.

Forty years had passed, and though the enforcement of this law had not been unopposed, yet it had been asserted successfully. But it had been found necessary to segregate the young of either sex with an almost absolute division. A great national ideal cannot be reached without individual sacrifice.

BUT P.N. 40, however superficially attractive, had a mind which was comparatively destitute of the higher patriotism. Her heart did not beat more

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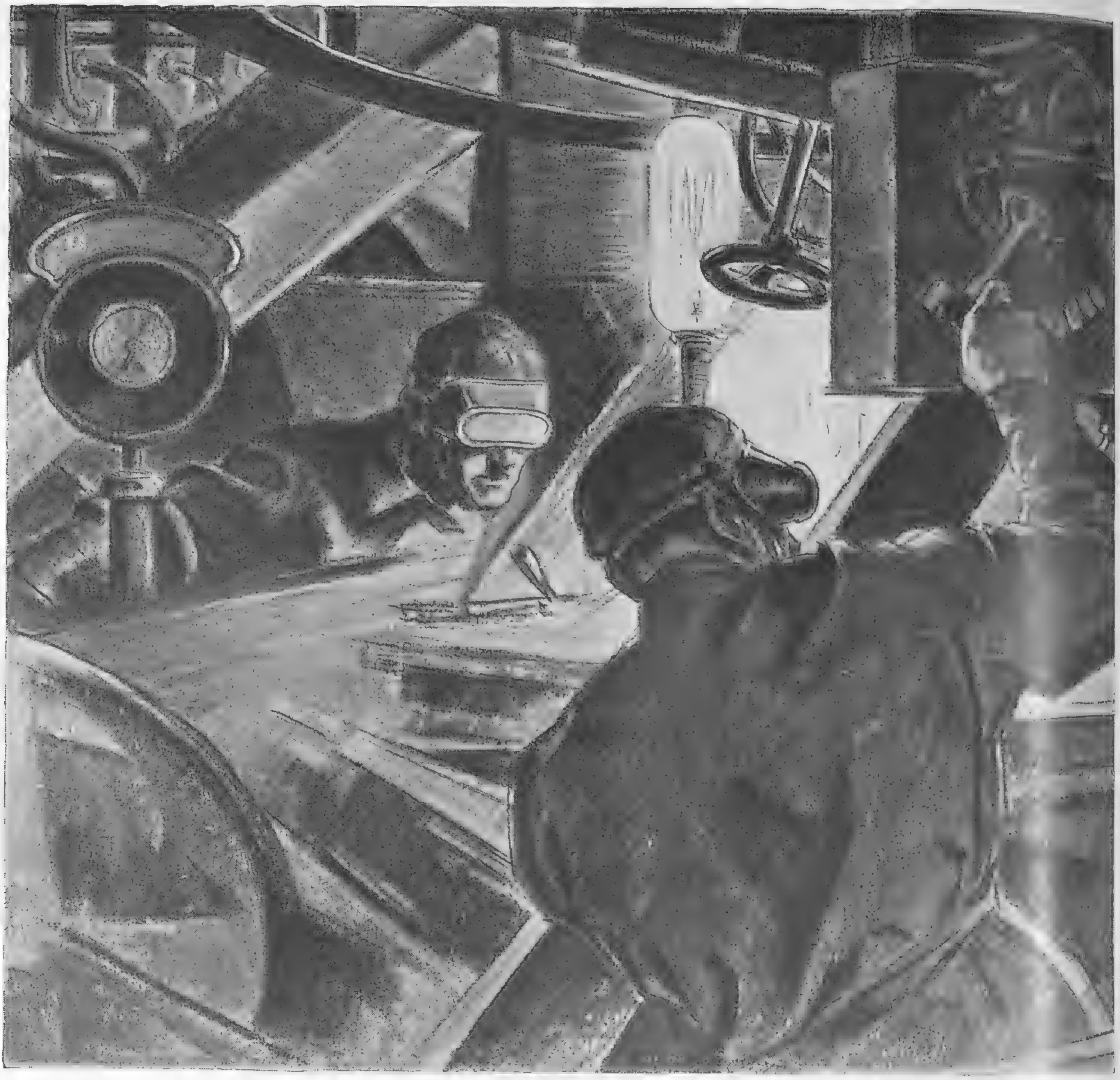
* The year 93, of the Second Eugenic Era, corresponds to Anno Domini 2029, as once quaintly reckoned.



" *On the screen the chief operator studied the driving blur of the storm for some*

rapidly when she considered the P.M.F. of mankind.

It beat faster at the foolish imagination that 48 V.C. had regarded her with unusual interest as he had assisted her last February from the monoplane, which had descended so unexpectedly on the shore of Llangorse, in Brecknockshire. Yet the ancestry of 48 V.C. included an inferior great-aunt, and he wore the pink-and-yellow arm-stripes which graded him for one-fourth of a wife at the next allotment.

P.N. 40 did not curse, for she had never heard of bad language, nor could she have imagined its possibilities. She did not curse, but her thoughts were murderous.

It was the night before, in the common-room of the seminary, that she had been publicly rebuked for seditious immodesty by the instructress, because she had expressed the opinion that a girl could choose her husband much better than the Board of Allocation would be likely to do.

"A pure-minded woman," she had been told severely, "does not discriminate between one man and another, if he be chosen as fit for fatherhood; nor does she rebel because she will only receive a fraction of his attentions."

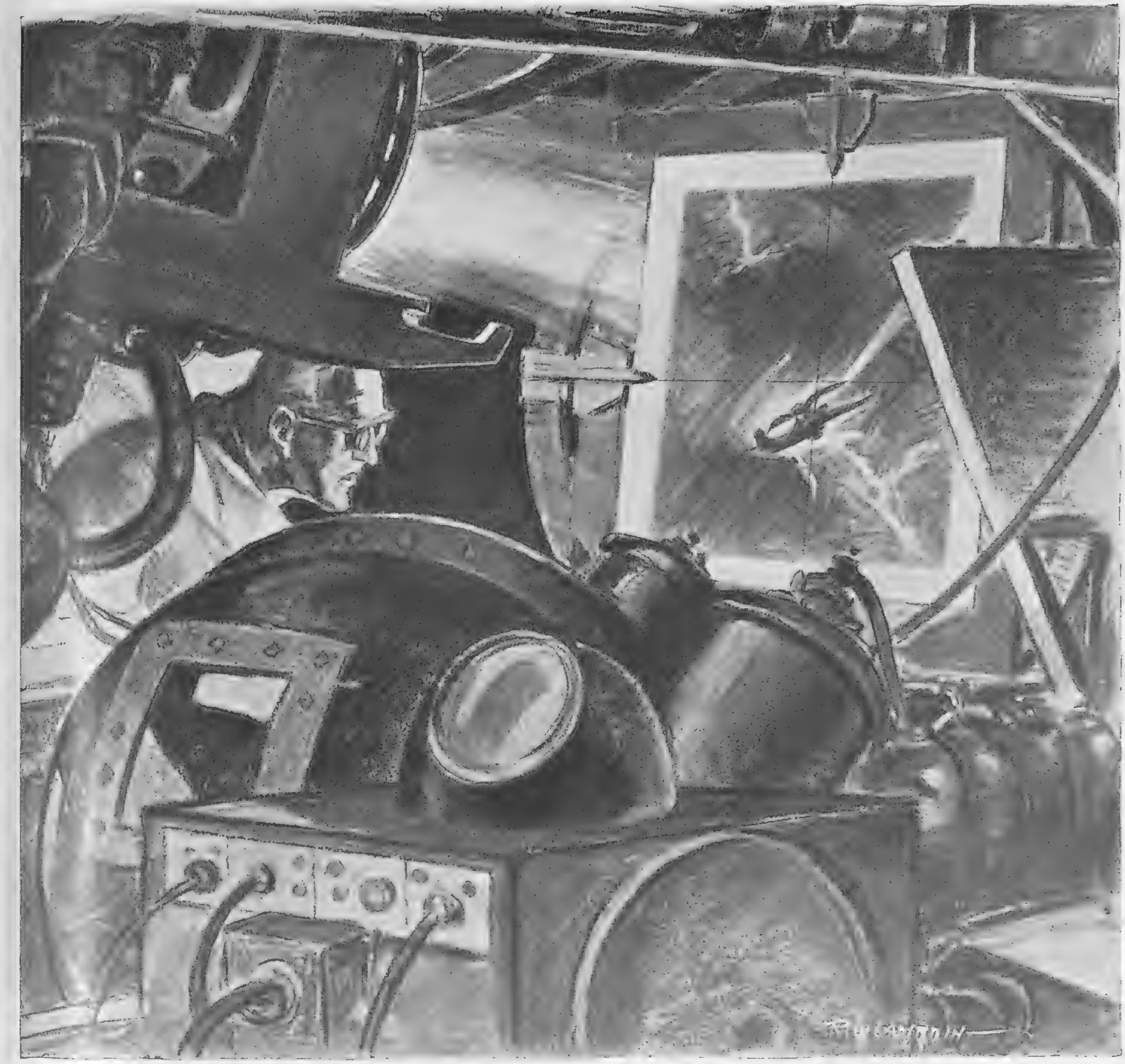
Well, if that were so, she was not pure-minded. Very far from it.

The letters P.N. 40 branded beneath her chin were indelible. They would always proclaim her as the bearer of a health-proud name. Only the children of 47 L—Z.V.5 could claim a physical superiority. And 47 L. was not only of a stainless ancestry for four generations on either side, but his personal development was so exceptional that when the Ministry of Birth, the most important government office under that held by the Premier, had been awarded to him, it had been generally regarded as an exceptionally seemly choice.

AND 47 L. still lived a life of robust vigour, though his years were seventy. One of his six wives had died last year. And if there were truth in the envious whisperings of the common room, P.N. 40 was selected for the high honour of the vacant place.

On the first of May, at the festival of the Branding of Brides, she would receive her husband's number beneath her chin, behind the place on which her own appeared already. Then at the day's end, in the solitude of her own room, she would be able to look at the number in the mirror, and learn to whom she had been consigned. Modesty did not admit of an earlier curiosity.

She knew that she could defeat this allocation. Degeneration of character may disqualify the most physically perfect for the honour of a Sixth-Grade marriage. She might do outrageous things during her last fortnight of freedom, such as would insure that she would never know the dignity of being the youngest wife of 47 L. She might even contrive to be classified with the Fourth-Grade women, who are the sole wives of a single husband.



*minutes. A wind-tossed kestrel showed faintly. Lightning flickered around it"*

But this thought brought no comfort. She did not merely want to be a monogamous wife. She wanted (with an almost obsolete vulgarity) to be the wife of a particular man whom she should never have seen—would, very certainly, never have seen, but for the aeroplane accident at Llangorse.

Besides, she was not free from the natural vanity of women. She could not easily endure the degradations which follow from a Fourth-Grade marriage. Girls of that class might be content enough, for they had expected nothing more, but she had been brought up differently. To pick her clothes on the fourth day, after the three upper grades had chosen all the lovelier colours! To sit in the back rows of the theatre, the solitary companion of the man beside you, and watch the grouped seats of the Sevens, Fives, and Threes, that graded backward, proclaiming the physical ignominy of the place to which you were relegated! . . .

Such sacrifices have been made by women of ancient days—or so romance will have it—to secure the man of their choosing, but not, even by them, for a precarious difference in the percentage of a stranger's love.

CULTIVATING her sorrow, as folly will, P.N. 40 went indoors seeking a forbidden book, "The Oxford Book of English Verse." With the volume she returned, and sat down to the idle turning of its familiar pages.

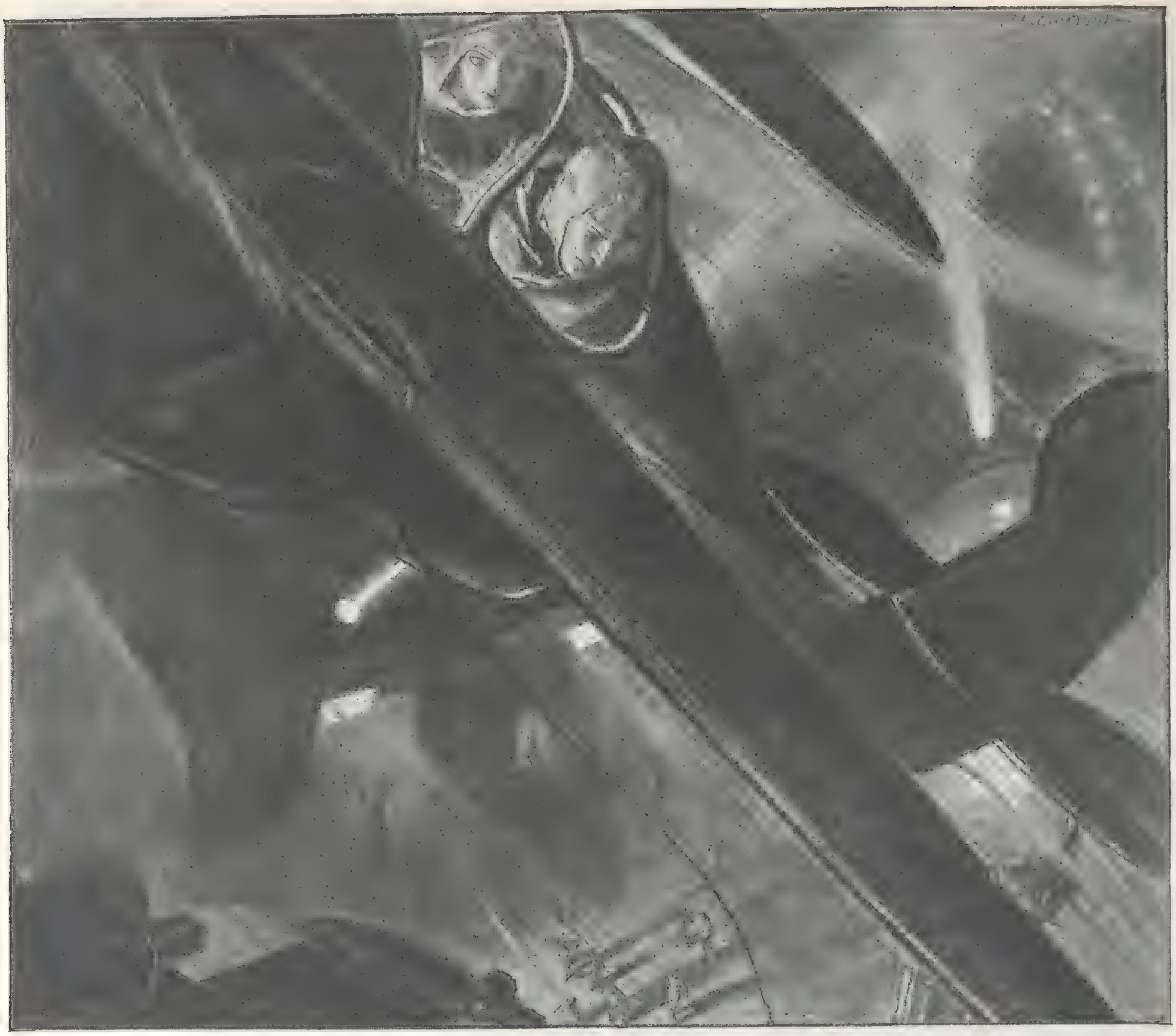
She knew that she could not be overlooked, except from the air, which, at this hour, was empty of random traffic on the lower airways. It was true that she might be under the observation of the Ministry of Insight, but that, she supposed, was arithmetically improbable, and, anyway, it was a risk which was never absent.

No one guessed the extent of the oversight which was exercised by this Ministry. It was surmise only as to whether the M.I. were casual or ubiquitous in the taking of photographic records. No one knew.

But P.N. 40 was in a mood to be reckless, and, anyway, there is little gain in stealing a book which is never read.

She did not know that at that very moment 48 V.C., the subject of her foolish dreams, was perilously watching from the evergreen shelter of a fir near by. . . .

From his earliest childhood 48 V.C. had been trained and perfected for his intended occupation, that of an air-pilot. The theory of selection which had so destined him from infancy had been justified in its results, for, at the age of twenty-three, which was that of male maturity and marriage, he had gained the rare honour of being appointed to one of the Condor patrol 'planes. There were but twelve of these, and they exercised a final control and supervision over the airways of the world.



"'The searchlight wouldn't have mattered,' he answered, '—not while it was white. But the orange-red is meant to kill'"

THE *Condors* were single-seaters. They were in all ways self sufficient. They were so swift that they could circle round an intercontinental liner as a swallow passes an express train. By right of office, they were exempt from the traffic laws of the air. All gave way before them when their syrens shrilled to the instruments in the ears of a thousand pilots, or their twin blue lights, interbarred with the warning pink, flashed halcyon through the night. They could talk with each other through a separation of ten thousand miles. They could command, and the haughtiest liner must change its course, or pause motionless in the void. They were independent of extraneous fuel; and, when their pilots needed rest or would survey their patrols from a steady point, they could rise above the highest levels of traffic, and hang stationary or drift idly upon the winds, for a week if need be.

P.N. 40 turned the pages of *The Oxford Book* idly to pause at "The Lady of Shallott," with its quaint unreal echo of a misery kindred to, yet so different from, her own. . . .

She knew the voice that called her name from the shadow of the fir-branches, and her body thrilled with a sudden terror, and her heart beat chokingly. She did not know that she answered, but when 48 V.C. crossed the lawn toward her, she found words in an agony of fearful protest.

"Oh, but you must not! If you were seen! Come inside—come quickly."

IN the shelter of her own room they looked at one another without speech for some moments.

Wild joy contended in her heart with utter terror at the audacity of his presence in that forbidden place, within ten miles of which no man had ever been known to trespass—where men only came when the bride-season was ended. They stood under the shadow of a penalty that they could only guess, but which could be no less than the shattering of the lives they knew, if any lives should be left them—not knowing but that an official of the Ministry of Insight might be recording every word and motion on the plates of his laboratory instrument in Hampstead, scarcely thirty miles away.

And 48 V.C. was the only man to whom P.N. 40 had ever spoken intimately, or on a basis of equality.

If there were less fear in his equal silence, there was an even greater diffidence. To find the vision of his hopeless dreams within reach of his hand! To have dared so much, and to be conscious of the utter madness of the offer that he had come to make! To be sickeningly conscious of the pink-and-yellow band upon his arm, which proclaimed him unfit to consort with such as she, and his children after him!

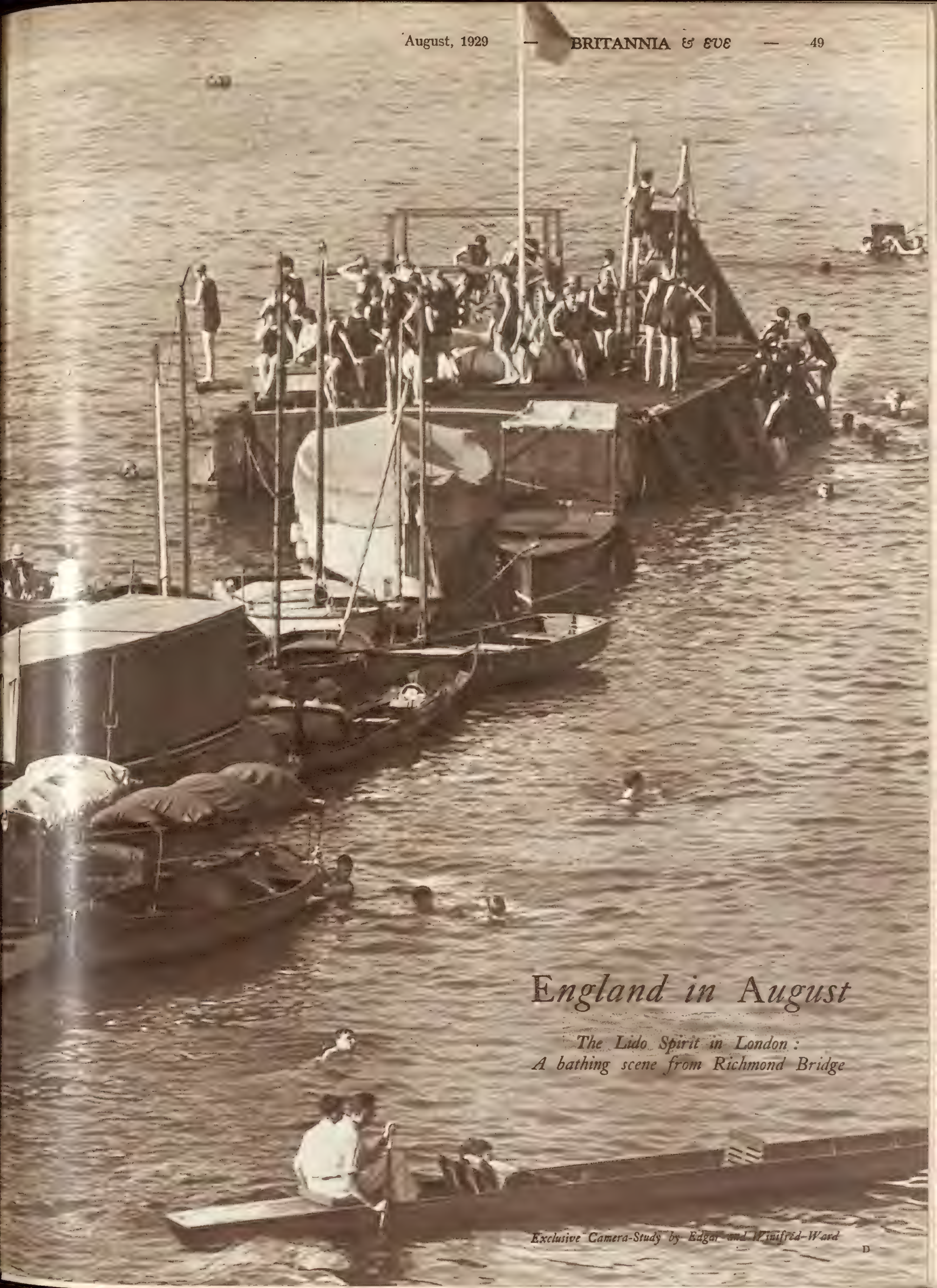
She recovered her self-possession first, as a girl will.

"How did you find me?" she asked, in a very natural wonder.

"I saw your number," he said simply, and the words, which explained everything, brought a flood of shame to her face such as she had never known before. Had she lifted her chin? She had been taught from childhood that it is the lowest shame of womanhood to lift her chin to a man—to show him the letter number by which he may trace and find her!

HE saw the confusion he had caused, though he only vaguely comprehended it, for the teaching of the women's schools was outside his experience, and he added hastily: "It was when I was lifting you out of the smash. I couldn't

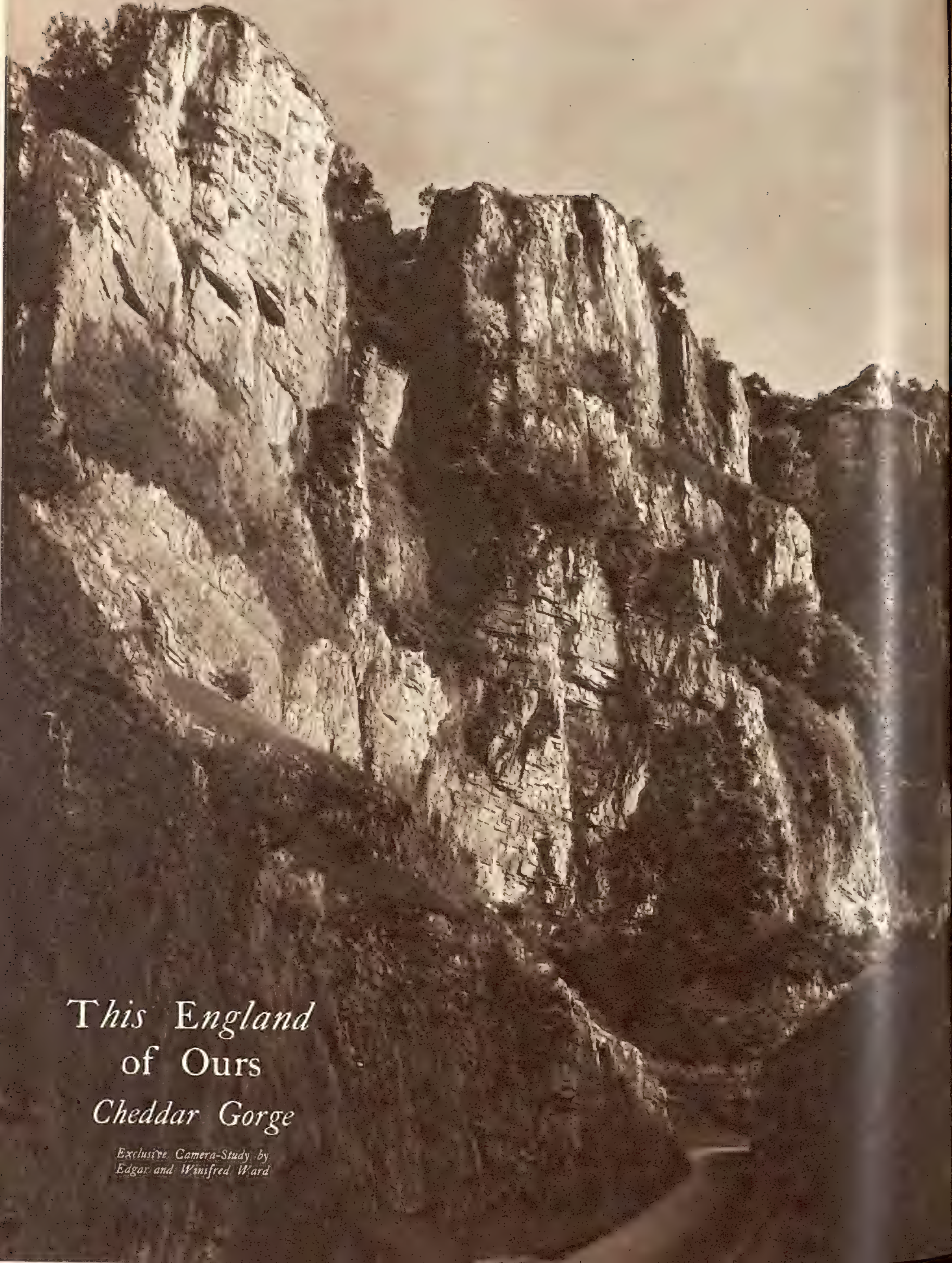
(*Continued on page* 160)



# England in August

*The Lido Spirit in London:*
*A bathing scene from Richmond Bridge*

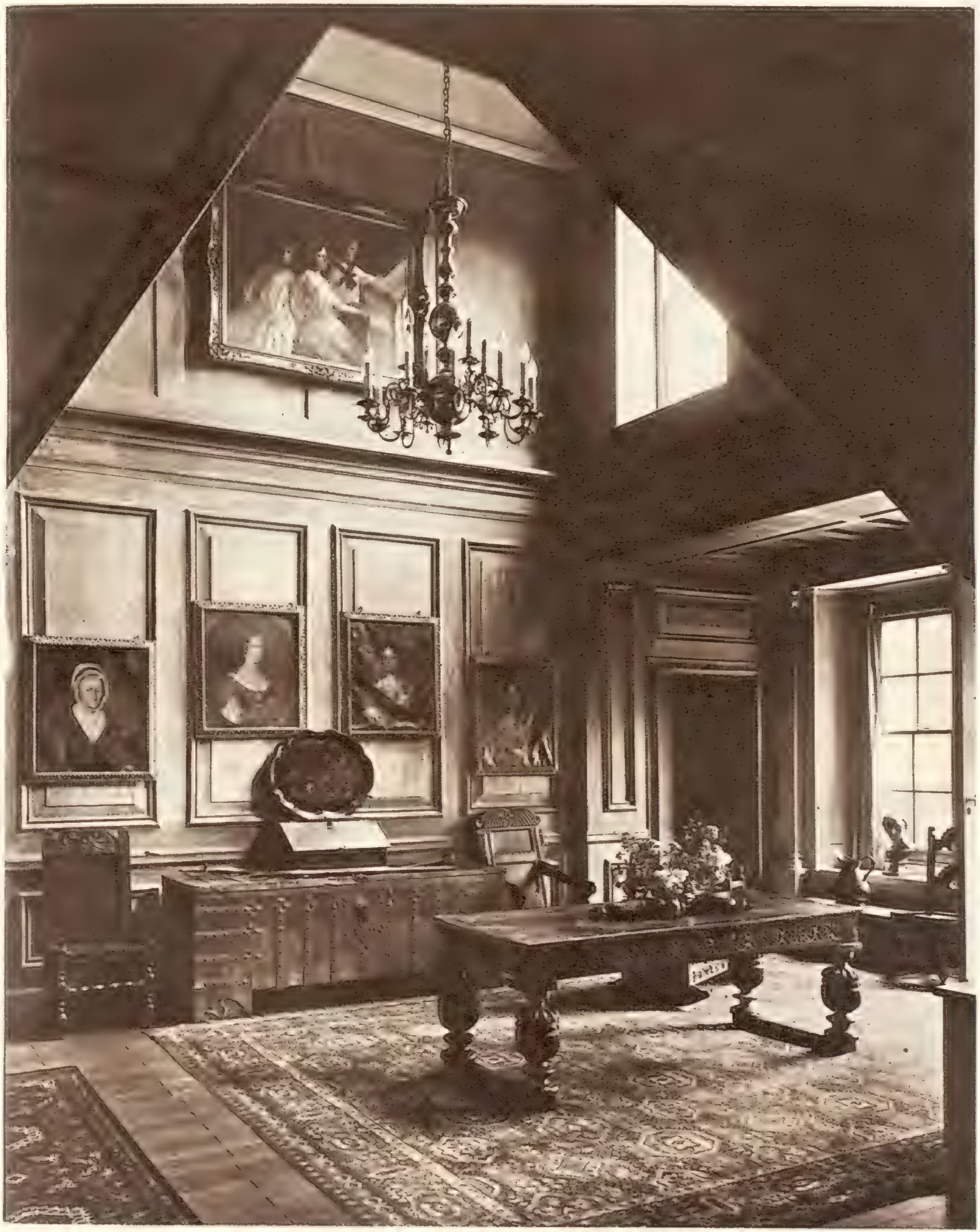
*Exclusive Camera-Study by Edgar and Winifred Ward*



# This England of Ours

## *Cheddar Gorge*

*Exclusive Camera-Study by Edgar and Winifred Ward*



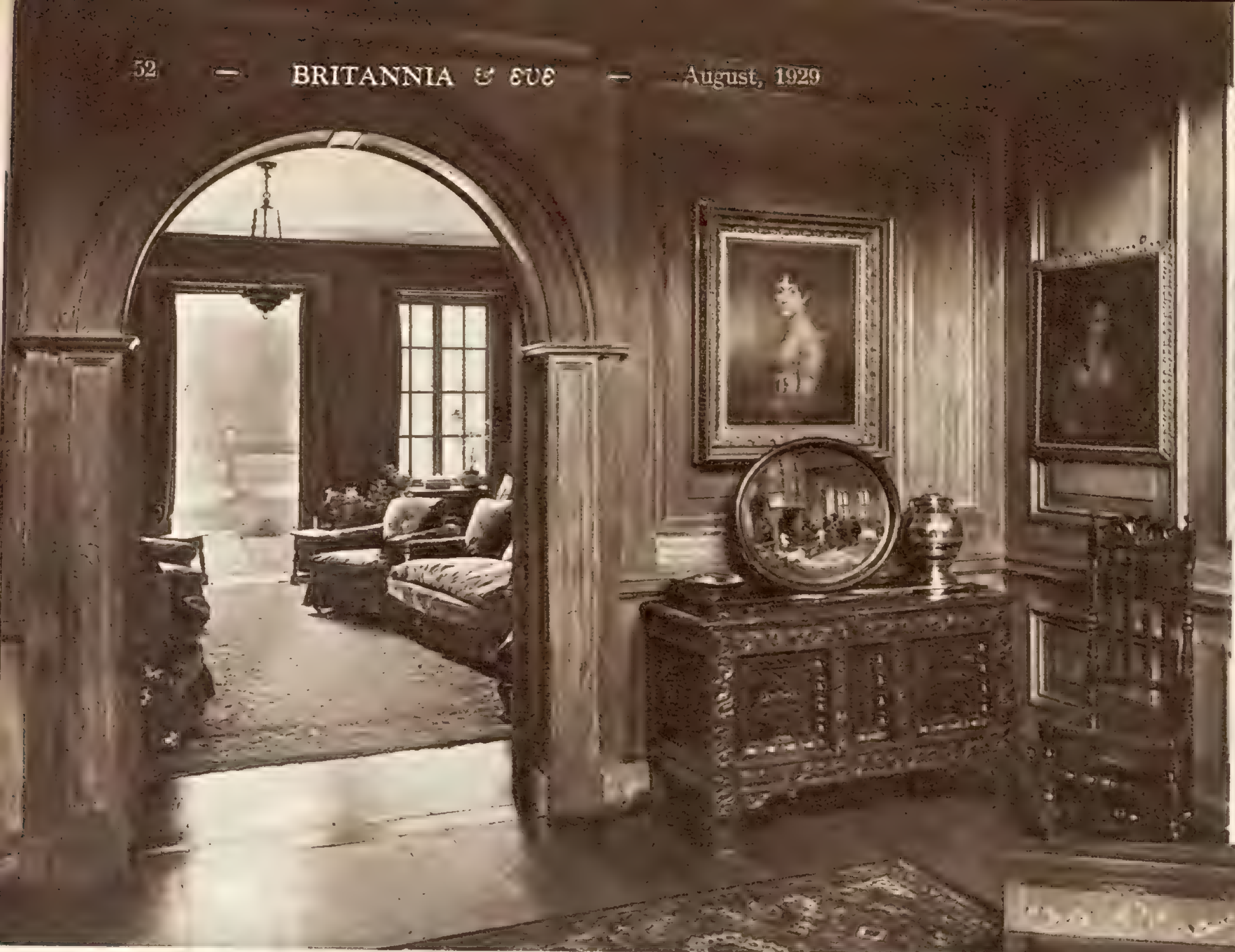
*An impressive photograph of the Great Hall, showing the famous refectory table at which Cromwell wrote many of his dispatches. Beyond is the Robing Chest of the Bishops of Winchester.*

# Other People's Houses: *Shawford House,*

*near Winchester*

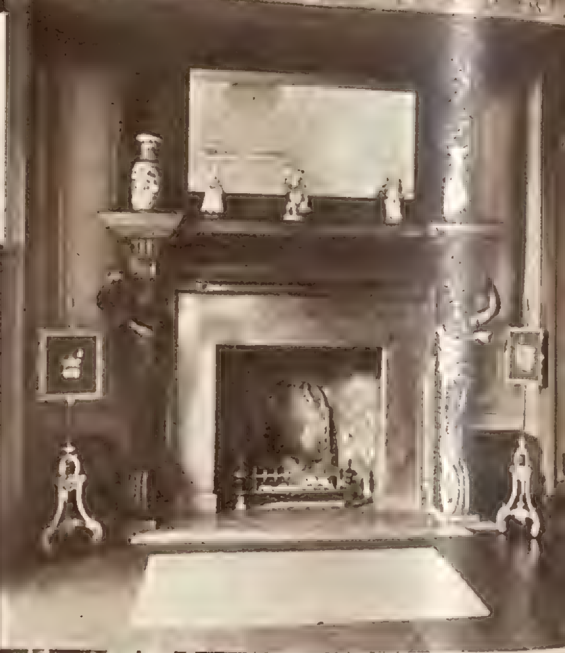
*The Property of Lt.-Colonel Richard Roundell*

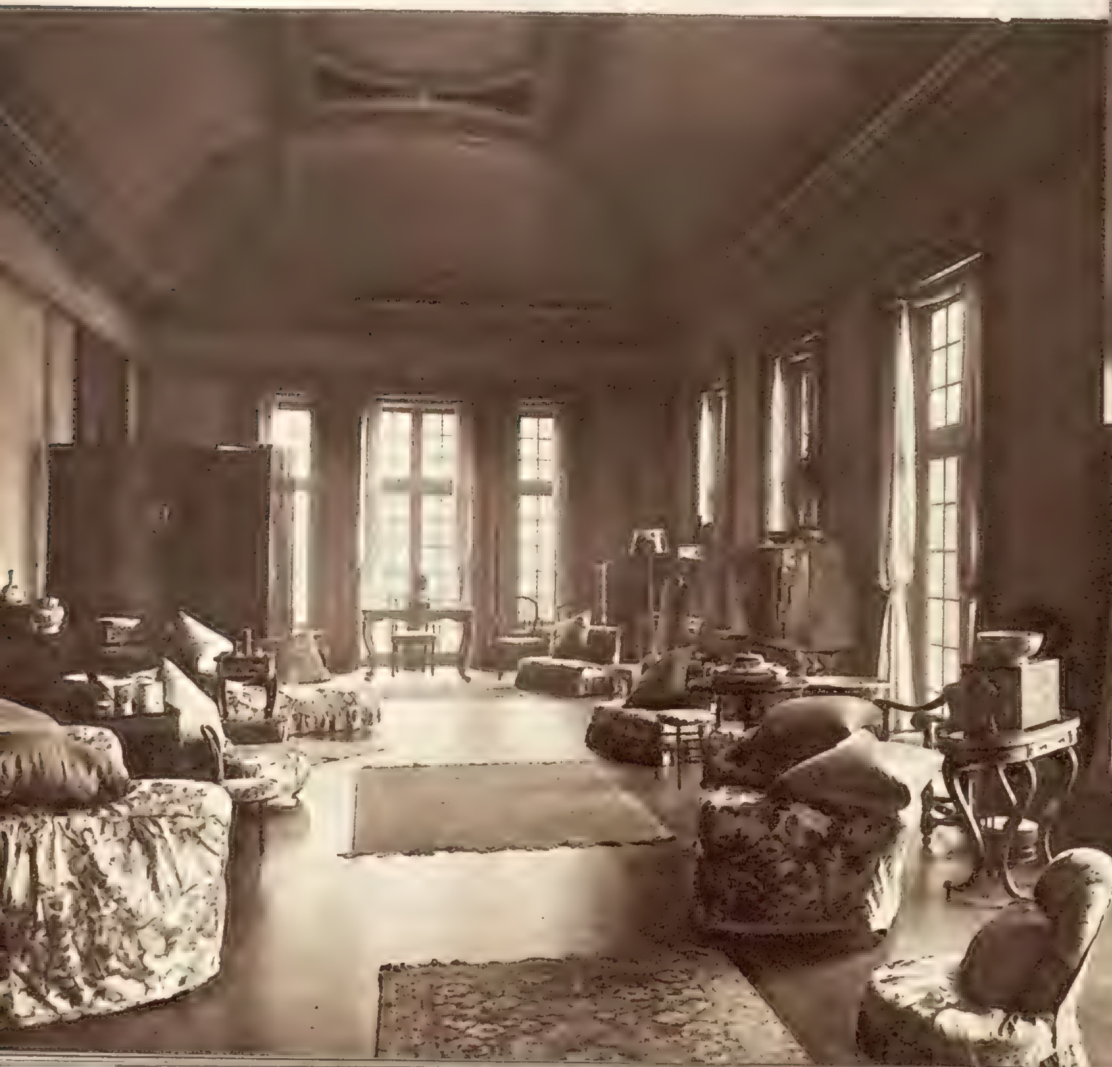
*Photographed expressly for this issue by Humphrey and Vera Joel*



*The magnificent chimneypiece in the Music Room was brought there from an old house in Great Pulteney Street. Exquisitely carved Caryatids of polished pine support the unusually high mantelpiece*

*Here one catches a pleasing glimpse of the Garden, Hall and the Terrace beyond—a charming picture, framed, as it were, by the archway of the Hall and its mellow oak panelling*



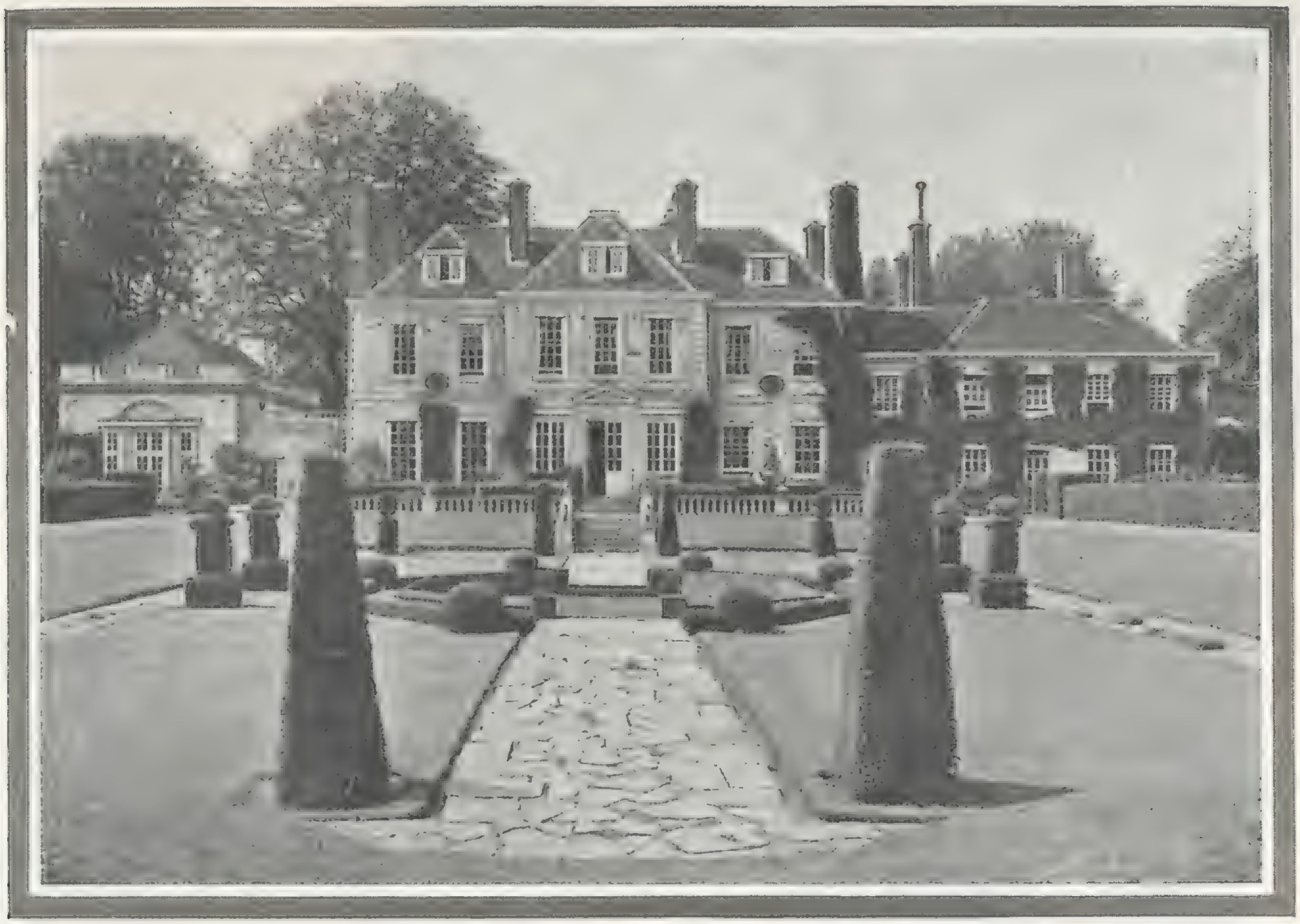


*Quite a recent addition is this picturesque Music Room, the walls and ceiling of which are hand-painted. On the right is the Chinese Cabinet, containing Cromwell's gloves and many other historical treasures and documents*

# OTHER PEOPLE'S HOUSES

*Pictured by Humphrey and Vera Joel*

*Described by Peggy Fremantle*



*This gives a comprehensive view of the south side of the house, overlooking the formal sunk garden, of which the central feature is the old cockfighting arena*

# Shawford House

## *near Winchester: the property of Lieut.-Colonel Richard Roundell*

WINCHESTER stands in a countryside which is well remembered for two things which grow in it to great beauty and record proportions—trees and trout. Enormous specimens of beech, elm, chestnut and, in fact, almost every other variety of English timber grow in the fat pastureland, which borders the little rivers in these green valleys. After passing through Winchester the river Itchen, most famous of the Hampshire trout streams, flows through a valley which becomes increasingly wider and more important as it reaches its mouth where it flows into Southampton Water. Four miles below Winchester the river reaches the village of Shawford, and for a mile and a half it flows through the gardens and park of Shawford House. It is difficult to imagine a more attractive setting for a beautiful house than this broad, finely timbered valley with the clear little river running through it.

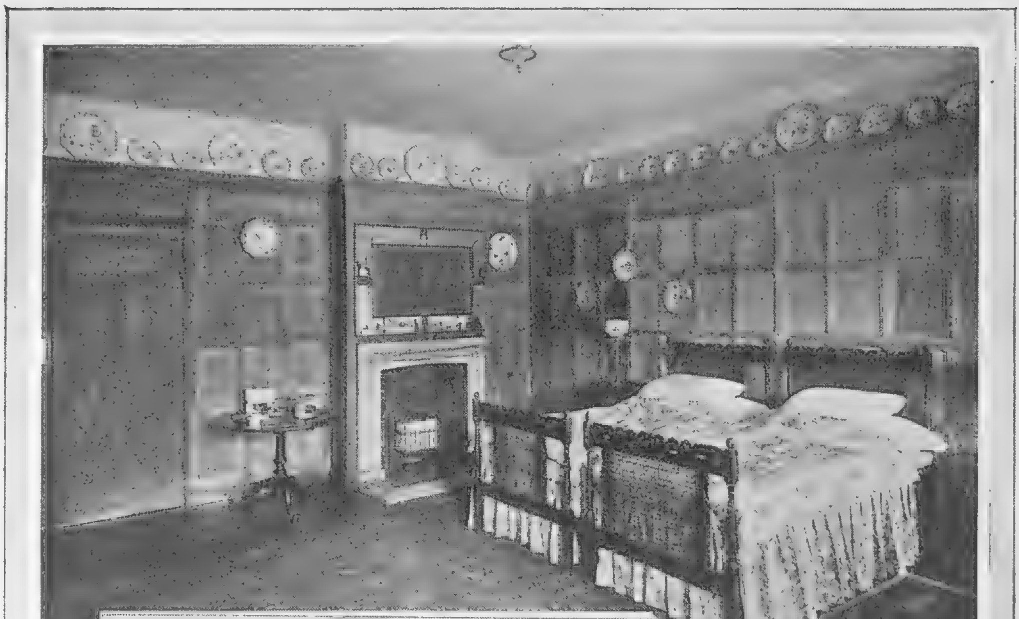
Shawford House was erected in the reign of Charles II by the Lord Mildmay of the day. It is built almost entirely of very light coloured stone, in a wonderful state of preservation, and so shows up in sharp relief against the surrounding timber. The central portion of the house and the kitchen wing are original, and a large drawing room or music room which was added in the early years of this century now balances the kitchen wing, making the house form three sides of the courtyard. On the courtyard side of the new wing had been added a loggia which, though seldom used owing to its proximity to the front door, makes a charming feature in the general elevation.

THOUGH the architect of Shawford is unknown it is safe to say that he was more influenced by the Italian taste, brought to England by Inigo Jones, than by the French or the purely English feeling of Sir Christopher Wren.

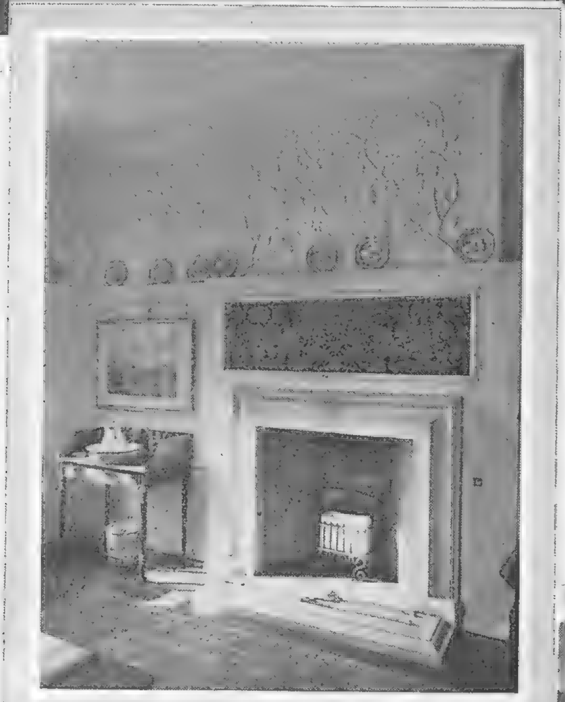
On the south side of the house is a formal sunk garden with a curious history. In the centre is an octagonal well paved with brick and surrounded by a low brick wall—a cockfighting arena. It now makes an agreeable central feature of the formal sunk garden and is surrounded by box trees clipped into symmetrical shapes. Beyond the cockpit garden and on a higher level is another formal enclosure hedged with yew, with a semicircular end facing the house. An ancient Chinese sacrificial altar stands at the end of the straight path flanked by a pair of Chinese carved stone symbolical pieces of sculpture.

The terraces at Shawford are worthy of special comment. They are paved with rectangular stones of varying sizes with clumps of pinks and other small plants, sparsely planted in crevices between the blocks. The central portion of the terrace on the south front has some good stone balustrading, and the flank of the West terrace on the new wing is built of alternate squares of flint and stone.

THE front door at Shawford opens directly into the main staircase hall. This hall, which is very characteristic of the English renaissance period, is the full height of the house, being lighted by windows on the ground floor and on the



*The "Minnow" bedroom offers a fine example of Jacobean oak panelling. Note the rather unusual panel carving with a mirror frame over the chimney-piece*

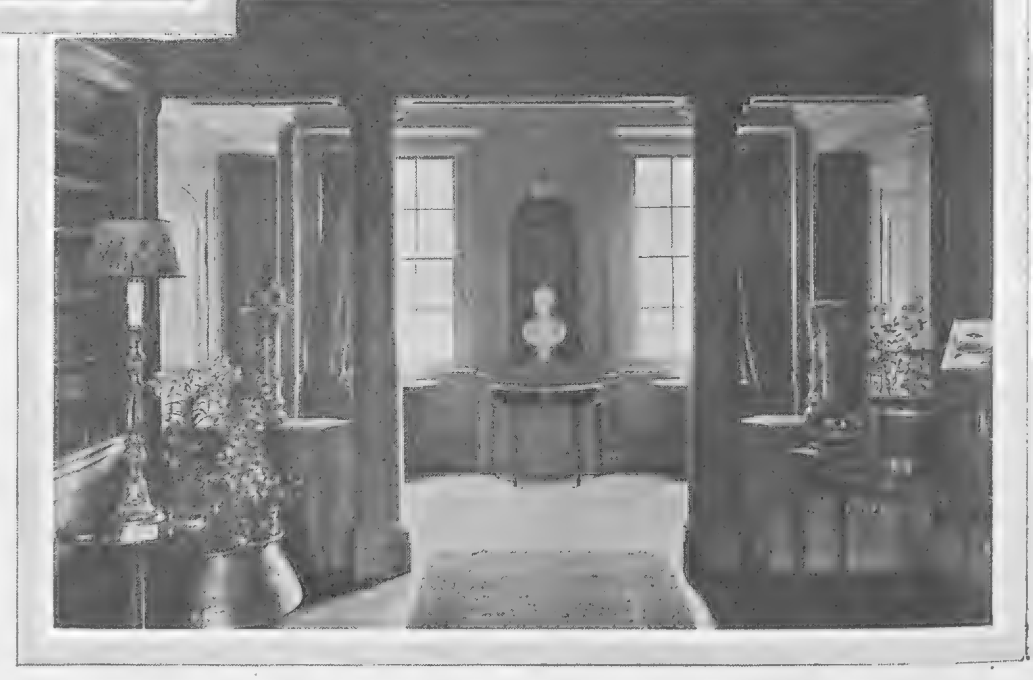


*Points of special interest to be seen in the "John Dory" bedroom are the panel of Florentine needlework, let into the white panelling over the fireplace, and the raised plaster frieze in a grape design above*

first story level. There is the typical staircase and gallery, and the walls are panelled in oak with good bold mouldings. On them hang family portraits, mostly of the Lely school. On the stairs hangs a panel of tapestry with the inscription: "Presented by Sir Hans Sloane to Dr. Richardson—1730." In the hall is some valuable furniture, many pieces of which are of great historical interest. Chief among them is a magnificent oak refectory table with richly carved legs and sides, which was brought from the Manor House, Knaresborough, which is still the property of Colonel Roundell. Tradition relates that this table was in the room used by Oliver Cromwell when he stayed for a considerable time at Knaresborough during the Civil War and that he wrote many of his famous dispatches sitting at it. The head of the Roundell family was one of his most prominent supporters, and in this connection it is interesting to recall that the families of Roundell and Wilson (the Wilsons were ardent Royalists), who owned adjacent properties in Yorkshire, carried on the civil war privately long after the Restoration. They disliked each other so much that if the Roundell coach saw the Wilson coach approaching on the road, which bounded both their properties, it would turn about and go home rather than face such unwelcome proximity! The ancient feud is now finally settled by marriage, for Mrs. Richard Roundell is a sister of Sir Matthew Wilson, the present baronet. The Cromwell table, by the way, is of the Elizabethan period. In the hall there is also an oak cradle which has been in the Roundell family since the sixteenth century and a baby's high chair said to have been used by Queen Elizabeth as a child. Under the portraits stands the enormous robing chest of the Bishops of Winchester, which Mrs. Roundell managed to secure a few years ago when it was sold by ecclesiastical authorities. There are also some very good William and Mary chairs and a fine old Dutch brass candelabrum hanging from the ceiling.

LEADING from the main hall and directly facing the front door is an archway set in the panelling which leads on to the Garden Hall. This is a much used and most liveable room, and leads directly out on to the terrace from which a flight of stone steps descend to the sunk garden. Here there is also oak panelling and a wide fireplace surrounded by a bold ogee moulding in stone.

In Mrs. Roundell's sitting room there is some panelling in the Georgian style, of Austrian pine. It is enriched with the egg and tongue moulding which was so much used in this period, and has a



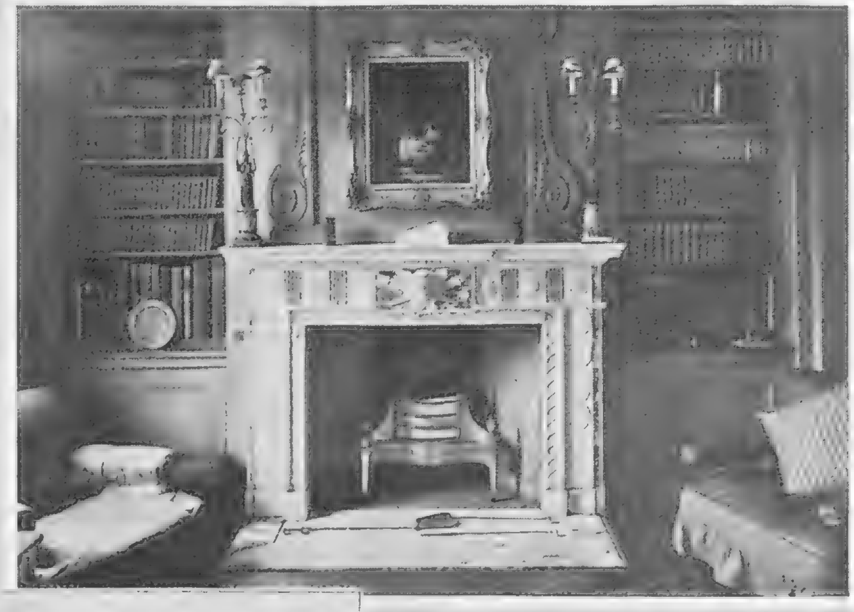
*A dignified view of the pillared north end of the library, the walls of which are panelled in oak where they are not lined with books* good cornice moulding of acanthus leaves. This room is decorated with large water-colour drawings by the Dutch artist De Windt.

The passage leading to the dining room passes the door of Colonel Roundell's study and is partly lighted by five old fanlights set high in the wall, one over the door with a pair on either side of it. The panelling in the study has been painted a clear light grey.

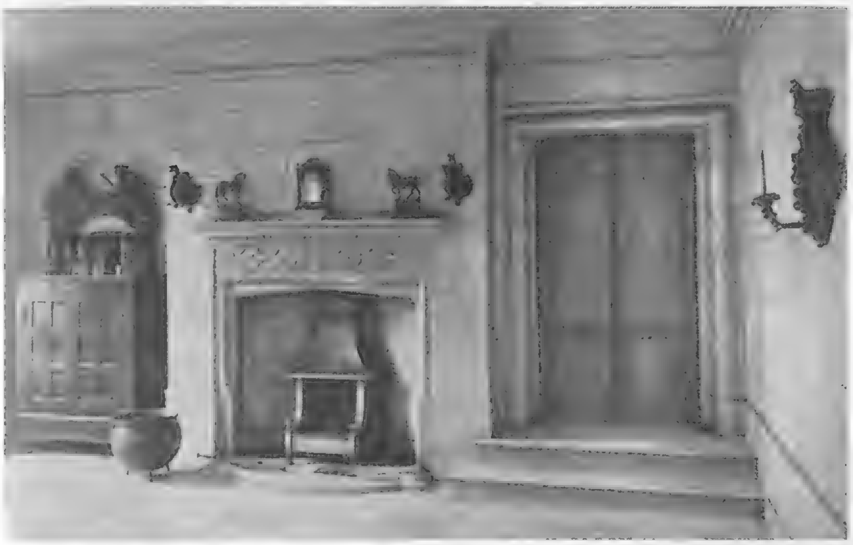
The dining room at Shawford shows a definite Spanish influence. The carved oak double doors were brought from the monastery at Burgos in Spain. The rectangular white stone blocks which line the walls are laid in irregular courses and make a good background for carved sconces and highly polished old furniture. About these sconces there is frequently much discussion, expert opinion being divided concerning their origin. The majority of the detail in their carving would indicate the fact that they are French, of the "Grand Monarque" period, but the central motif is the Irish marriage ring with clasped hands on a background of wavelets. An ingenious theory is that they were made to commemorate the marriage of a French princeling to an Irish beauty, but no record can be found of such a couple during this period. An oak refectory table, Cromwellian leather backed and seated chairs and the fine James I stone chimneypiece strike traditional English notes in this charming room. Carved wooden pelmets retain the gold coloured silk curtains.

THE library walls are panelled in oak where they are not lined with books. There is a beautiful Adam chimneypiece of carved marble and some fine pieces of furniture, chief among them being some Chippendale chairs and a table by Sheraton. The upholstered furniture is done in red patterned repp. On a table in the passage leading from the library to the music room, stands a glass case containing a tiny portable cradle made entirely of beadwork. It bears the inscription: "In this cradle was baptized Ann Roundell at Knaresborough, January the first 1630, sixth (year) of Charles I." Over it hangs a sixteenth century Italian sanctuary lamp, and here there are some interesting very early Hepplewhite chairs. This passage leads us to the music room, a modern addition built in 1913. It can be seen from the photographs that the exterior of this recent building is admirably in

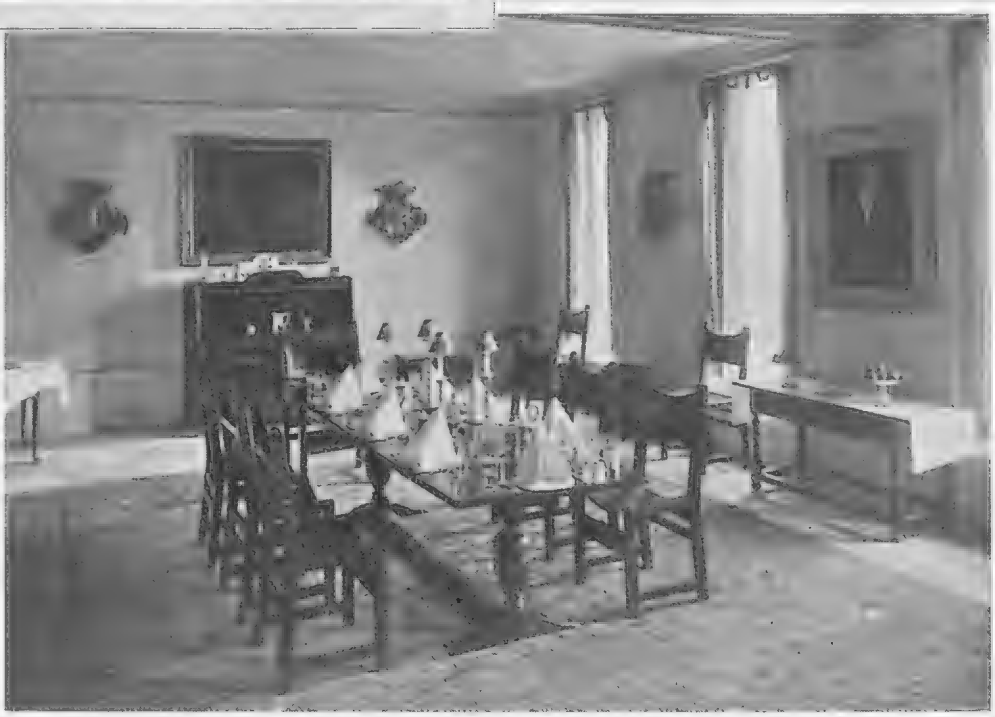
(*Continued on page* 158)



*In this room—the library—is a beautiful Adam chimneypiece of carved marble. The furniture, upholstered in a rich red, blends happily with the mellow tones of the old volumes*



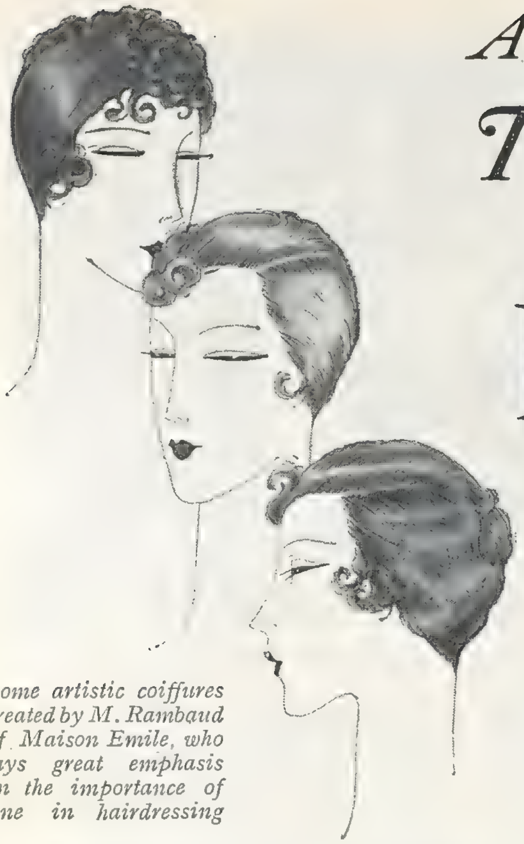
*Intricately carved sconces, the dignified Jacobean chimneypiece, and the old Spanish door are shown to great advantage against the severe walls of rectangular stone blocks*



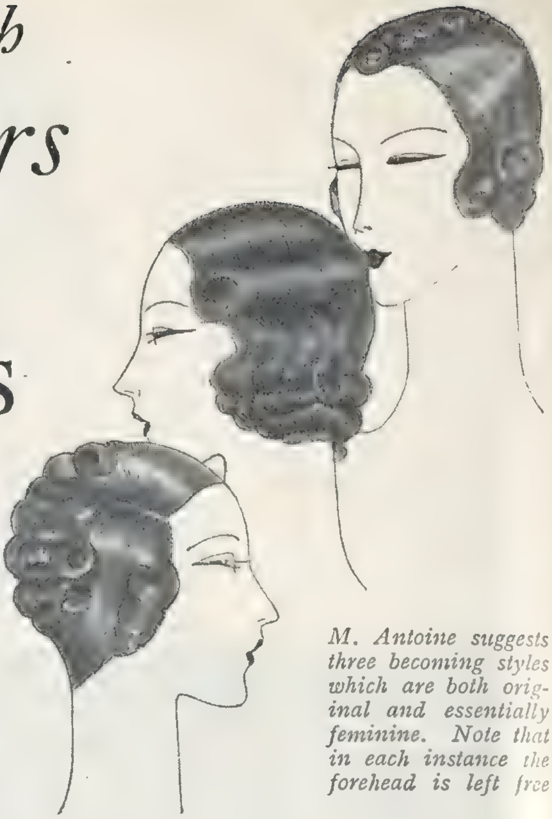
*Another view of the dining-room, showing the oak refectory table and the Cromwellian chairs, which strike traditional English notes in this charming room*

# *An Hour with* *The Rulers* of our Heads

*The coiffeur is the collaborator of the couturier, of the modiste and of the beauty scientist. It is to his inspired hands we trust our heads for him to mould into the shape of fashion*



*Some artistic coiffures created by M. Rambaud of Maison Emile, who lays great emphasis on the importance of line in hairdressing*



*M. Antoine suggests three becoming styles which are both original and essentially feminine. Note that in each instance the forehead is left free*

## By Mary Pandos

A KEEN desire to know more about the hair line of to-morrow has induced me to interview some of the famous rulers of the waves.

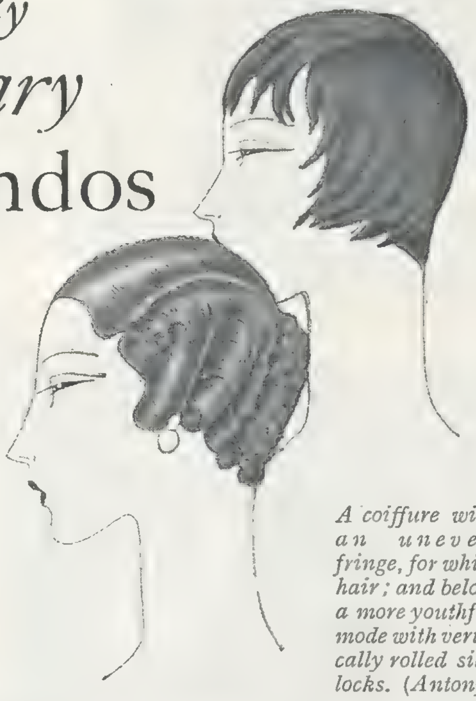
My errand takes me first to Antony—the great Antony, oracle of many of the best-coiffed Parisiennes.

"Yes," says he, "we must admit that long hair has lived. It threatened to revive, a while ago. But now it is definitely dead. Exit—the chignon.

"The new line? More curls than waves. Long vertically rolled locks fixed to the back of the head, reaching to the nape or covering it partly. 'Organ pipes,' we call this kind of curls.

"Behold that other version of what is being done at present: the forehead remains free, the temples are shaded by light curls, the lobe of the ear is visible, with just a tiny unsophisticated curl over it—dropped there as if by chance.

"I ought to mention my special 'white hair' creation. An asymmetrically indented fringe overlaps the forehead. The hair is left plain at the back of the head and is bobbed into a sharp-angled point on the neck. . . . But French women do not believe in white hair. They always have it slightly tinted: blue, mauve. There is a general tendency towards lighter shades; many of my clients insist on having a *camomille* shampoo, which imparts to the hair a softer tint."



*A coiffure with an uneven fringe, for white hair; and below a more youthful mode with vertically rolled side locks. (Antony)*

AT Emile's, Maître René Rambaud is kind enough to explain his present hairdressing theories. "Line" is the one thing that matters, he says. A well-modelled head must be insisted upon. The principle that rules fashion designing must also be observed with hairdressing. A "flou" coiffure creates uniformity, and makes away with the characteristic features of a head. "I also object to coiffures that cluster on the nape. They always prove fatal to the silhouette.

"Monsieur Emile is a favourite hairdressing artist among popular film stars. As a rule, I may venture to say that many of my star clients are letting their hair grow for the sake of professional requirements. I may résumé my hairdressing creed in a few words: a well-outlined head of reduced proportions, side parting, wavy sections alternating with curls, clear nape."

AT Eugène's.—Mr. Eugène is willing to communicate his ideas:

"It is my belief that we are experiencing a one-season's hair fashion, brought on by the change in the feminine silhouette. But locks are by no means the prelude to a long-hair mode. No woman wants it. Short hair is not a whim of fashion; it is significant for an adaptation to modern existence.

"Flat hair? Curled hair? Who can venture to generalise? It is a mere matter of type. But, as a rule, curls are flattering to blondes, while brunettes appear more stylish in a flat coiffure.

"That bare ears are becoming is also a recent discovery. This long-hidden feature has been put into evidence again, especially by the evening coiffure.

"Let me mention the growing favour of faded hair. American women have brought it about. They believe in the rejuvenating effect of silver hair. Instead of tinting their discoloured strands, they deliberately turn them white."

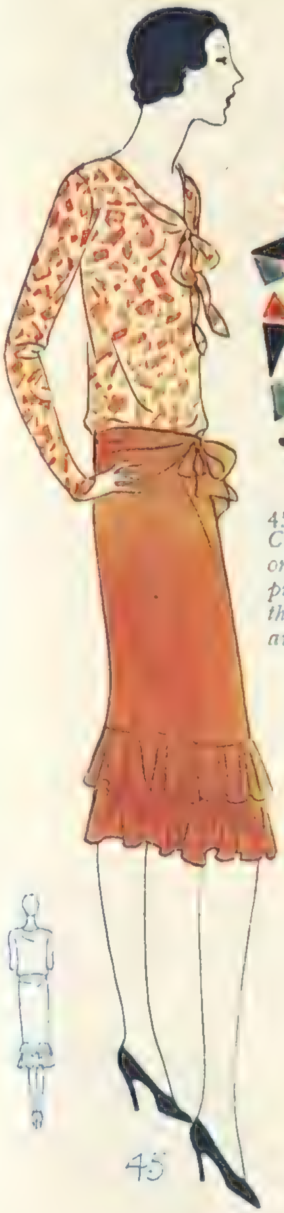
I FIND Monsieur Antoine revelling in the remembrance of his last night's début as an actor, when he had the privilege of performing in the presence of the President de la République. The scene represented the "petit lever" of Marie-Antoinette.

I venture to lead him towards the subject of hairdressing problems.

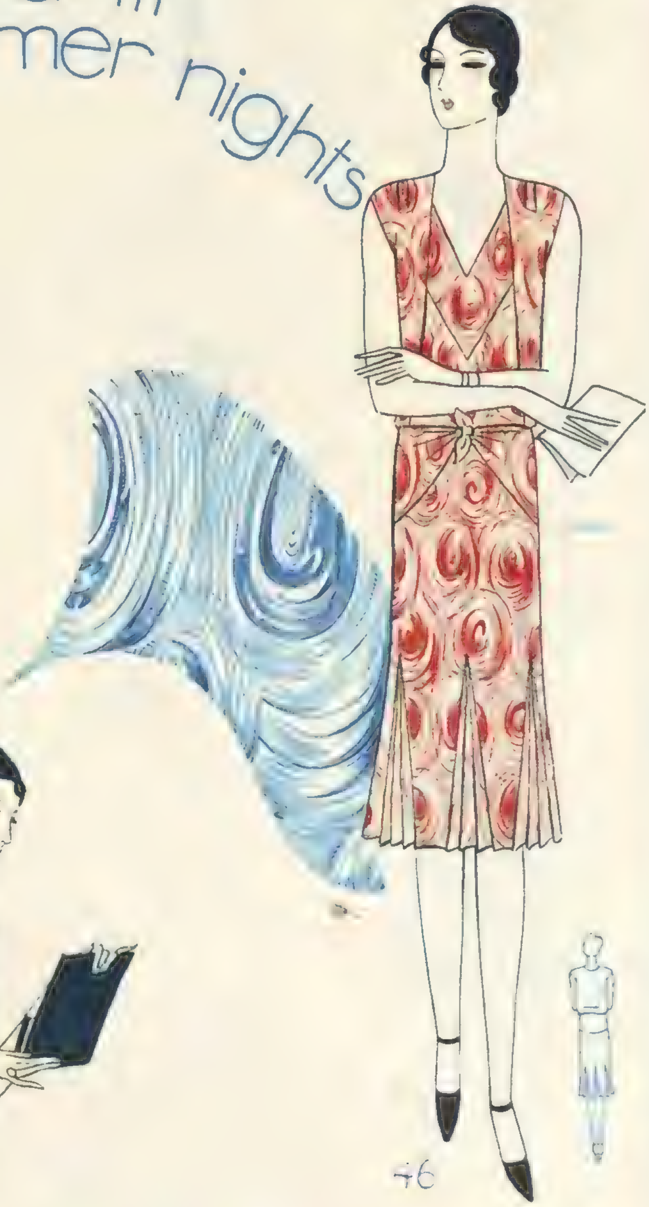
"Each client's hair is the clay which I shape in tune with her individuality. I consider the coiffure as a constructive architecture. Why should two coiffures be alike, when there are no two faces identical? I look at the subject. And then I follow the dictates of harmony, keeping to small proportions, of course. I draw a distinctive line between day and evening coiffures. Why complicate and ornament what the hat will soon have levelled? . . ."

HERE ends my quest in the world of hairdressing. Curls or waves? The future alone will decide about this vital problem.

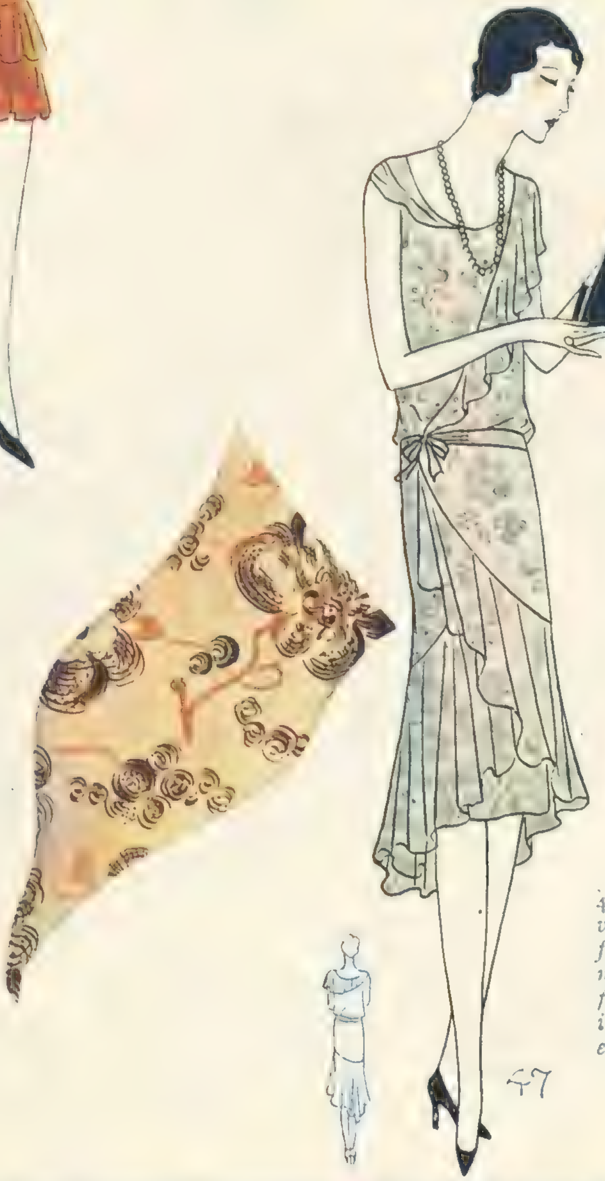
# for starlit summer nights



*45.—A semi-evening affair, for Casino or Concert wear, that is most effective and original. It has a Celanese crêpe blouse, printed in brick-red and yellow. . . . Note that it is worn inside the waist-belt . . . and a skirt of brick-red Celanese georgette.*



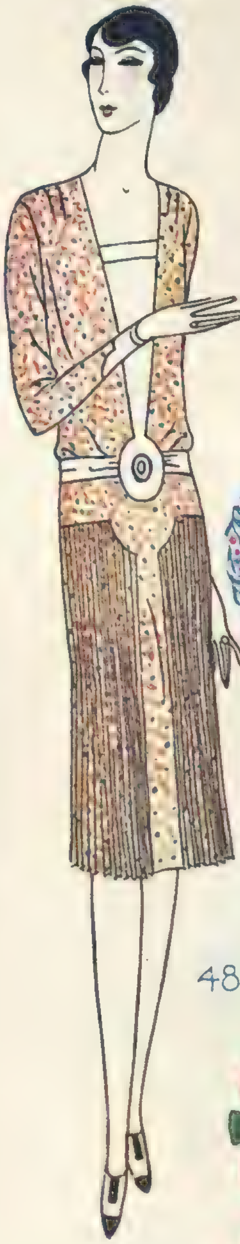
*46.—An effective dance-frock, carried out in Romanoff. The bodice is cut on bolero lines, the hip yoke, giving a flat, becoming effect, is tied in the centre, and the skirt has the new fan pleatings. So that freedom of movement is cleverly combined with the straight silhouette.*



*47.—Printed Celanese georgette is used for the very charming evening model on the left, for fabrics with a design flourish this Season by night, as well as by day. The skirt is attractively flounced, the straight line of the corsage is effectively broken with a flounced effect, and the collar extends into a short circular cape at the back.*

PAPER PATTERNS OF ALL THESE DRESSES, IN *SIX SIZES*, CAN BE OBTAINED FROM "BRITANNIA AND EVE'S" PAPER PATTERN DEPARTMENT. FULL PARTICULARS ARE GIVEN ON PAGE 144.

# cool frocks for hot days



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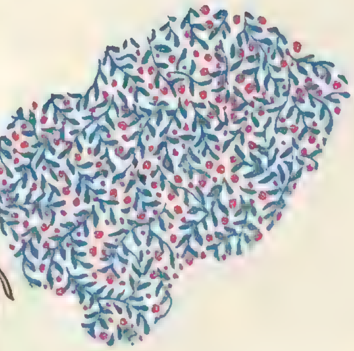
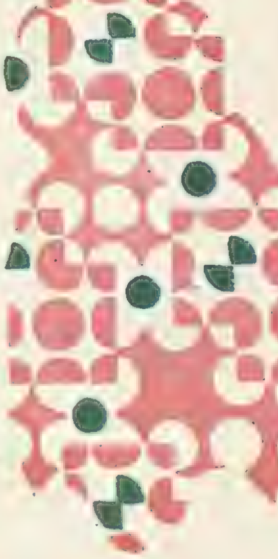
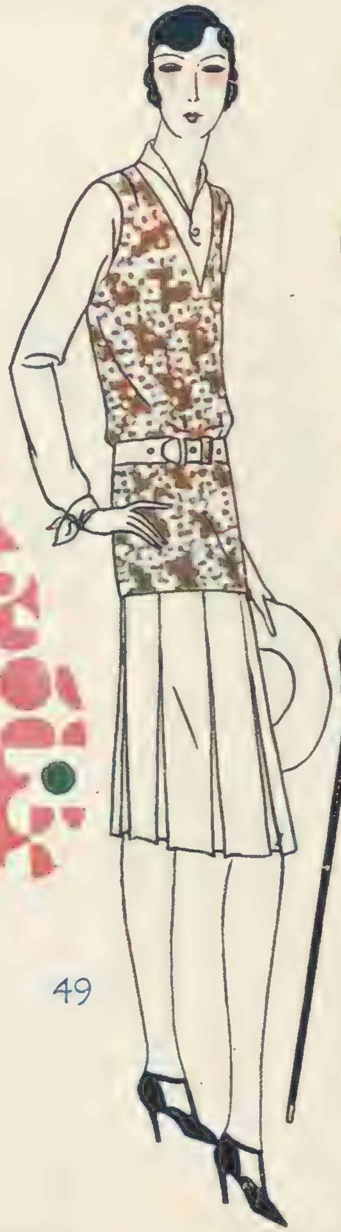


*49.—The white linen sports frock below, with its pleated skirt and collar that can be worn open or closed, has a gaily printed Tootisha overblouse, cut on loose, slenderising lines. Tops and skirts have quite amicably agreed to differ on some of the latest Paris models.*

*50.—When it is a case of "no sleeves," a question that every woman decides for herself, the right-hand model below will have a very special appeal. The design is most original, the side-pleats of the skirt following geometrical lines, and this same note being stressed at one side of the neck.*





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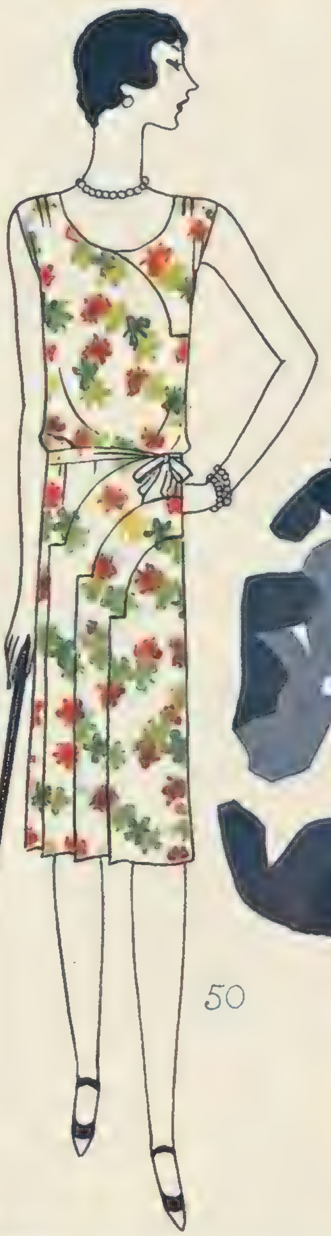

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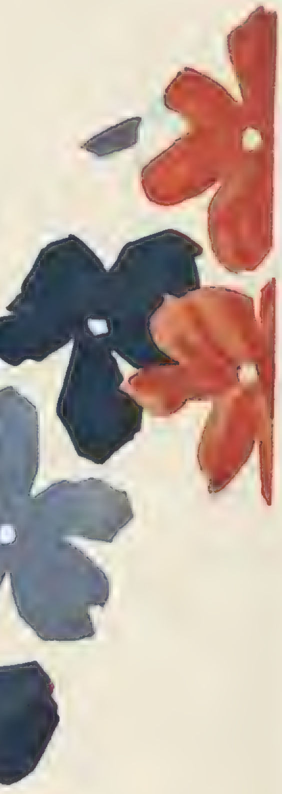
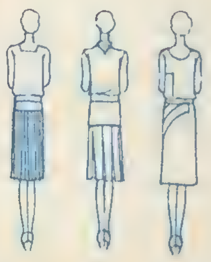
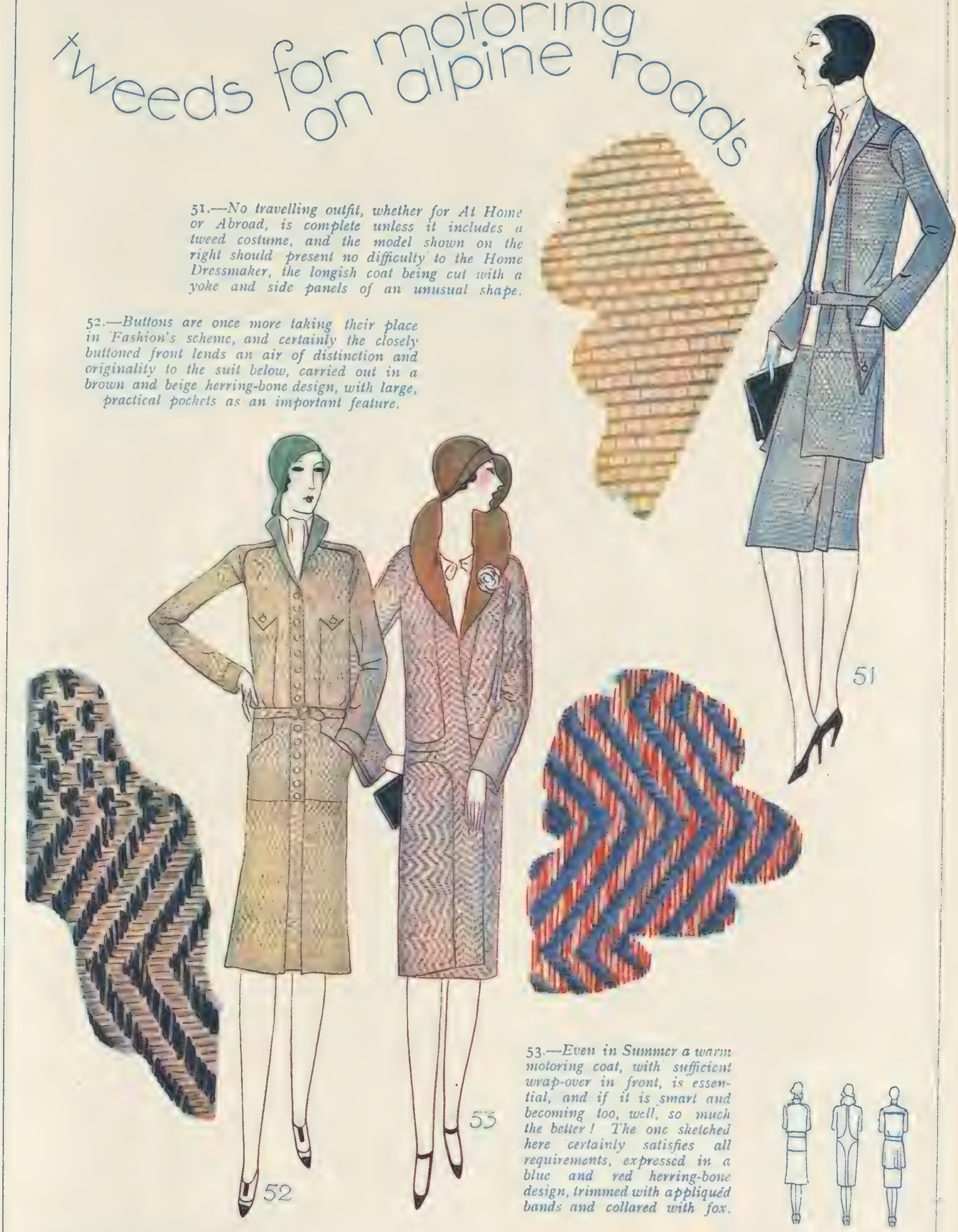




*48.—A gilet front that extends cleverly into the waist-belt, a slight fullness on the shoulders, and a front panel that gives a becoming effect of length, are some of the new dress notes struck in the frock above, carried out in Tootisha. In these strenuous days, Modern Woman demands not only original and up-to-date styles, but that her dress-making shall be simple, and this model, for all its "chic," is extremely simple to make.*

PAPER PATTERNS OF ALL THESE DRESSES, *IN SIX SIZES*, CAN BE OBTAINED FROM "BRITANNIA AND EVE'S" PAPER PATTERN DEPARTMENT. FULL PARTICULARS ARE GIVEN ON PAGE 144.

# tweeds for motoring on alpine roads



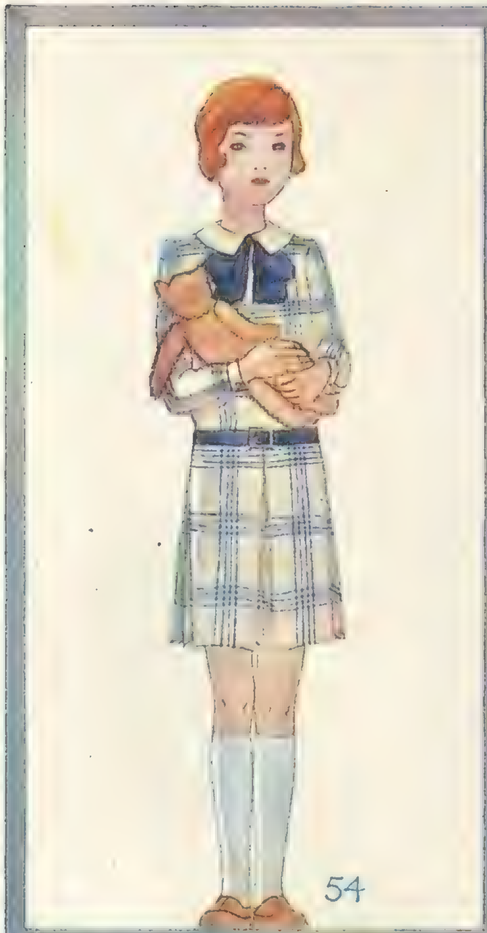
51.—*No travelling outfit, whether for At Home or Abroad, is complete unless it includes a tweed costume, and the model shown on the right should present no difficulty to the Home Dressmaker, the longish coat being cut with a yoke and side panels of an unusual shape.*

52.—*Buttons are once more taking their place in Fashion's scheme, and certainly the closely buttoned front lends an air of distinction and originality to the suit below, carried out in a brown and beige herring-bone design, with large, practical pockets as an important feature.*

53.—*Even in Summer a warm motoring coat, with sufficient wrap-over in front, is essential, and if it is smart and becoming too, well, so much the better! The one sketched here certainly satisfies all requirements, expressed in a blue and red herring-bone design, trimmed with appliquéd bands and collared with fox.*

PAPER PATTERNS OF ALL THESE DRESSES, IN SIX SIZES, CAN BE OBTAINED FROM "BRITANNIA AND EVE'S" PAPER PATTERN DEPARTMENT. FULL PARTICULARS ARE GIVEN ON PAGE 144.

# les petits Parisiens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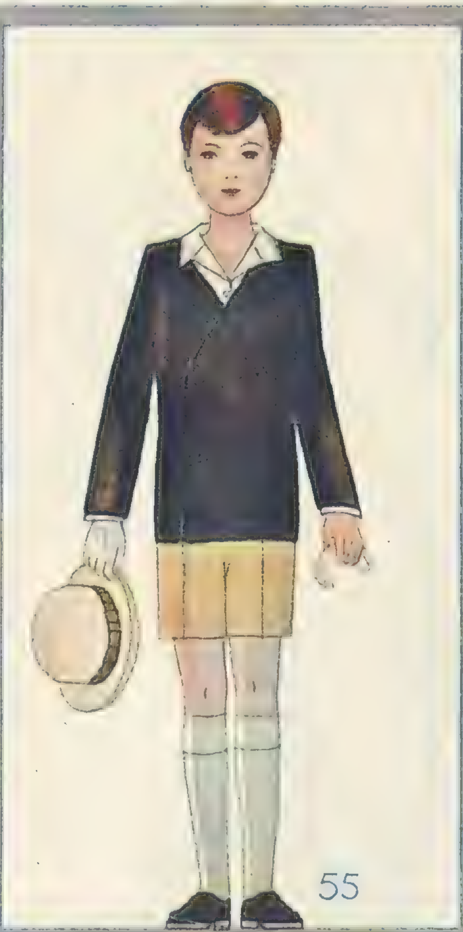
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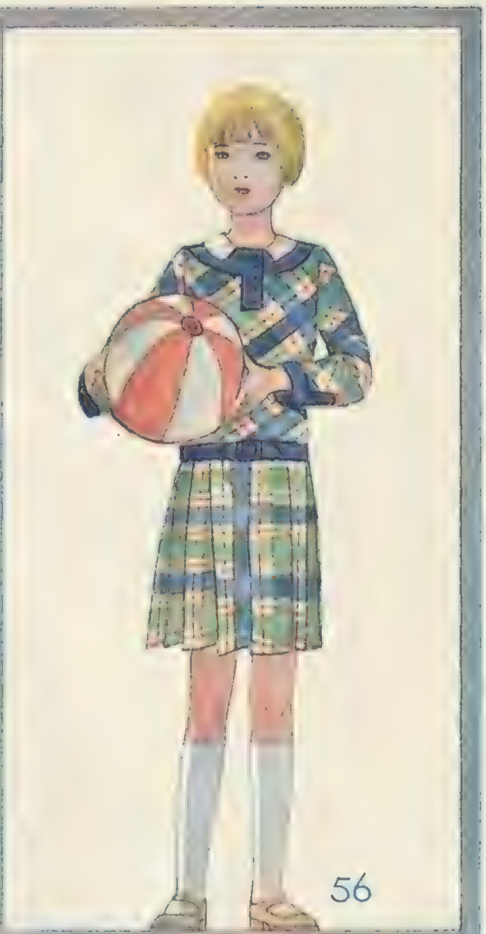
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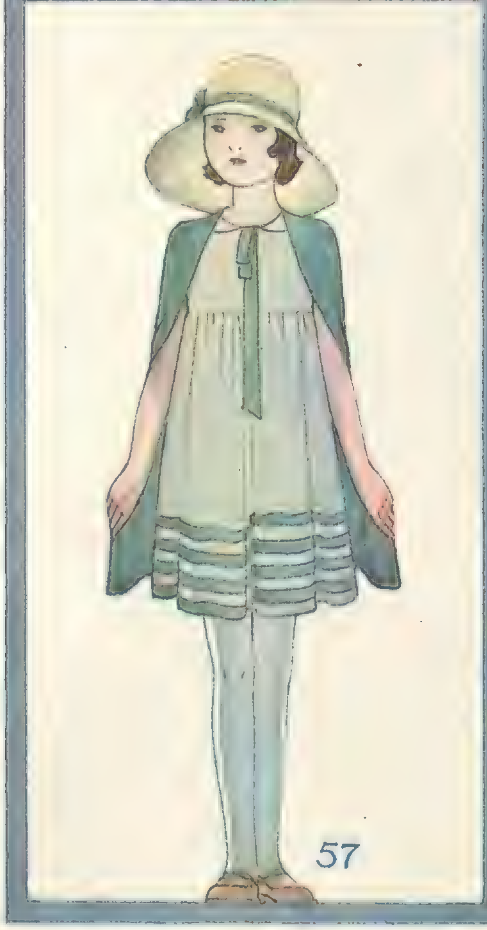
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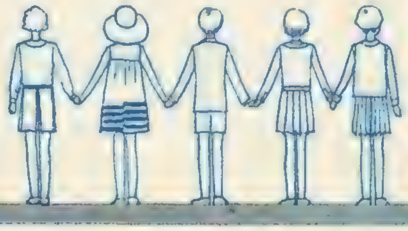
54.—*A chic, practical little frock, for which blue and white checked gingham is suggested, is well suited to a demure little lady of ten summers.*

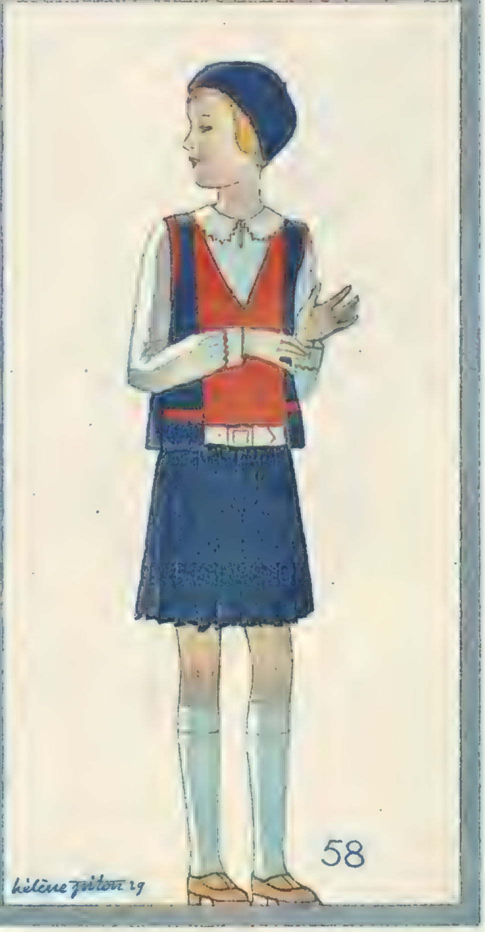
55.—*For the promenade, "le petit monsieur" feels very much the "man about town" in his well-tailored coat of sober brown and beige "shorts."*

56.—*A simple little affair made of printed cambric, with plain borders of the same material, appeals to the small person who likes games.*

57.—*" La petite Parisienne's " party dress consists this Season of a frock that combines silk and wool-crêpe, with matching cloak fashionably collarless.*

58.—*And for "le sport" she dons a tricolour ensemble, completed by one of those rakish little Basque berets that are all the rage at the moment.*

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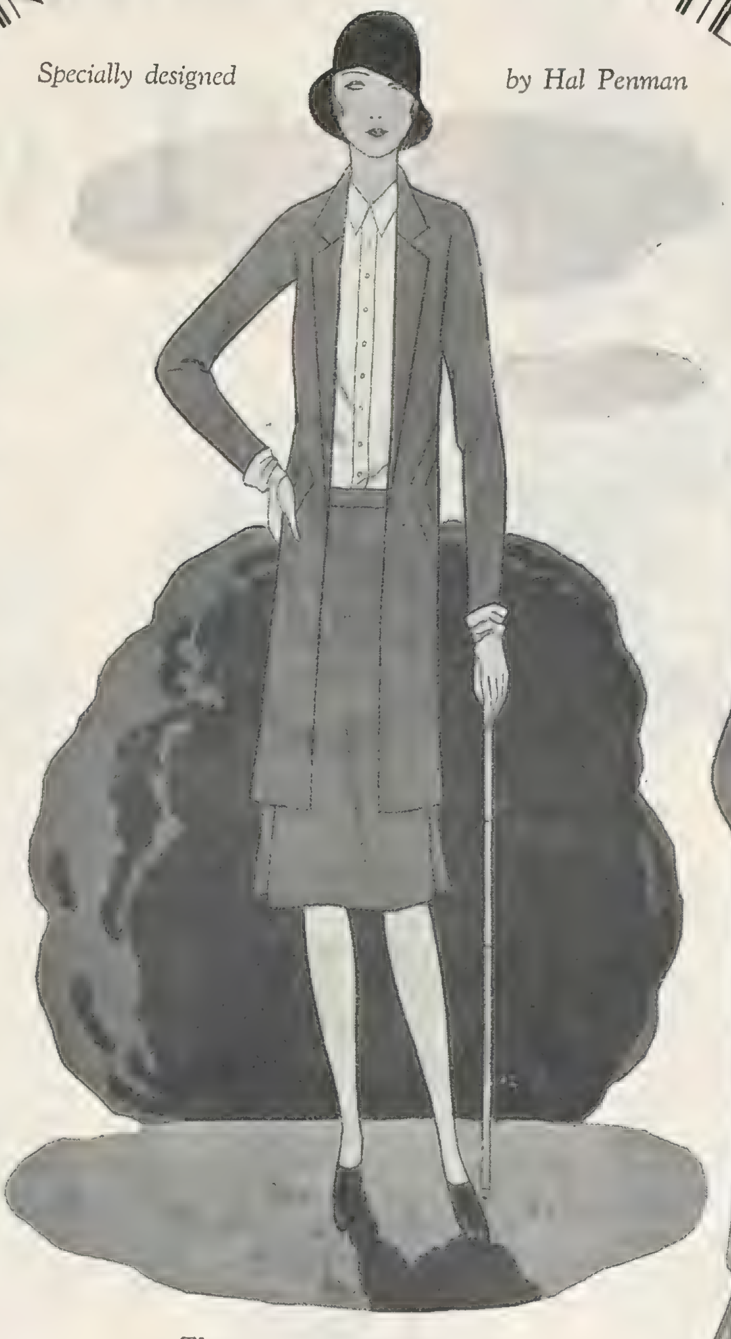
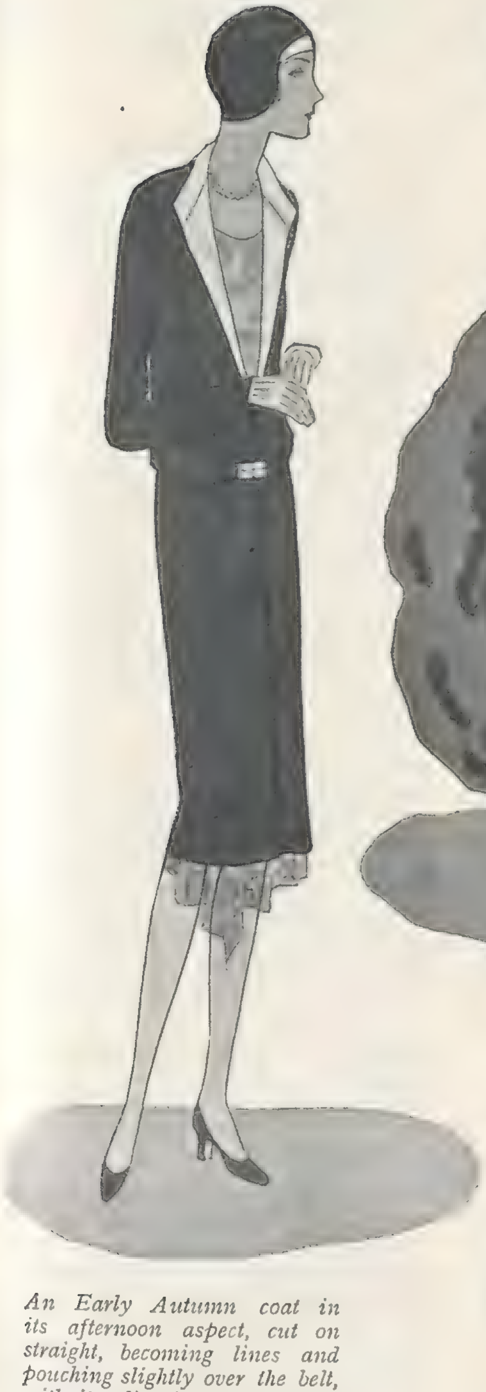
PAPER PATTERNS OF ALL THESE DRESSES, IN THREE SIZES, CAN BE OBTAINED FROM "BRITANNIA AND EVE'S" PAPER PATTERN DEPARTMENT. FULL PARTICULARS ARE GIVEN ON PAGE 144.

# LOOKING AHEAD~AUTUMN PROPHECIES

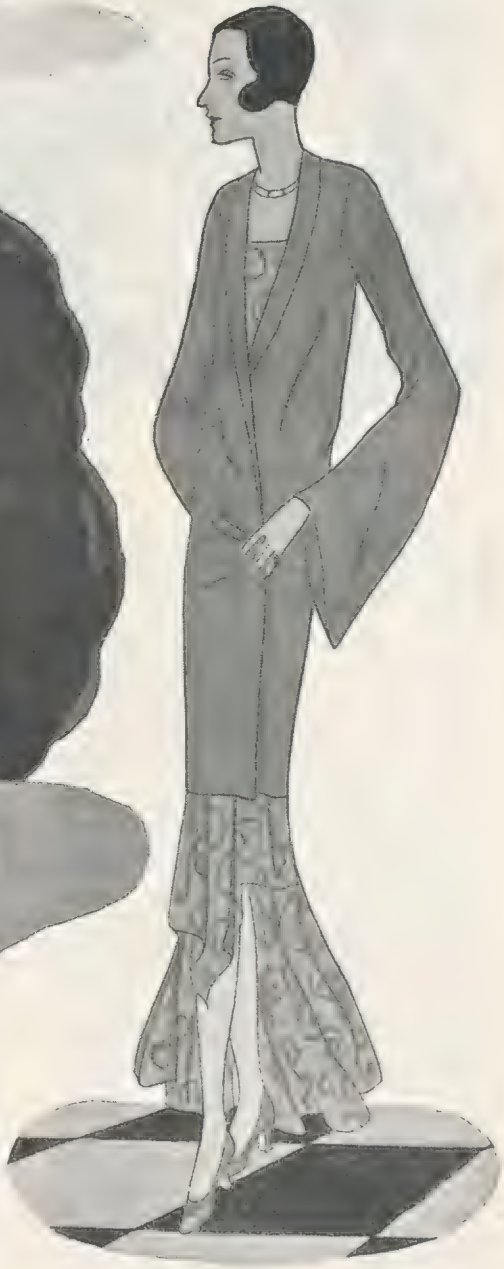
*Specially designed by Hal Penman*



*Three - quarter - length coats, say the Dress Prophets, will carry all before them this Autumn.. A prophecy that the majority of women will welcome, for they are, on the whole, far more becoming than the model that can be frankly described as long or short. The sketch above shows a morning costume, carried out in crêpella, with one of these new coats. Note the trimming in the form of a geometrical insertion that marks the natural waist-line, also that the blouse is worn inside the skirt, to which pleats at each side give just a slight flare.*



*An Early Autumn coat in its afternoon aspect, cut on straight, becoming lines and pouching slightly over the belt, with its glittering paste clasp. Heavy black crêpe marocain expresses it, and the revers are turned back with beige satin, with which it is also lined, for beige is the predominating colour in the printed chiffon frock that is worn underneath.*

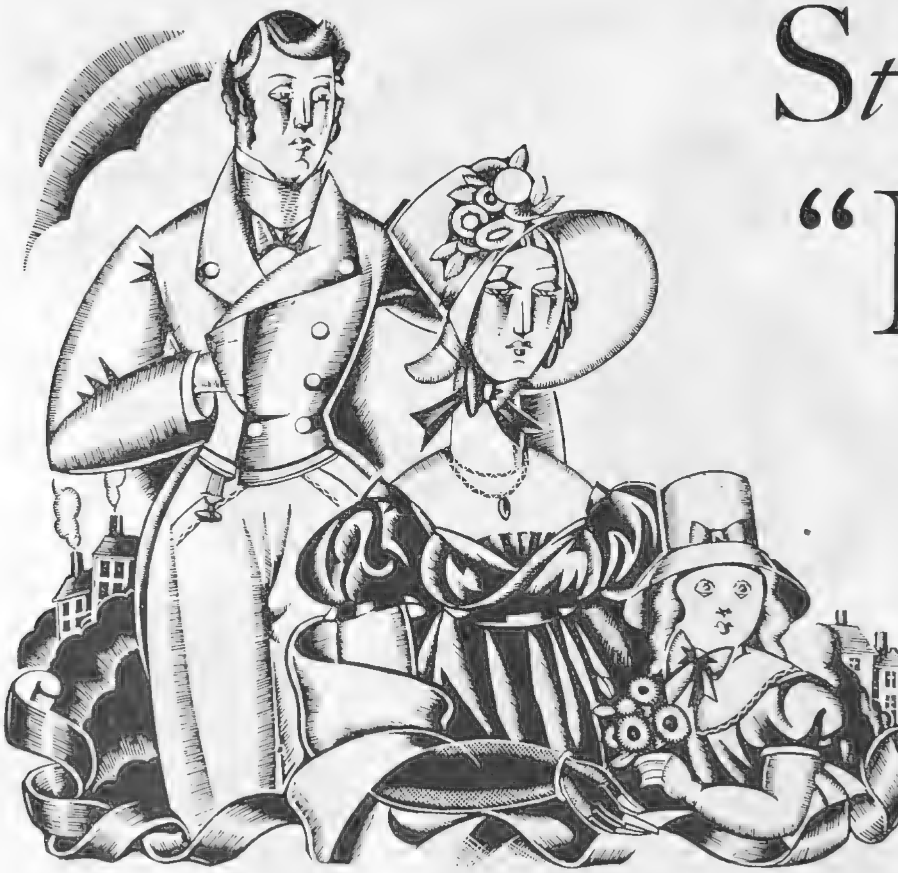


*Coats in their evening variety are almost always en suite with frocks. So the wrap above, severely plain, you will observe, with bell-shaped sleeves, is made of pearl grey crêpe Birman, flowered crêpe Birman being used for the frock. The sign-post of Fashion points towards the extended use of plain and printed fabrics in the season's new ensembles.*

## Storm Jameson

# “I want a

*. . . Someone to keep the house quiet when she*
*domestic worries . . . the service received by*
*the plaint of every woman who works,*

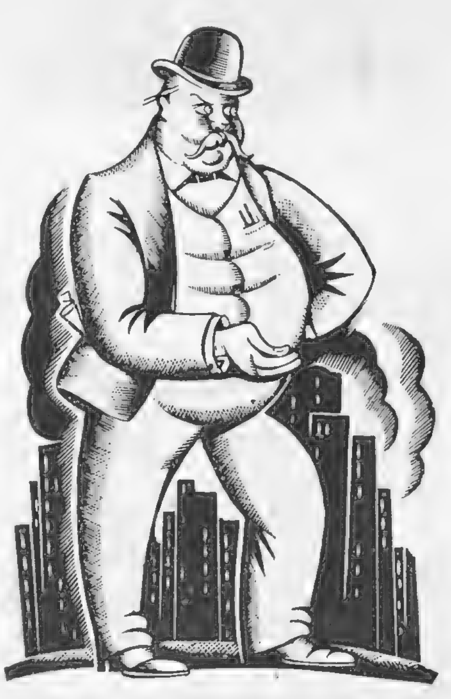


*" Generations of home-keeping grandmothers lurk in my mind "*

I AM a novelist—by habit if not by conviction. I work for ten hours a day twelve months a year with very little to show for it. I earn—in a good year—as much money as would keep a working-class family for ten years and a millionaire's wife for ten seconds. And that by the exercise of a capacity for concentration, and a rapacity, that would have sufficed to make me a millionaire myself—if I had had the sense or luck to apply these qualities in any other trade. Moreover, mine is not an honest job. When—with all the pains in the world—I have written as good a novel as I know how, I do not merely turn it in and receive my salary. The salary—such as it is and uncertain as it is—is only half my reward. The other half is that I stand to be shot at and called a fool and a bungler by any lusty young amateur or elderly disappointed professional who has got himself on to the reviewing staff of a paper. Every two years or so my Yorkshire hide is stuck as full of arrows as St. Sebastian. I give you my word. Far be it from me to complain. The man who sets up to earn his living by amusing his fellows thereby forfeits any right to complain if they have failed to be amused.

Very well, then. Having regard to the long and exhausting hours I work, and to the strain and humiliations to which I voluntarily subject myself, is it or is it not agreed that I *earn* my money? It is. Again—I am not complaining. I am prepared to work harder yet if school fees go on rising, or the Chancellor of the Exchequer, wanting another million, thinks, it seems, first of me. I chose the job, didn't I? Ten years ago, I might have chosen any other—or married where money was. I did neither. Rash youth as I was, I engaged to earn, by writing, enough money to support myself, and later to feed, clothe, house, educate, and amuse my child. I do it. True—I do it only with the most enormous effort—but I do it.

YOU would think that was enough to entitle me to a place in the sun, wouldn't you? You would think that when, at the end of ten hours, I put down my pen (taking it up again with the ink still wet on it to write a cheque for some swollen beast of a creditor), I might look for a little rest, a little light refreshment, possibly even a little gaiety? You think possibly that an admiring voice says: “Finished at last? How hard you work for us! I've drawn your bath, and dinner is nearly ready”? You are wrong. You are so wrong that I hardly know whether to savage you or burst into tears.



*" I . . . write a cheque for some swollen beast of a creditor "*

I will tell you what does, in fact, happen.

I get up from my desk, stiff and inky, and hurry to the kitchen to see whether the family dinner is in order. My eye falls on a revolting slab of fish. “What on earth is that?” I demand; “surely I said salmon?” Certainly I said salmon, but salmon, on investigation, appeared to be still five shillings, and won't hake do as well? “You know none of them will eat hake,” I say, despairingly, “and surely there's some way of cooking it so that it won't look like boiled baby?” Possibly—but the salmon was to have been boiled, and why not the hake?

Well, why not? No reason at all—except that when it appears on the table my family say earnestly: “No fish, thank you,” and I know that I have failed again as a wife and a mother, that my husband will be justified in leaving me for a better woman, and that my son is being inadequately fed.

I glance at my son. He has torn his pullover in six places. I send him to put on another. He reports that they are all torn. I go to look for myself. They are. Moreover, at the back of the drawer is a month's accumulation of soiled shirts. He is old enough to put them out for the laundry, isn't he? Must I think of every little thing?

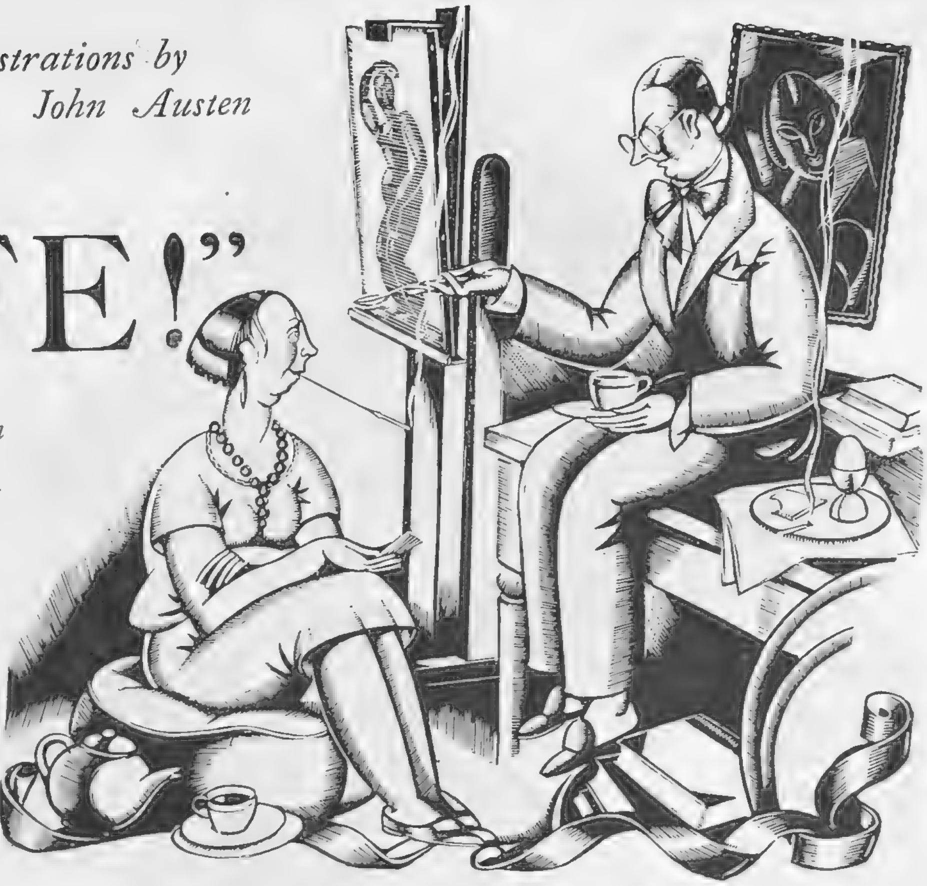
No one else will.

THE woman I have hired to take my place as domestic genius will not. Why should she? It is not *her* house. It was not *her* son who spent the whole of this glorious afternoon reading in his bedroom because no one came to throw him out into the garden. It is not *her* husband who comments—and with justice—on the monotonous regularity of the dinner menus. I can't complain. She does her work—but without zest, without love. Why should she love working in my house? Her sub-conscious mind won't let her. It is wishing all the time that she had a house of her own, and grudging me mine. Quite without intending it, she avenges on me—by her subtle neglect of my house—her

*Illustrations by*
*John Austen*

# says— Good WIFE!"

*is writing . . . someone to shield her from a man novelist as his right and due . . . voiced by one of to-day's most brilliant writers*



*"The untidy, unsettled life of Bohemia revolts me beyond words . . . I am a bourgeoise, a lover of order and neatness"*

failure to achieve a home for herself. Freudian, but true.

But don't I neglect my home? Of course I do. Every day of my life I forget something. I don't remember what fruits are in season, I don't remember to think up new sweets, to sort out worn socks, to sew on buttons, to call at the shirtmakers. Moreover, I don't want to remember. I loathe thinking of things for people to eat: when I have finished an exacting day's writing I want a small perfect meal—*simplex munditiis*—to appear on my table without effort on my part. I loathe sewing, mending and calling at shops. I don't want to do any of these things. I want to be left in peace to get on with my work.

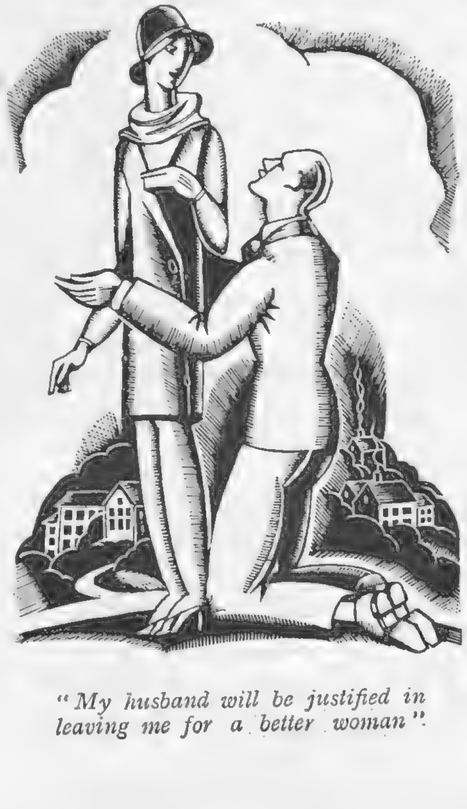
How in the name of heaven can I write peacefully on with my house going to rack and ruin round me?

I have a conscience, too. Generations of home-keeping grandmothers lurk in my mind and nag at me. I am perfectly well aware that I married on false pretences. My dear dupe supposed, no doubt, that he was marrying a wife. He married a breadwinner with inky fingers and the grudging and uncertain disposition common to writers. I neglect him. The dreadful thing is that I meant so well. I swear that I meant—when I married—to be a perfect wife. I hardly know how it is or by what stages I have come to be what I am—an extravagant and lazy housekeeper and a perfect fool in practical matters.

IT is not that I could not be practical and efficient if I tried. Yorkshirewomen are the best housekeepers in the world—I am a Yorkshirewoman. But I don't try. I resent being asked to try. Something as fast-rooted in me as is my great-grandmother fights every effort that good woman makes to chasten me. If I were a male novelist I should not be required to do anything but my job. I should not have to find a house, arrange the furniture in it, engage servants, order meals, and see that the silver is regularly cleaned. My wife—unless I had been fool enough to marry another writer—would see to all that. She would keep the house quiet when I am writing. She would devote thought to the light sustenance my fagged brain needs at the end of the day. She would answer the telephone and keep domestic worries from me. This is no imaginary picture. It is drawn from the life of the two male novelists best known to me. God bless them, how I envy them.

My novels might very well be as good as theirs if I were as carefully nursed.

Half my troubles lie in the fact that, though I loathe domesticity, I love a domestic life. I need a home. I like to sit by my own fire with my own furniture behind me. I can't write in hotels and other people's houses. The untidy unsettled life of Bohemia revolts me beyond words. I am a bourgeoise, a lover of order and neatness. House-pride is in my blood.



*"My husband will be justified in leaving me for a better woman".*

WHY cannot I have the perfectly-run home my Yorkshire soul demands? I'm prepared to pay for it. I'd pay anything within reason to retain the devotion and the services that my male colleagues get for nothing. I want to be hedged round, mended for, and cherished. I want my life run and my money saved for me.

I want a good wife. A kind old-style Nannie might do—if she were active enough.

I ask for so little—the simple delights of a quiet life, the bare reward of the virtue and industry I have practised all my days. What I want is no more than Mr. So-and-So, the well-known novelist, receives as his right and due, because he had the good sense to be born a man. I deny that I am lazy, or grasping.

I am not asking for pity. I brought my troubles on myself. My initial mistake lay in getting married at all. It was a natural mistake—and fatal. Regarded simply *quâ* marriage, mine is as satisfactory an affair as you are likely to discover. But two lives have been ruined by my delusion that I could become a good wife. My husband has no wife and I no home.

The truth is that I am out of date—I and the multitude of my kind. We muddle through. We don't come to terms with the new age. Our minds are confused and hampered with the vestigia of our grandmothers' desires and beliefs.

There will be no peace for me until the halves become wholes—until I can transfer my longing for the perfect house into the brain and fingers of some other woman—the good wife I so badly need—who will make it her job in life to create it for me, while I get on with my own job. . . . I am shaken by a doubt: shall I be able to bear the paragon about my house?

## *Concerning the Modern Ladies of Fashion*

### *By* M. *Jean-Charles* Worth

the famous Paris dress-designer

*M. Jean-Charles Worth at work in his studio*

# *Exit the Fashion Plate . . . Enter* Personality

*Clothes take their place with the other Arts in the scheme of Things to-day*

FASHION plates as such are things of the past and I do not think I am being too optimistic in venturing the prediction that Personality is coming in. Nowadays it is certainly not enough for a woman merely to parade her finery before an admiring world. The real "Ladies of Fashion" have been forced to a new technique, involving any number of things, with dress playing the major but not the sole rôle.

For quite a while now, at least since the close of the War, when, practically speaking, the twentieth century seems to have begun, dress has become both more and less important. Let me explain this apparent contradiction by pointing out that, although the rigid "band box" toilette is *passée*, the question of dressing to suit the express occasion has achieved complete supremacy.

In fact, in dressing to-day, appropriateness is the foremost factor both in the eyes of designers and their clientèle. The present age has brought about a levelling. Nobody knows that better than the couturiers, and because we have lost that something we knew as "class distinction," we are gaining slowly, very slowly, another something that we can recognise as "individual distinction."

THIS new individualism, that is developing out of that hateful form of modern life we slightingly refer to as standardisation is an individualism that gives every woman a chance. To-day, if a woman wants to be individual and is *clever enough*, she can be a striking personality.

All the barriers are down and it is the woman with intelligence and a dress sense who wins. Clothes count more than ever, but only those that are suited to the occasion are *de rigueur*. Dress, it cannot be denied, is playing a prominent part in the new attitude towards Life.

A RECENT book by a famous American woman novelist deplores, for instance, the growth of standardised beauty among the pleasure-nauseated beings of the "idle rich" class; and this writer is not alone in her condemnation; in nearly every novel that is published there is either an explicit reference to woman's dress or a direct discussion of it.

The Arts, in their portrayal of reality, are admitting the modern preoccupation with Fashion.

On the stage, too, the characters in the up-to-date play speak constantly of their toilettes. And always it is obvious that much thought has been given to harmonious costumes in a modernistic setting.

THE man in the street is no longer ignorant of the details of style, sport having been an important factor in interesting the general public in clothes. Even technical writers on the subject generally concern themselves with the outfits of the various players.

In tennis particularly, there are plenty of examples of individualism, although in the International tourneys at Auteuil this spring, one still seems to be able to classify by nations. That is to say, it is easy to pick an American type on the courts, just as it is impossible to miss the French girl behind the racket.

I CANNOT, in conclusion, resist emphasizing a fact already mentioned in a previous article: that, although we appear to have simplified life so beautifully, we are really involved in quite a complicated way of living. In order to have a nearly perfect, satisfactory form of life everything must be inter-related, so that clothes to-day have a place in the modern scheme of things along with the other arts. From being simply a necessity for the majority and a frivolous indulgence for the leisured, dress has become the legitimate preoccupation of every woman. How she dresses depends, indeed, quite logically, on *where* she is and *what* she does.

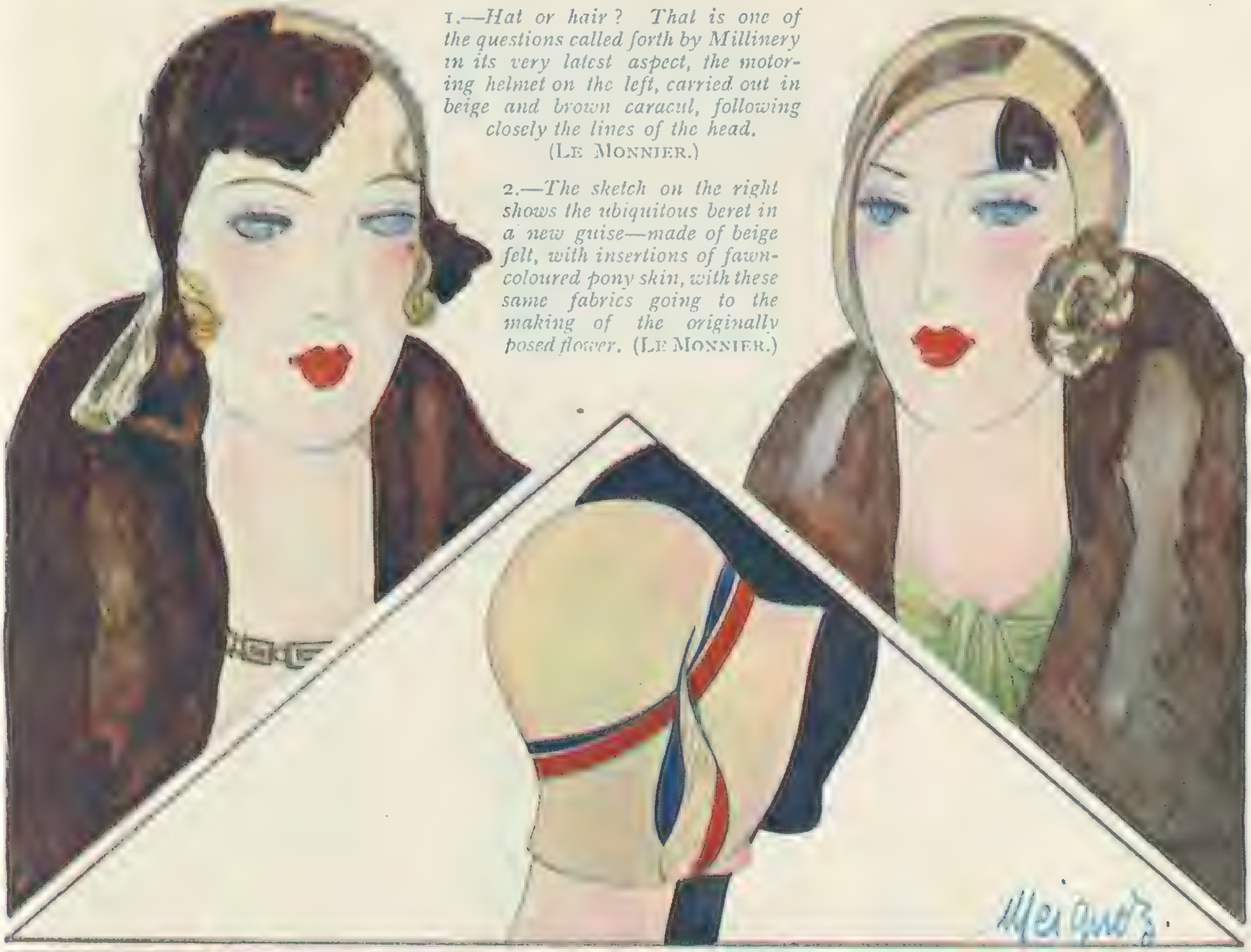
So the couturier who would create for the woman of to-day must be ready with the regal gown for the formal ball . . . with the swimming suit that combines the chic and the practical . . . with the fascinating piratical pyjamas, in which all the world lounges on the beach . . . with the latest model suitable for a trans-Atlantic flight, even! Why not?

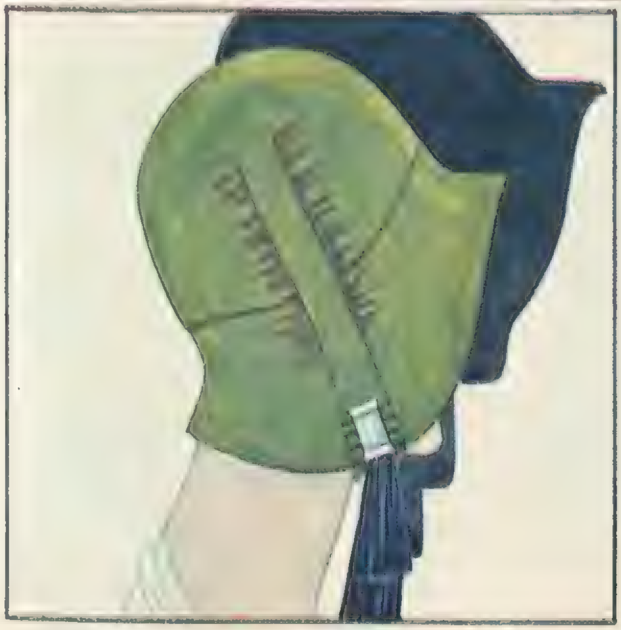
# Summer Hats

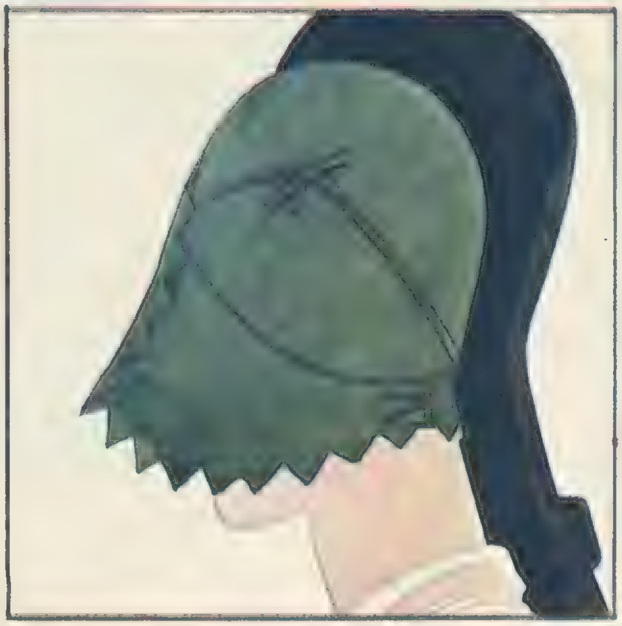
## *play hide and seek with our faces*

*1.—Hat or hair? That is one of the questions called forth by Millinery in its very latest aspect, the motoring helmet on the left, carried out in beige and brown caracul, following closely the lines of the head.*
(LE MONNIER.)

*2.—The sketch on the right shows the ubiquitous beret in a new guise—made of beige felt, with insertions of fawn-coloured pony skin, with these same fabrics going to the making of the originally posed flower.* (LE MONNIER.)



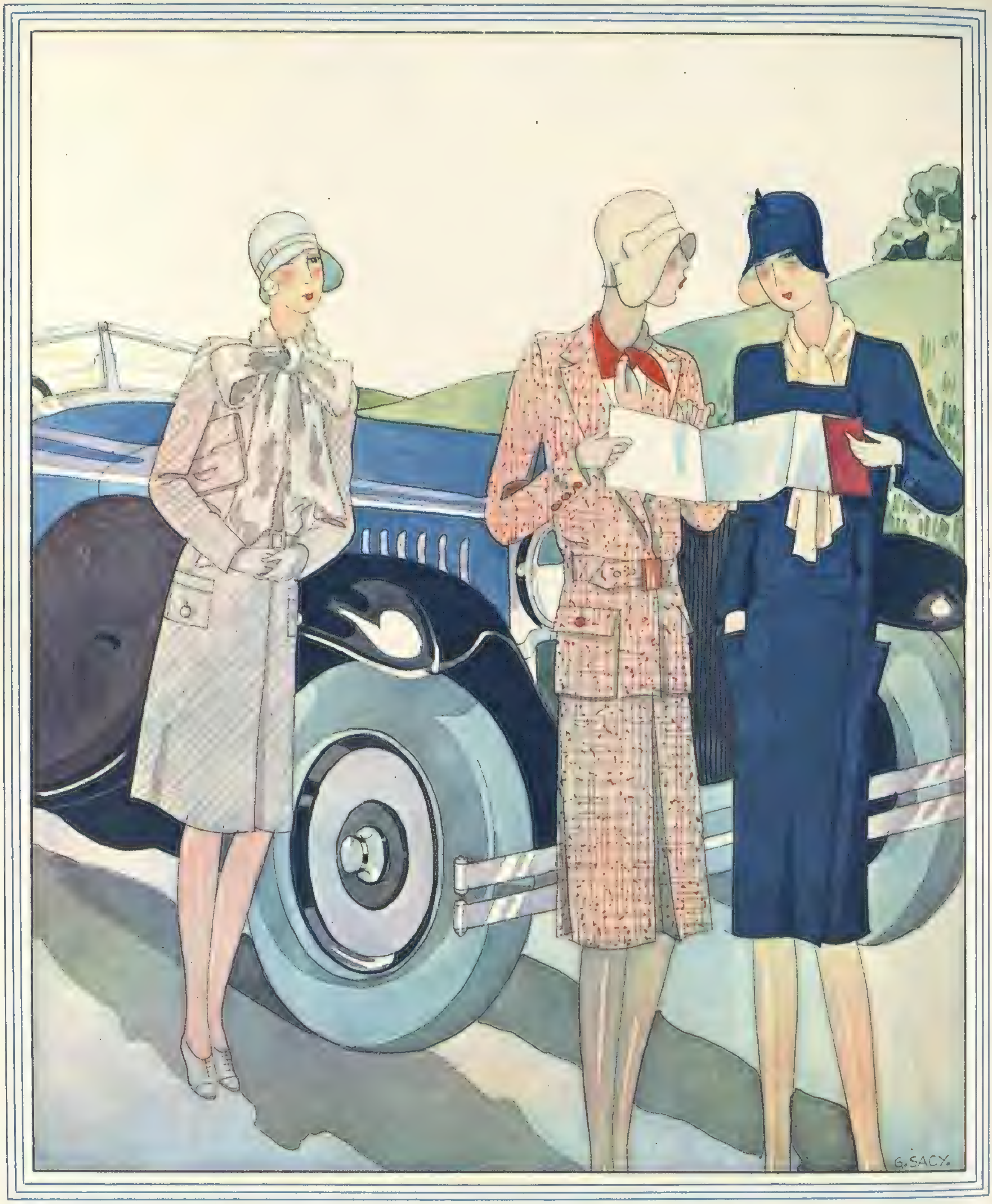




*4.—Side views are well worth while, so far as this Season's hats are concerned. In the case of the beguiling affair above, expressed in green velours, the brim passes through a narrow panel, ending in a steel clasp and black silk tassels.*
(LE MONNIER.)

*3.—Tri-colour effects, says Paris, for hats, scarves, and bags. So the wide-brimmed model of "Kasha" felt in the centre is trimmed with gros-grain ribbon in red, beige, and navy blue, with a jaunty little cockade at the side striking a smart new note.*
(CHAPKA.)

*5.—Scalloped edgings, used so much in the Dress World, have now invaded the Realm of Millinery, and are used most effectively in the bottle-green felt model above, the narrow felt band striking across the crown giving a one-sided effect.*
(BONNEVILLE.)

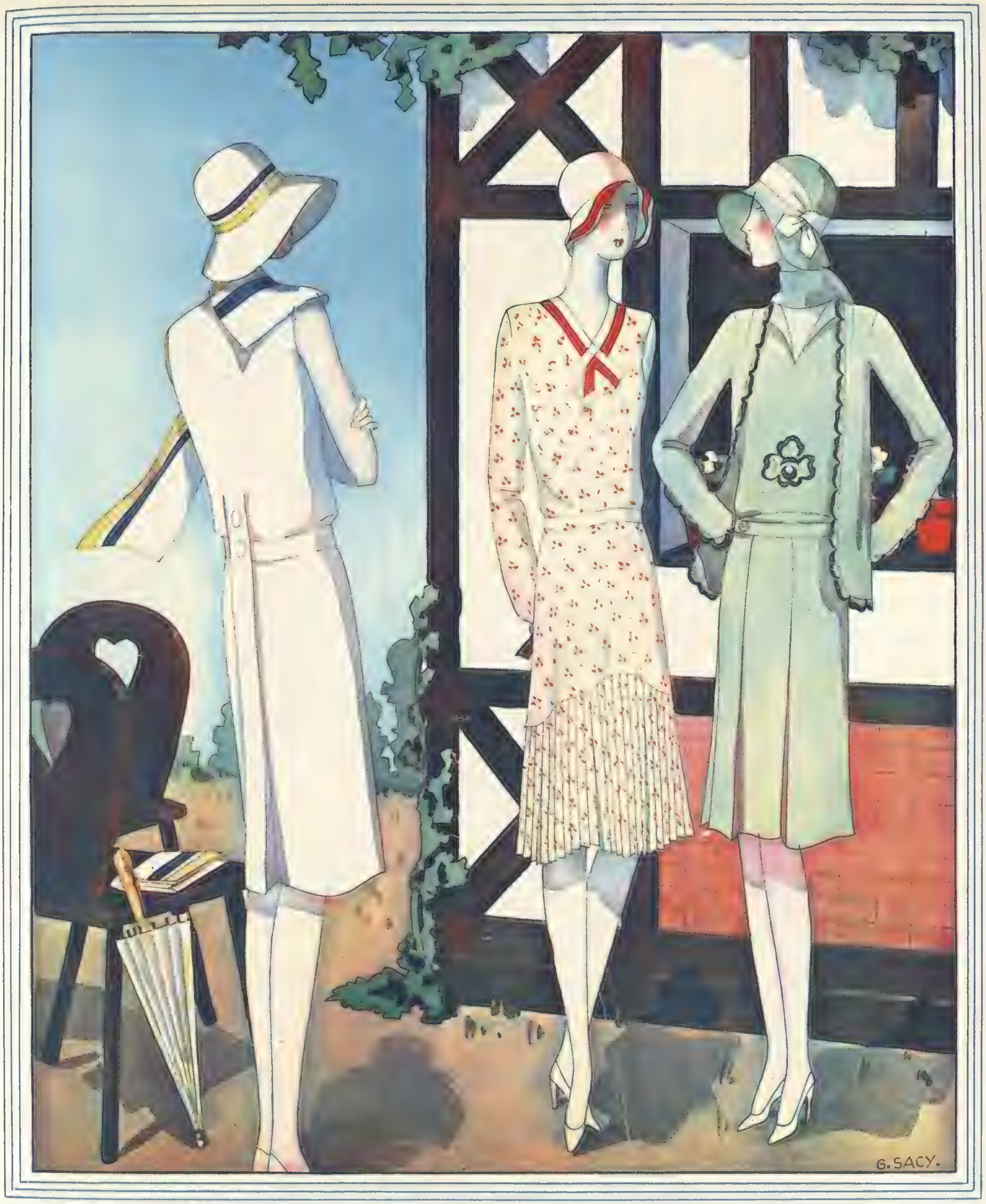


# Fashion *takes a* new route *with* Country Coats *and* Suits

*The tie collar, an important feature during the Summer, is extending in the Early Autumn to tweed coats. It is carried out in kid, on the left-hand model, for which tweed in a soft shade of platinum is the medium.* (BRUYERE.)

*The colouring of the Rodier tweed used for the centre model — rust and beige — hints at the approach of Autumn. It displays some interesting new details, too, in the form of wooden buttons and a belt-clasp en suite.* (REDFERN.)

*The right-hand model, carried out in blue flannel, suggests something new in motoring coats. The woollen scarf, the ends of which reappear through an opening in the front of the coat, is in a light lemon tone that blends attractively.* (CHANTAL.)

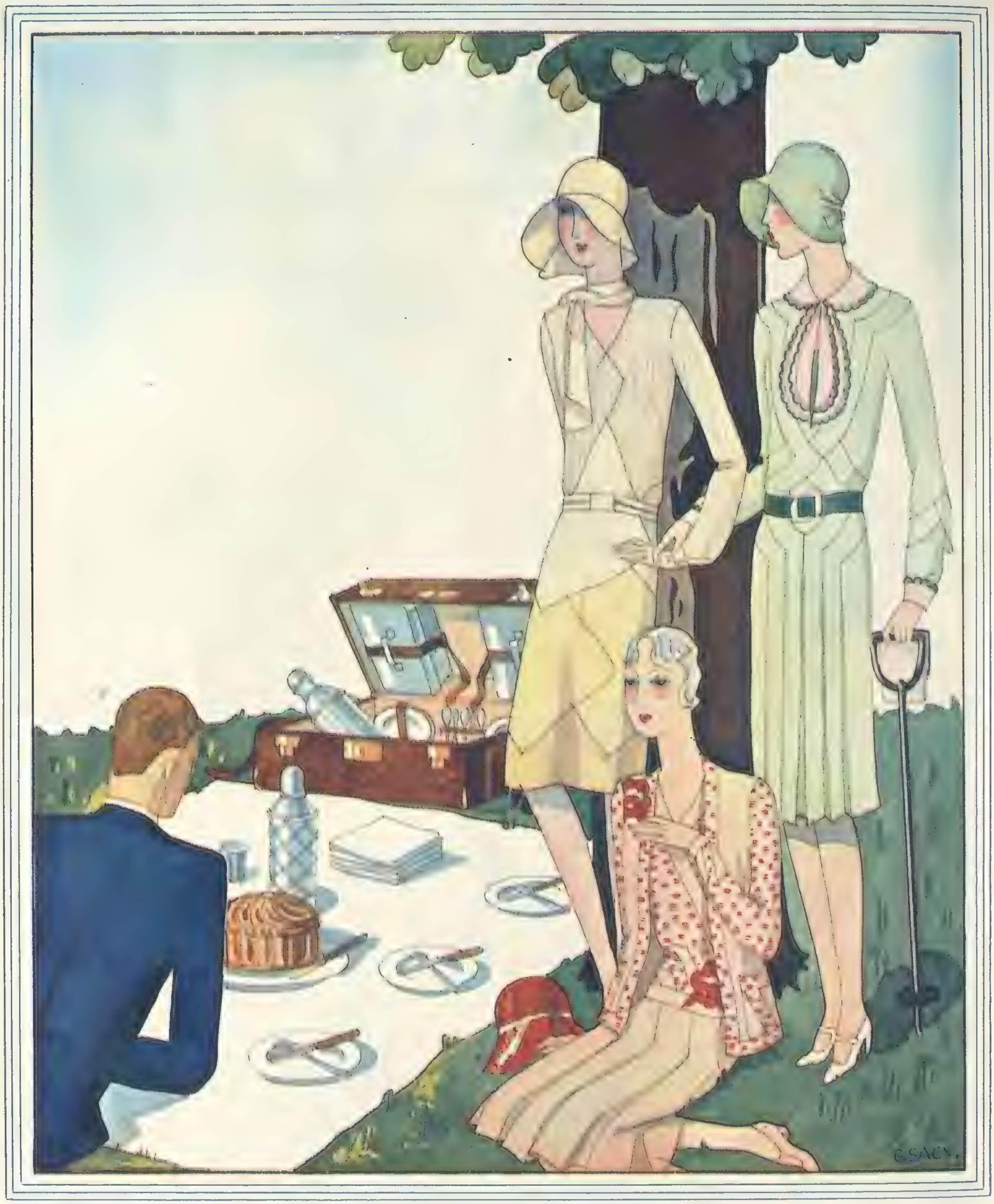


*G.—Here is a Summer frock that is striking in its originality. It fastens on the left with two large buttons, and the skirt, straight at the back, flares in front into two large godets, whilst the striped scarf matches hat and bag.* (BRUYERE.)

*H.—Tussore-de-laine is a newcomer to the Fabric World this Season, and a very attractive one. It is used in beige and red for the beguiling frock in the centre, which, designed on Princess lines, is moulded to the figure.* (BRUYERE.)

# Summertime *voices its* preference *for the* essentially *simple* Mode

*Blondes prefer green this Summer, and crêpe-de-Chine in the palest shade of green carries out the two-piece above, with chartreuse yellow and a deeper green employed for the scalloped edging of the coat and the centre motif.* (CECILE·WELLY.)



# Frocks *that* welcome *the* Sun

*D.—The charming little frock on the left, carried out in pale-yellow tricot, and graded tones of lemon and orange flannel, is symbolic, in its shimmering Summer shades, of golden Summer days.* (CHANTAL.)

*E.—Beige and red are one of the Season's new colour alliances, and express most delightfully in plain and embroidered crêpe-de-laine, the chic little centre costume, completed by red hat and flowers.* (JOSEPH PAQUIN.)

*F.—Grège, outlined with deep green and brown, is used for the collar, jabot, and cuffs of the pale-green crêpe-de-laine frock on the right, with insertions that give a long, becoming line to the figure.* (CECILE WELLY.)

# Our £1,000 Film Competition (*Open to all*)

## The third and last Scenario

*Cast it for a Cosmopolitan company of Artists on the lines given on page 70*

*By*

*L'Estrange Fawcett*

Dramatis Personæ

*Lord Egerton Scroop*
*Henry Hart*
*Motor Salesman*
*Hiram J. Gussenheimer*
*Count Borosta*
*Gus Gussenheimer*
*Anne Wood*
*Marquis de Seraignac*
*Marquise de Seraignac*
*Mamie Gussenheimer*
*Dr. Maitland*

# Driver's License

### SEQUENCE 1.

FADE IN

*Narrative :* Mayfair—early in the morning.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

A few mixing shots of Mayfair streets —Berkeley Square and Grosvenor Square, Park Lane, etc., showing old and new buildings and flats jostling each other.

Usual tradesmen's delivery carts, milk-floats, dust-carts, etc.

A car containing belated dancers in evening dress.

A ragged tramp, with eye to main chance, surreptitiously pockets two bottles of milk from an area-stairway.

Mixing shots end at entrance to large block of flats.

*Track* camera forward rapidly to show three or four lugubrious looking men arrive at quick intervals.

In entrance hall they toss their cards to porter, who takes them carelessly; he is used to this crowd.

Head of stairs—lift and long corridor —lugubrious persons marching along at decent intervals.

Imposing door of flat, bearing name on brass plate: "Lord Egerton Scroop." Butler—Henry Hart (a well-nourished person)—is examining the visiting card

# £1,000 FILM COMPETITION: What you have to do:

*WE publish here the third of the series of the three Scenarios, which we have invited our readers to cast. The prizes are as follows :—*

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| *1st Prize* | .. | *£750* |
| *2nd Prize* | .. | *£100* |
| *3rd Prize* | .. | *£50* |

***and twenty prizes of £5 each.***

*For the eleven characters included in the Dramatis Personæ on the preceding page, make up a list of the eleven artists whom you would consider ideal for the various parts they have to portray. The list is a* ***Cosmopolitan*** *one, and artists may be drawn from English, American and Continental studios.*

*Sealed lists of the three casts are now in the possession of the Editor, and those entries which approximate nearest to these will be awarded the prizes.* ***The Editor's decision in any detail connected with this competition is absolutely final.***

*On page 142 of this issue will be found a Coupon which must be enclosed with every entry sent in. Readers are limited to three entries only. Those availing themselves of this last-mentioned concession must send in a separate Coupon with each separate entry.*

*Entries should consist of a single sheet of paper bearing the name and address of the sender in the top right-hand corner, with the Coupon pinned to the left-hand corner.*

*The results will be published in the October issue.*

*The closing date for this competition is August 19th, when all entries must be in the Editor's possession.* ***To secure a prize all three Scenarios (published in the June, July and August issues) must be cast by intending competitors.***

of a lugubrious individual, whom he admits disdainfully. Door closes. Another person arrives and is similarly admitted.

Handsome Adam dining-room; a lugubrious person being admitted through room door—round the table sit a dozen other lugubrious persons—all resting hands (holding bowlers, wash leather gloves, large envelopes), on the handles of neatly-folded umbrellas.

Hart inspects the company, counts them roughly and exits. In the hall he closes dining-room door and quietly locks it. He crosses hall and——

Goes out through front door.

He fixes on the outside of the door a card: which reads: "Lord Egerton Scroop has been summoned suddenly to the bedside of a dear relative . . . He left London this morning."

MIX TO

A comfortable bedroom: *Track shot* to a handsome young man in bed turns over, reaches out for watch:

Which shows time is 10.5.

The man (Lord Egerton Scroop) lays the watch down and examines:

A most tasty breakfast laid on a pedestal beside the bed.

Lord Egerton puts his hand to his hot head, lies down and turns over for a further period of rest from the night before.

Hart enters with salver, on which is Egerton's early morning fruit-salts and the visitors' cards. After a long process of judicious awakening, Hart brings Egerton to life. Mixes him the fizzing drink, and hands it.

*Dialogue :*

HART: "Our primary duty, sir, is to ourselves . . ."

Egerton drinks with an effort.

HART: Après ça le deluge, sir, if I may say so.

Hart hands Egerton salver covered with the visiting cards:—

On which are written the names of business firms and such legends as "Matter of urgency," "Final Application," "To collect," "Interview requested."

*Dialogue :*

EGERTON: "Well, Hart, what do we do about it?"

HART: "Representatives of all our importunate creditors are now locked in the dining-room . . . We can leave London now without ignominy, if our departure be not unduly delayed."

EGERTON: "Good." (Springing up, then checking himself, wincing and holding his head.) "I mean, bad." (Picks up telephone.)

HART (pointing at instrument): "Afraid not, sir . . . (Shaking head) . . . I believe the correct phrase, if I may say so, is 'temporarily out of service.'"

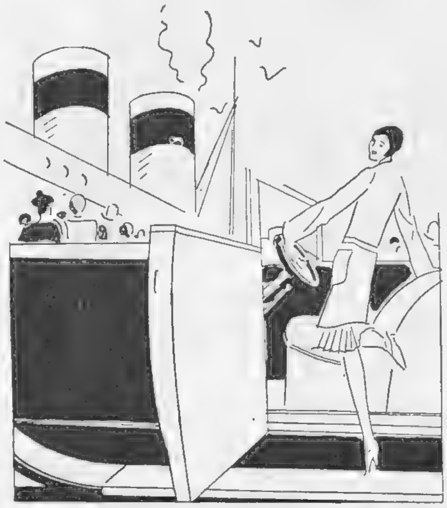
Egerton laughs, and moves towards bathroom; a moment later, sounds of bathing are heard through the open door.

Hart in bedroom picks up from dressing-table:—

Pass-book showing innumerable entries against Egerton and none to his credit.

*Dialogue :*

EGERTON (off): "Hart, what do we do if we *do* get away from here unmolested?"



HART (calculating): "As our only tangible assets seem to be our two automobiles, we should dispose of the limousine and attempt to capture the Prix de Grande Corniche next month with the sports model . . . The prize money and . . er . . . some congenial, though remunerative, employment might provide us with the wherewithal to continue living"

EGERTON (appearing wrapped in large towel): "Go and keep the creditors amused, and I'll slip out and pop the limousine, as you call it . . Here, Hart, half a minute . . (Crosses room and picks up loose change from dressing-table) . . . with half my net personalty I thee endow." (Gives him half the money and turns away.)

Hart protests—is rather moved by this gesture—picks up note-case on dressing-table—note-case is empty except for:—

A Derby sweepstake ticket, on which is scrawled: "Stopped to bite a bookie at Tattenham."

Egerton is dressing swiftly.

Hart furtively puts a ten shilling note (from his own pocket) in the empty note-case—looks round room—shrugs and exits.

In dining-room, creditors holding indignation meeting—some knocking on door—they hastily resume seats as someone is heard approaching. Others examine the Chippendale.

All rise, thinking it is Lord Egerton, as Hart enters. They sit down annoyed and shout indignant questions at him.

*Dialogue :*

HART: "I regret the inevitable delay, but his lordship has been giving favourable considerations to your —h'm—requests"

A CREDITOR: "Consideration, indeed . . ."

HART: "I am deeply sorry to report that he has been called away on important family business."

VERY FAT CREDITOR: "Well? Isn't ours important business?"

Hart (who has crossed room and peers out of window): " In business, the significance of the word important varies in inverse ratio as the cubic capacity of the speaker."

Down below in street Lord Egerton drives away in his car and a mechanic who has brought the car to the door walks away.

Creditors fuming and consulting, glance at Hart and whisper as he crosses to door.

*Dialogue :*

Hart (by door): " I regret, gentlemen, but this is turning-out day for the dining-room."

(Charlady appears suitably equipped.)

A Creditor (trying to joke, feebly): " And, for us too, it seems, Mr. Hart . . . (Trying to win Hart's austere favour.) . . . " Try and fix it for us to see Lord Egerton. to-morrow . . . there's a good chap." (Gives him a pound note.)

Hart, by doorway, acknowledges with condescension a pound note from each of the creditors as they file out.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

Outside showrooms in Hanover Square, Lord Egerton, wearing a cap, pulls up outside, hangs a card bearing the words " For Sale " on the wind-screen, and enters the shop.

Manager greets him with a profound bow.

*Dialogue :*

Manager : " I want to show you our new model, sir."

Egerton : " I want to show you my old model. . . (Indicating car in street.) How much for it ? "

Manager (stiffening up at the prospect of having to disburse, not receive): " I'm sorry, sir, we don't deal in second-hand lines." (Will his waistcoat buttons ever resist the pressure occasioned by the very idea ?)

Manager turns away abruptly to attend to a large lady enquiring for " a swell car." Egerton smiles and exits.

Outside, two men and a boy examining :

The coronet on the door of Egerton's car.

Egerton watches them—thinking. He takes a sudden decision, stows his cap in his pocket, and approaches the car. He reaches into the back seat :—

And picks up a chauffeur's cap :—

Which he puts on, saluting the men (one an elderly fat and obviously holiday-making American).

*Dialogue .*

American (pointing at " For Sale " notice and to the coronet): " Why's the crowned head selling off . . . royal revenues down ? "

Egerton (very haughty): " Lord Egerton Scroop has no intention of keeping this model . . . he is hoping to acquire a new car shortly." (He glances at the American out of the corner of his eye.)

## Glossary

*of Technical Terms used.*

*FADE IN (OUT)—Gradual transition from total darkness to fully-lighted scene, and vice-versa.*

*MIX—Scene composed by superimposing the first few feet of one shot on the last few feet of another : indicates transition (of time or place) usually by a creation of contrasts.*

*SUPERIMPOSE—Two subjects photographed on the same negative to amplify one another.*

*LONG SHOT—Scene taken at any distance other than one suitable for reproducing intimate detail.*

*GYRO SHOT—Scene taken by camera mounted on a tripod in the head of which is a gyroscope, the object being to secure smooth movement when camera is traversed or tilted to an angle : for example, when the subject photographed moves from one plane to another.*

*OVERHEAD TROLLEY (or CRANE) SHOT—Scene taken by camera attached to mobile crane or trolley on rails suspended from studio roof : used for photographing in different planes without altering camera mounting ; camera flies, as it were, through the air.*

*TRACK SHOT—Scene taken by camera mounted on a mobile trolley running on lines on the studio floor, used for following a character on the level.*

American boy keeps pressing electric horn until his father vows vengeance on him.

*Dialogue :*

American (impressed): " Well, I guess this'll do for me to visit Shakespeare's home town and other sights in your country. . . Could we take a run . . . this is my boy, Gus. . . Come off that horn, kid, and shake hands with the gentleman . . . and this (indicating a dark young man) is Count Borosta, who's showing us the sights. . . . Here's my card."

(It reads : Hiram P. Gussenheimer, President Nifty Cars Inc., Healthyville, Pa.)

The boy Gus, in deafening plus fours, runs up to Egerton and asks if he can blow siren. Count Borosta ignores Hiram's suggestion that he shakes hands with the " chauffeur," and drives Gus away from siren on car.

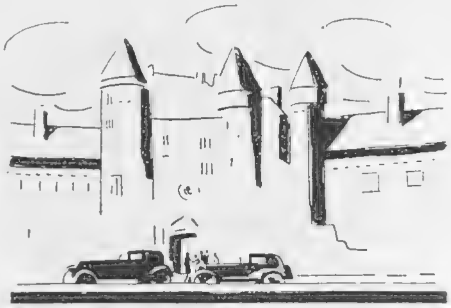
*Dialogue :*

Egerton : " Let me run you round a bit."

Hiram and Gus are delighted and prepare to climb in.

Manager of showroom comes out and looks annoyed at losing customer.

*Gyro shot :* Egerton drives off, raising his chauffeur's cap airily and sarcastically to :—



Furious Manager, who starts forward, realising Egerton has stolen his customer.

Car proceeding down Regent Street.

MIX TO

Car halted near Warwick Castle, or other beauty spot. Occupants are discussing terms—Egerton standing apart.

*Dialogue :*

Borosta (who dislikes Egerton): " Don't care about the car myself, or its driver."

Hiram : " Why, I think it's dandy. . . I'm buying . . . hey ! (Summoning Egerton.) How much does the Duke want for the outfit ? "

Egerton (chancing it): " £2,500, sir." (Borosta sinks back on the seat, gasping.)

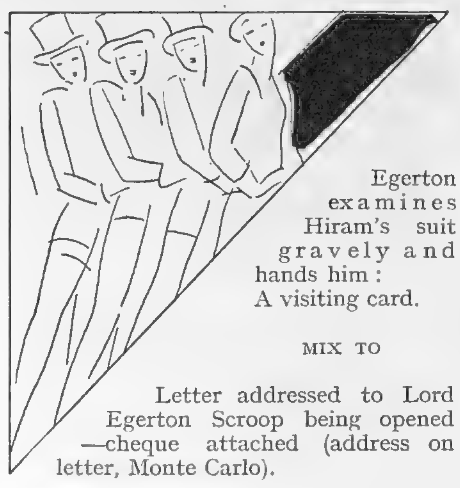
Hiram : " Twelve thousand five hundred bucks. . . I suppose I get the crown on the door thrown in for that ? "

Egerton : " Well, sir—you'll probably. . . "

Hiram : "£2,600 then to include the crown. . . Where do I send the cheque ? " (Begins to write on old envelope.) " What's *your* name, by the way ? "

Egerton (hesitating): " Hart, sir, Henry Hart. . . . Please send the cheque to Lord Egerton Scroop, 269 Grosvenor Lane, W.1."

Hiram (writing): " Grosvenor, why that's the name of my London tailor—in the Strand. . . . fifty shillings—what do you think of it ? "



Egerton examines Hiram's suit gravely and hands him: A visiting card.

MIX TO

Letter addressed to Lord Egerton Scroop being opened —cheque attached (address on letter, Monte Carlo).

*Insert :*

"I like your chauffeur, Henry Hart, and if you would permit him to enter my service—or at any rate will you let him bring the car to Monte Carlo as soon as possible—all expenses paid"

Egerton peruses letter, smiles and hands it to Hart.

*Dialogue :*

EGERTON : "£2,500 for the creditors . . . that's about six bob in the pound . . . one hundred pounds plus a temporary job for us."

HART (laying a wad of pound notes besides the letter) : "A small mark of esteem from the creditors' representatives—seventeen pounds good and one counterfeit note from Mr. Abelson . . . (Egerton smiles) . . . But, sir, I can't let you don the habiliments of a chauffeur."

EGERTON : "I *am* a chauffeur . . . and my name is . . . Henry Hart. . . . You shall go to Monte and engage modest rooms for me as befitting a chauffeur . . . If I win the race I shall buy back the car. . . *and* pay your back wages."

HART : "If you insist, sir, but is the —the—Figaro complication essential ? "

EGERTON : "Absolutely, unless you prefer to drive the car."

HART (horrified) : "Heaven forbid the contingency."

Egerton shrugs.

FADE OUT

## SEQUENCE 2.

FADE IN

Egerton's car being disembarked by crane at Boulogne ; establish locality, French porters, general impression of Boulogne Egerton wears plus fours.

Egerton on quay, watching car, airs his execrable French on the porters and seamen.

*Dialogue :*

EGERTON : "Prenez garde donc de ne pas endommager les—er—er –ailes de mon auto, s'il—vous—plaît—Mon Dieu, *s'il vous—plaît* . . . c'est affreux. . . ."

He pauses as he becomes aware of a very pretty American girl—flawless peach-bloom—beside him, watching sporting two-seater coming ashore. He admires her style and her efficient French in dealing with the quay officials. She disregards Egerton.

He takes out of his pocket notecase and selects ten-franc note as tip for porter, but at the same moment another porter blunders by with half a dozen suitcases strung over his shoulders.

The notecase is knocked out of Egerton's hand and emptied on the ground.

The wind blows the papers about and a boy helps him to collect papers, tickets, spare passport photos, and odds and ends.

He airs some more bad French on the natives.

He gives the boy tip and looks round to see if any other papers are missing.

He seizes opportunity to examine :—

Labels on the girl's baggage ("Anne Wood, Monte Carlo").

On other side of baggage, girl picks up a passport photo.

Egerton fills pipe, smiles, and moves aside as :—

Anne comes round a pile of baggage and sees him near hers. She gives him one glance—amusement changing into frigidity.

Egerton is disappointed at the implied snub and turns to fix his car.

Anne, back to Egerton, wipes mud from :—

A passport photo of Egerton, and turning it over sees the name written : "Lord Egerton Scroop."

Anne puts it in her bag, smiling mysteriously.

Egerton admires Anne's neat figure :—

In the reflector on his car.

Anne gets into her car.

Policeman beckons Egerton forward :

But he pretends he must tinker with his car.

Policeman angrily beckons Anne. She shoots past Egerton, who rushes back to his seat and drives off after her :—

Through the streets of Boulogne.

MIX TO

On a bridge over the Seine in Paris.

Anne's car crosses, followed by Egerton's car.

MIX TO

Picturesque French village, hilly country.

Anne's car comes swiftly round a corner. Anne is unconcerned, cool and collected, and smiling.

Round the corner, on far side of herd of cows, Egerton trying to get through. Egerton is furious, anxious and excited.

MIX TO

Speedometer registering fifty m.p.h.

MIX TO

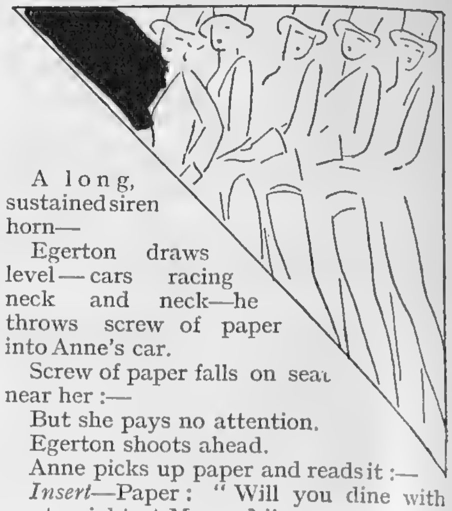
Egerton's car tearing along the road. His face is firm and set.

*Gyro Shot :* turning ninety degrees from Egerton's face to straight poplar-lined Route Nationale stretching miles ahead. It is deserted except for little black speck in distance.

Speedometer registering 72 m.p.h.

Road—Egerton rapidly overhauling car ahead :—

Which contains Anne, who is also travelling fast.



A long, sustained siren horn—

Egerton draws level—cars racing neck and neck—he throws screw of paper into Anne's car.

Screw of paper falls on seat near her :—

But she pays no attention.

Egerton shoots ahead.

Anne picks up paper and reads it :—

*Insert*—Paper : "Will you dine with me to-night at Maçon ? "

Anne screws it up and throws it overboard indignantly.

She "steps on the gas" and her car leaps forward.

Egerton is keeping just ahead, annoying Anne.

Anne is furious, getting Egerton's dust.

Egerton keeps dashing ahead and slowing down.

Anne tries to get past, disregards Egerton's warning hand and does not see :—

Another car approaching from the opposite direction.

Anne has to swerve off into ditch and runs into tree—crash !

*Long Shot.*—Egerton and other car's occupants draw up, get out, and run to :—

Anne, who has been thrown partially out of her car and lies unconscious.

The other occupants of the car, an elderly French aristocrat and his chauffeur, hurry to the wrecked car.

Egerton is lifting up and attending with flask to Anne.

Anne revives—her knee is hurt. She looks disgusted at Egerton, who seems to examine it.

*Dialogue :*

EGERTON : "I'm sorry. I've got to put your knee in *at once*—I know. . . . I've a permanent football knee myself . . . I shall only be doing my plain and obvious duty, as any man would."

ANNE (faintly) : "Don't dare to touch me, you cad ! "

She won't allow him to come near her, though she is in great pain.

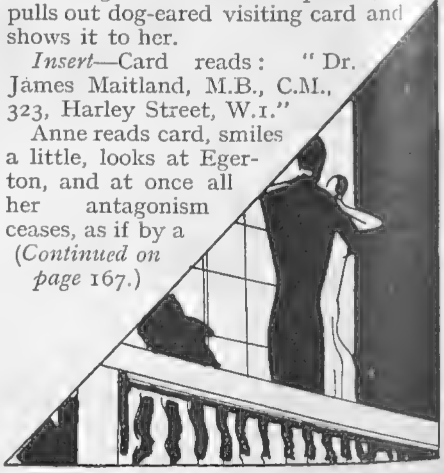
Egerton looks at Frenchman, who shrugs hopelessly ; Egerton thinks a moment ; then idea strikes him.

Fishing in waistcoat pocket, he pulls out dog-eared visiting card and shows it to her.

*Insert*—Card reads : "Dr. James Maitland, M.B., C.M., 323, Harley Street, W.1."

Anne reads card, smiles a little, looks at Egerton, and at once all her antagonism ceases, as if by a

(*Continued on page* 167.)



*Illustrations by*
*M. MACKINLAY*

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# TRIBUTE *for the* Emperor Solomon

*Shipping was beginning to fade out, and coastal populations were dying in swarms. The seas of the world, that used to be so clean and sweet, were sour and putrid . . . .*

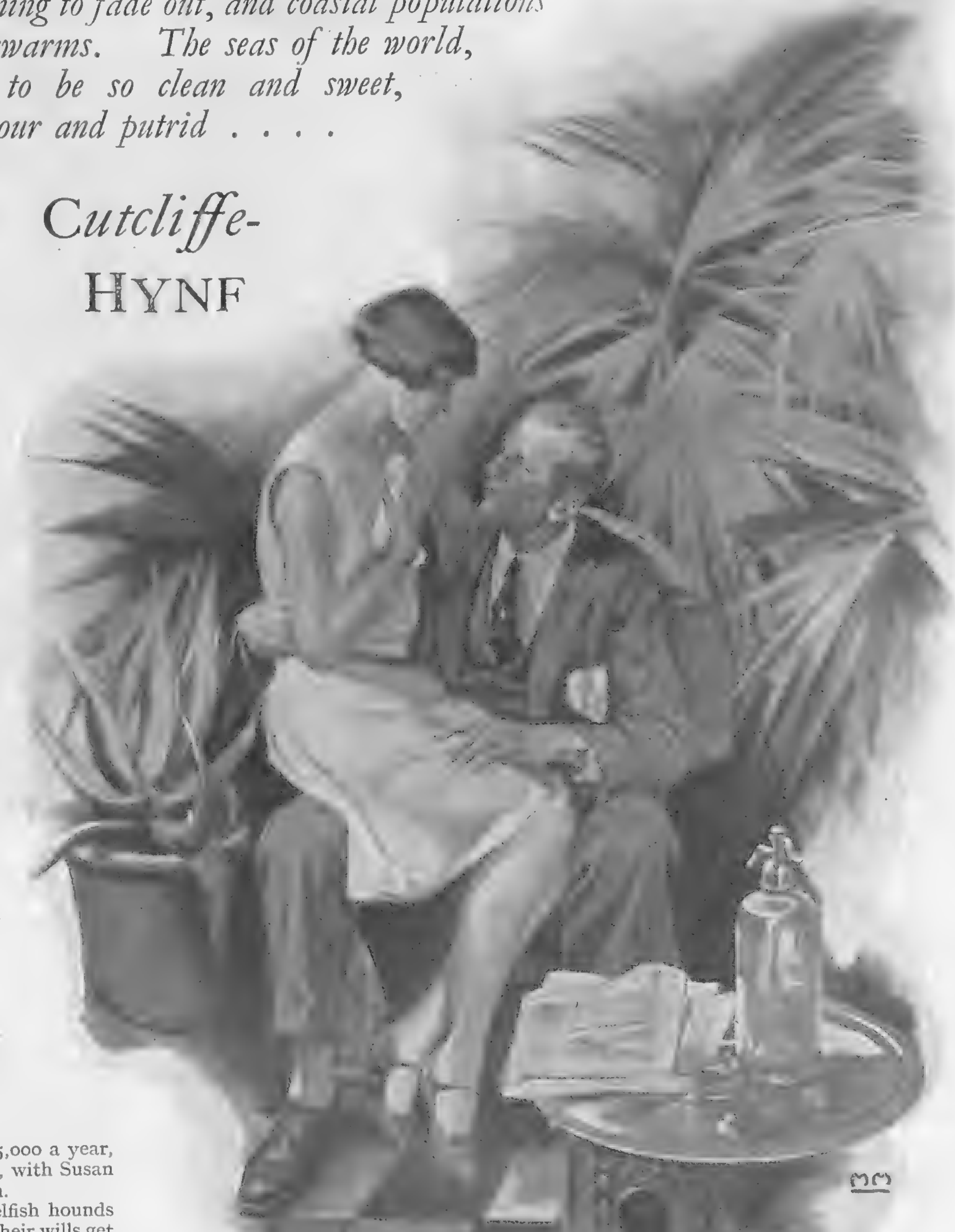
### *By* C. J. *Cutcliffe*-HYNF

MRS. MENDLESOHN was, according to the Books of Record, thirty-seven, and in spite of very painstaking attention to the arts and crafts of the beauty-merchant, looked a hefty forty-two. It was the sub-jaw muscles—I forget their proper anatomical tally—that gave her away. They were incurably stringy. But then if women of her ancient race fade early, they mature early also, and Miriam Mendlesohn (*née* Cohen) at from sixteen to twenty-three was the prettiest thing that ever happened — as I and others can testify.

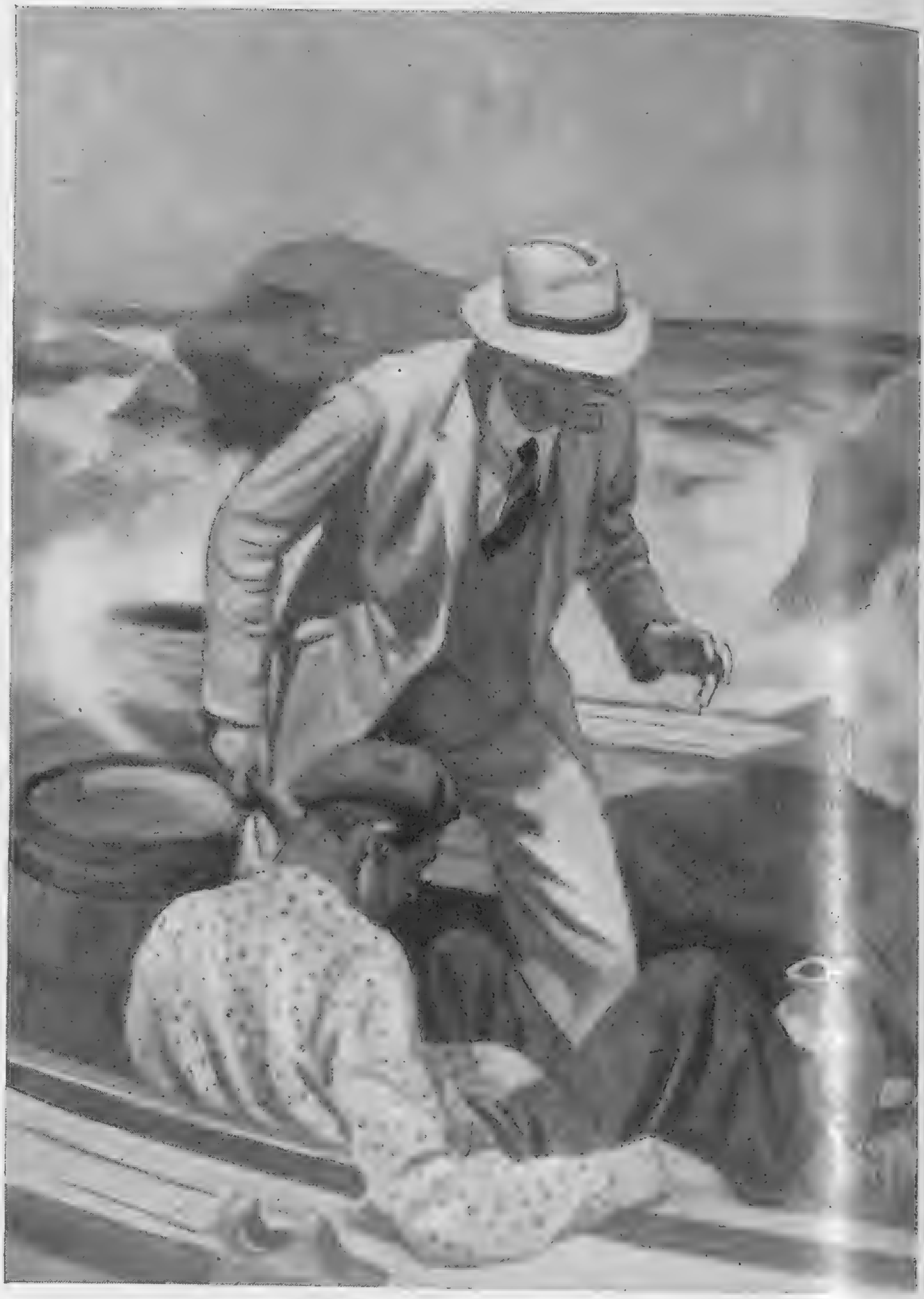
*De mortuis*, of course, *nil nisi bunkum*, but there is no getting over the fact that the late Adolph Mendlesohn was a blot, and not even the gilded blot we had been led to believe. It was a merciful release to all concerned when in the third year of his marriage to Miriam he was wafted elsewhere, via a surfeit of lampreys, or something like that which all the overeating text-books quote. He left Miriam, who had planned a life at £5,000 a year, exactly £500 p.a. to do it on, with Susan to inherit if she married again.

I always hope that the selfish hounds who put that last clause in their wills get for their reward a stall on the hottest end of the heating apparatus, next to the boiler.

Oddly enough this penal clause didn't worry Miriam one atom. The late Adolph had been a citizen who would have made a Congo crocodile sick, and our



"*Uncle Peter, I'm going to kiss you. . . . Your business in London can wait. Mum comes first. I know she treated you badly, a thousand years ago, but we'll forget all that . . .*"



*" Promptly I had a mutiny on my hands. When for me with a heavy knife, I lummed him one in*

pretty Miriam put up no show whatever of liking him. Nobody could. But Susan was another matter. Miriam gave herself frankly up to Susiolatry from that young person's birth onward, with the temperature degree of worship increasing in geometric progression as each year was added on. Susan at seventeen was Miriam over again for looks and daintiness, only prettier, and, if possible, more delicious. That at least was my own personal impression when I last saw the pair of them together at Batt's Hotel, Funchal, Madeira.

George Locksley was also staying at Batt's, and except that he and I were also present at the hour of the apéritif, we did not see much of one another there. He was—or perhaps I should say, ought to have been—a manufacturer of glass bottles somewhere Leeds way, but thanks to trades' union restrictions had been forced out of business as a home manufacturer, and was now merely a merchant of the other man's bottles from some foundry in Czecho-Slovakia. That, of course, is one of our ordinary English habits, but Locksley kept on being sore about it, and I found him a nuisance accordingly. Besides, by the time my hungry Liverpool fruit-boat had landed me at Madeira the chlorine scare had got floated into the Press, and was already very noticeable to the naked nose in Funchal. Chlorine was the popular topic, not bottles from near Leeds.

PERSONALLY, having lived in New Orleans, Tunis, Matadi, Genoa, London, Yarmouth, Mogador, and on the old harbour-side at Marseilles, among other places, I am pretty hardened to assorted stinks. Also, as in younger days at Cambridge I, with a friend, discovered an entirely new way of liquefying yellow chlorine into a beautiful red liquid, a pint of which suddenly went *bing*, and blew back to gas, I know the sharp rasp of chlorine pretty intimately. I was six in our second boat at the time, and coughed up the gas at the end of every stroke for three weeks. Admittedly it was a silly-ass thing to do, but I am merely putting it on record to show that I know free chlorine when I meet it in the street.

Very well then. When the chlorine scare was getting well warmed up, and theorists in the papers were explaining it was due to (1) volcanic action, (2) a rain of meteorites, or (3) act of God, Mrs. Mendlesohn got hold of the chart—the original and genuine chart, so she said, of course—of that treasure hoard on the Salvages. Leaving out the fact that she was, as usual, extremely hard up, because even with the best of management £500 p.a. can never be stretched adequately to do the work of £5,000, she was always a woman who, if she had anything to do, did it at once. So she kindly invited me to take over the Salvage Islands job. She said I could provide my own transport and labour, and pocket 25 per cent. of the plunder for my pains. I thanked her (I hope) affectionately, but declined. I said that I had already put in one treasure hunting trip to the Salvages, and had taken vows not to visit such a barren hole again. Also, the chlorine atmosphere down in the Islands annoyed my lungs, and I proposed to run back home on the next boat that would sell me a passage. So the lady, very naturally turned up her nose at me, and the next thing I knew was that she had fixed up some kind of agreement with George Locksley, and they had pushed off together for Grand Salvage Island in a tin-pot motor launch which was an entirely inefficient craft for the job, if the trades blew up at all noisily.

THEY were provisioned, so one gathered, for three days, and at the end of a week Susan came to me and sat on my knee, and blubbered on my shoulder. " They must have some smash," said she, " or else they'd have been back long before now. You know how capable Mum is. This horrid disinfectant smell has knocked her over. Uncle Peter ——"

" Yes, m'dear ? "

" Get another launch and go down and look after them."

" Sorry, Susan, but I've just bought a pew in the Union Castle boat that's due to-morrow, and must get home. Business, you know."

" I thought you were a runner-up for Mum once."

" And a very nice frank way to put it, m'dear. I suppose I was amongst the also-rans. But it happened in years so far back we never mention 'em."

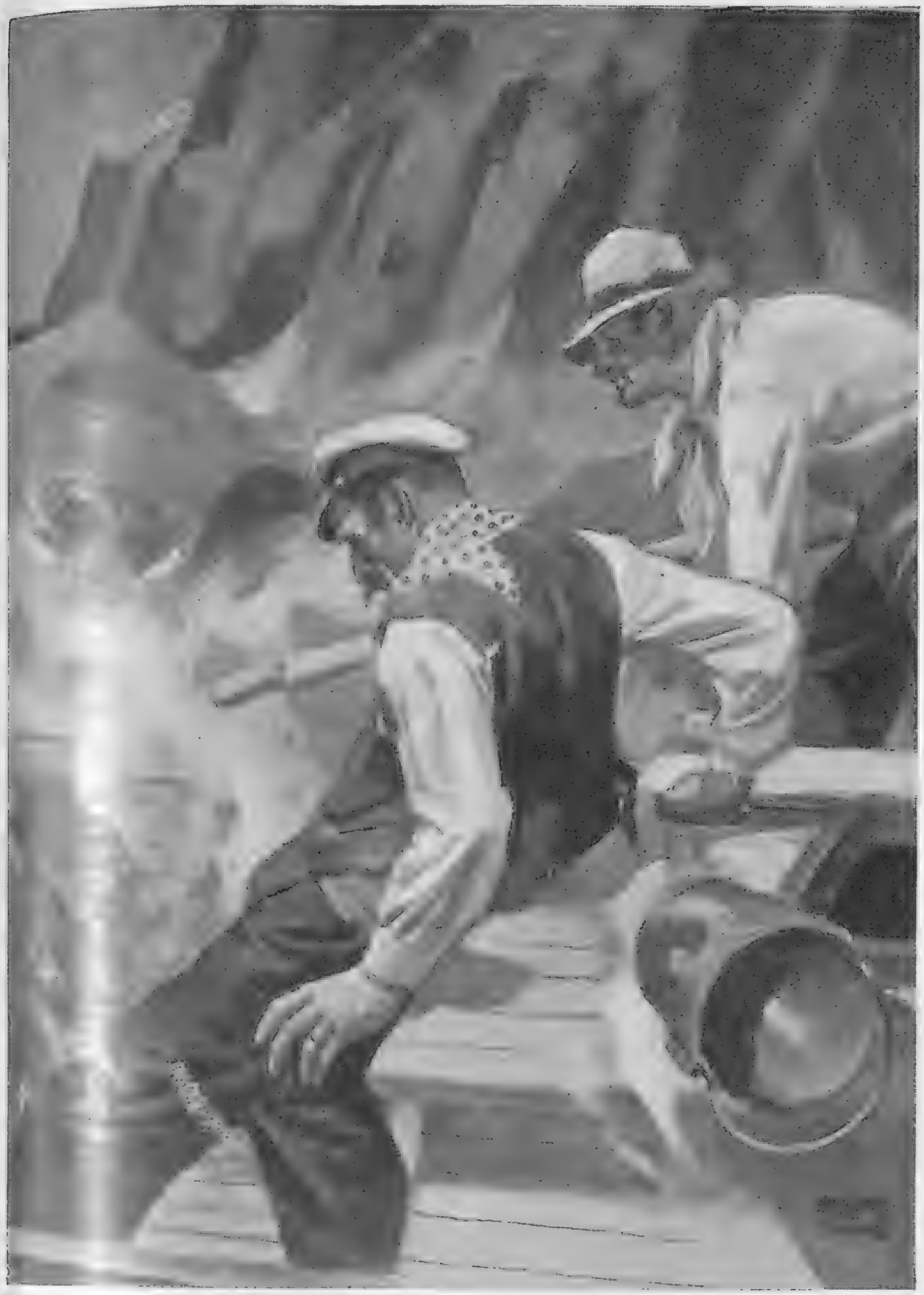
" Uncle Peter, I'm going to kiss you."

" Carry on, m'dear. As you've kissed me at intervals ever since you were two, I take it as one of my vested rights."

" And that will be the last kiss you will ever get from me, Peter, my lad, unless you go off this very day after Mum. Lots of people here in Funchal will be glad enough to take over your berth in the Union Castle, and your old business in London can wait. She must get some other man to take her round."

" Eh ? "

" I said, your business in London can wait. Mum comes first. I know she



*the launch's owner, who was also an engineer, went the right place with his own heavy spanner . . ."*

treated you badly, a thousand years ago, but we'll forget all that, and you can run down to the jetty, behind the old castle, and charter a launch. I'll go out and buy some face cream and a couple of boxes of powder. Poor dear, she must have finished up the little she took days ago, and will be feeling positively naked."

IN those early days, as everyone will remember, we disliked the chlorine stink amazingly, and abused it as a first class nuisance. But the ghastly danger of the thing had not got home to more than a few of us. Funchal, being Portuguese, is naturally a very back number place for news, and I had brought a portable wireless receiving set along with me from England as I don't like drifting out of touch with things. Mainly because I thought that one of the servants at Batt's would tamper with the machine while I was away, and put it out of gear, I clapped it in its travelling box, and took it off with me to the launch. It's only about as big as a small dressing-case, anyway.

My launch owner wasn't in the least keen about chartering, and I had to pay through the nose for my ride; the crew of three said quite frankly they did not want to leave the beach, and I had to overpay them atrociously also; but we pushed off at last, jumping and diving about like a boat in a movie when we got beyond the shelter of the castle rock. She was built Madeira-fashion, with a great flare to her bows and sides, and though she rode drily enough, was rather apt to turn round and look at you when she got into a bad run of sea. Also, of course, she would have been a rather tiresome vehicle to any gentleman with a queasy stomach, but that didn't trouble either the Island Portugooses or me.

However, after a good pickling we raised Grand Salvage all right, spouting surf in fine style, with Little Pitou, all present and correct, sending up fountains of whiteness away to starboard.

WE had carried the chlorine smell with us all the way, but when we drove in under the lee of the big Salvage, this got added to, or if you like enriched, by what I thought at first to be the stink of dead fish.

My guess, it appeared presently, was good enough. Dead fish floated past us, and then more dead fish, till, when we had drawn into the lee of the rocks, we were pushing through a solid floating scum of fish, and the patches of blue water between grew fewer and smaller. And the smell underneath that hot sun! Phew! It drowned even the chlorine.

The landing on Grand Salvage Island is on the west side through as pretty a graveyard of rocks as you can find in either Atlantic. But there is a way in, if you know it. The German *Panther* lay there for a week after her demonstration at Agadir, and the quaint trippers on a Liverpool fruit boat stared at her through their glasses when every Admiralty in Europe, except the Marienampt at Berlin, was wondering where she'd been sunk.

In an ordinary day the surf spouts sky-high, and the fairway in needs a pilot with nerves of tungsten steel. But on this day there was no surf, and as we closed the pass between the main reefs, we presently found out there was no road in. Layers of dead fish had blanketted the surf; piles of dead, punky, rotting fish blocked all access to the doubtful blessings of the harbour.

THE trouble about Miriam Mendlesohn's launch was clear enough. We could see her from where we struggled and wallowed at the edge of the fish pack. She had been neaped by dunes of dead fish, and there she would stay till the fish chose to melt, or blow out to sea. That meant, of course, that they would have to give up dying. Unfortunately, as we could see for ourselves, all local fish were carrying on bravely with the dying habit.

Well, there was Miriam marooned, with presumably, George Locksley and a handful of Dago boatmen, on a desert island furnished only, as I knew it, with some flea-ridden huts that were occupied once a season only by Canary *baccalhao* fishermen, six inaccessible goats, and a pirate's buried treasure that I, personally, had failed to find. So, as we couldn't get in at the proper gateway, I gave orders to swing round the island, and have a try on the weather shore.

Promptly I had a mutiny on my hands. What I was suggesting was suicide, neither more nor less. Well, I wouldn't have described it as pleasure sailoring in summer seas myself, but, when the launch's owner, who was also engineer, went for me with a knife, I lammed him one in the right place with his own heavy spanner, and hit a bit harder than I intended. Also, I had to lay out one of the other two before peace reigned.

DAGO'S knives always make me nervous, especially when they are experts with the upward cut. But as the remaining lad's brother was with Miriam's lot on the beach, all was then peace. He could steer if I could drive her. That, of course, was easy. Portugoose gas-boats were outside my official practice, but as I had made the small pile which I have retired on in the motor business, what I don't know about internal combustion engines wouldn't make a sparrow's luncheon.

The weather side of Grand Salvage Island is a treat, as any of you who know it will bear witness. The surf, I suppose, tops the hundred-yard lift every seventh wave, and the grave-yard of rocks is a pukka grave-yard. There's just one channel through them, running twisty-wise, but, so my remaining deckhand said, navigable to a power-boat that could steer. So he went at it, the plucky lad. As I have said, the launch was built Madeira-fashion, with enormous flare, and mighty little grip of the water. The following seas swung her about windmill fashion exactly as they pleased. Her pernicketty old engines took me all my time to keep turning. I was pleasantly conscious that the magneto was on the edge of the abyss, and if she once stopped it was highly unlikely she would ever start again. I wasn't envying the deck man his job, and knew he was none too competent. But I couldn't break off to bear a hand. I was up to my eyes with those confounded engines. . .

THERE was no dead-fish barrage on the weather side of Grand Salvage Island; the sea ground the corpses up into soup as they arrived. We motored through lakes and fountains of stink, but somehow or other—very possibly because the flaring tub wouldn't steer—we barged through somehow, and then, because my confounded engines had got red-hot and wouldn't stop to order, drove half our length on to a gravel bank on the far side of a rock buttress, and there stuck, in calm water, with a hole in her bilge you could have driven a pig through, and a propeller stripped of all its blades.

My Portugoose is a good deal off colour, but I gather that the pilot, and the two corpses, who were by this time recovering their senses, wafted messages to the saints for the miracle of their safe landing. No mention was made in the prayer of the party who had kept the rotten magneto up to its job. So we may as well leave it at that. I pushed off, one-time, to coagulate with poor old Miriam.

"Peter," said she, "you're a dear to come for me."

"Not my fault," said I. "Blame Susan. I've a small hamper of medical comforts of her selecting in one of the launch's lockers, and a large one of grub that I picked out myself. If I'd known we were going to do a landing crash I'd have brought a keg of insect powder. I expect you found those fishermen's huts pretty bitey."

"Peter, can't we get away quickly? Your launch can't be very badly smashed. This place is a perfect nightmare. You don't notice the disinfectant smell this side, but over to leeward, where the beds of sea-weed are, the air's quite yellow with it, and the sea water burns you and rots your clothes. No wonder it kills off the fish."

"SEA-WEED?" said I. "I don't remember big Salvage did much of a line in that last time I was here. Is there anything remarkable about the sea-weed, now? By the way, rude of me to forget to ask, but how long did you take to find out that the treasure chart was a dud?"

"The sea-weed's bright canary-yellow stuff. It grows in long flat ribbons, and long round ropes and bootlaces, and the skin of it, when it's under water, is all spangled over with tiny yellow bubbles."

"Diamond, diamond, you little know what you have tumbled on!"

"My name's still Miriam to you, Peter," said Mrs. Mendlesohn a trifle drily. "If you're under the idea that I'm sore about that silly old treasure, you're off the track. It's fish that's scaring me stiff, if you want to know."

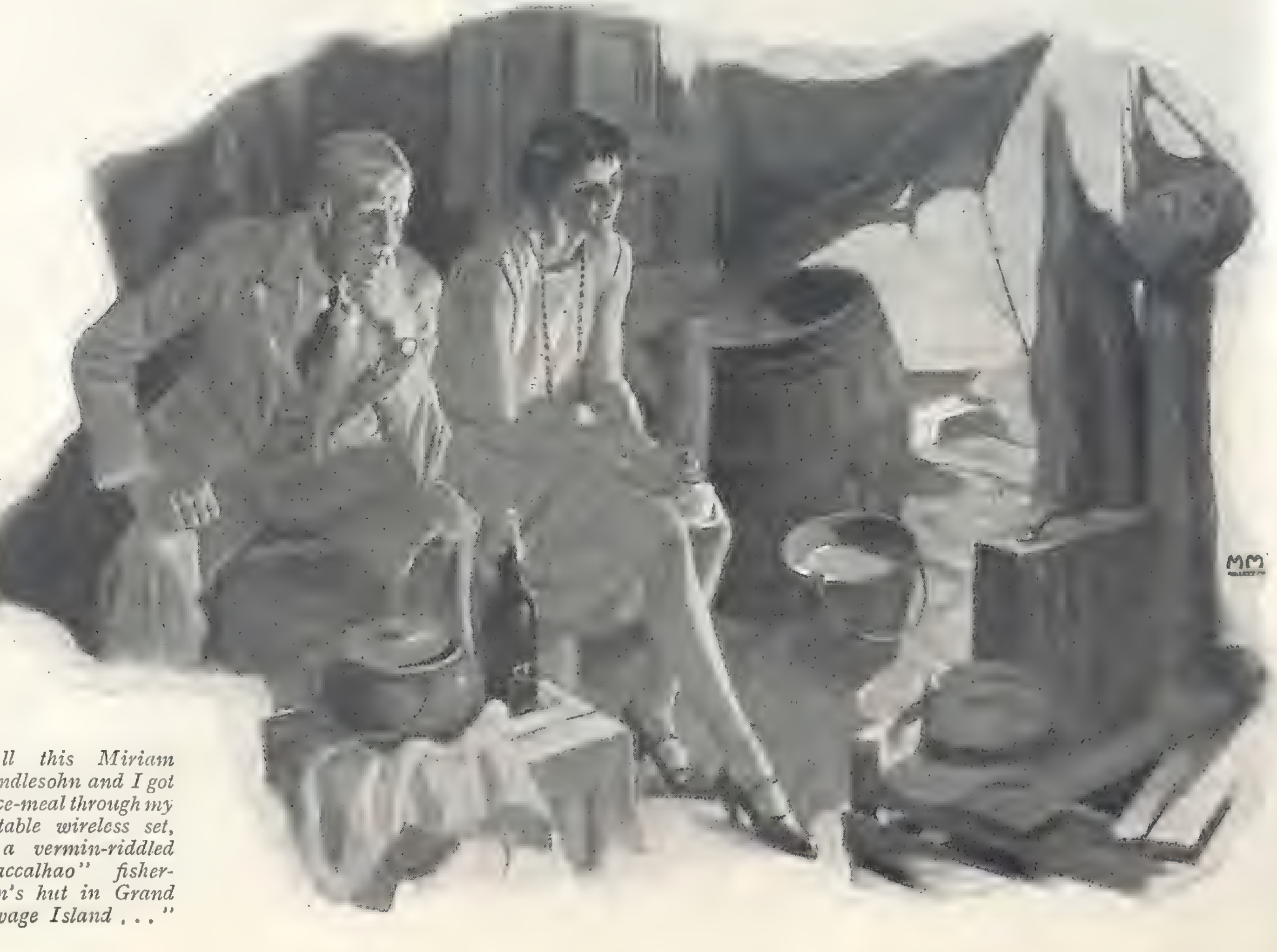
"Well," I said, "whether my crowd and yours can tinker up the launch remains to be seen, though I don't see how they're going to fake a propeller to replace the one we scraped off; but, as we're going to be marooned here for a bit, anyway, I'll go across to the other shore and have a look at that yellow sea-weed."

"Peter, pull yourself together, and listen. My fellows won't help. They can't. They're dead. I don't know if the gas is worse for men than for women, but when the Portuguese wouldn't go out to clear a way through those loathsome fish piles, Mr. Locksley went alone. He was a gallant man, Peter."

"Pinked out?"

"I suppose his body must be in our launch now. When he didn't turn up, the others went to see why. I saw them wading out, and coughing hard; I saw them wilt, one by one, and drop down, and disappear under the scum of dead fish that fills up everything from the outer

(*Continued on page* 164).



*"All this Miriam Mendlesohn and I got piece-meal through my portable wireless set, in a vermin-riddled "baccalhao" fisherman's hut in Grand Salvage Island . . ."*

# GREAT EXPECTATIONS

*An article in which the writer explodes some common or garden fallacies*

### By GERMAINE BEAUMONT

IF anything can give a full measure of man's credulity, it is the fact that whoever happens to own a garden expects this garden to be useful; expects, in fact, from this garden enough vegetable and fruit to adorn large formal dinner parties and reinforce the simpler meals.

Such expectations may be a proof of the touching simplicity of human nature, but cannot be considered as a credit to human brains.

No garden has ever been useful to its owner. The trouble began with the Garden of Eden, and the least said on the subject the better. A garden is only useful to outsiders. In the first instance, it was a snake. Ever since, gardens have been useful to gardeners. Gardeners are people who are very expensively paid to get the best of a garden which belongs to someone else. When the gardener is single, there is still some hope for the owner: for a single man eats little.

*With Three*

*FRENCH DISHES*

*specially created for this issue of "Britannia & Eve" by*

*MADAME RAMILLON*

But gardeners usually come in pairs —male and female—and have large families, with tendencies to annual increase. If they are neither blessed with curly little facts nor angelic little hopes, they have a great number of aged parents, not to mention friends, who come to visit them on prolonged stays and to whom, once departed, they have to send regularly large hampers for no reason on earth

GARDENS are also occasionally useful to tramps, poachers, and neighbours A neighbour is a person who lives all the year round near the place where you come only for the week-end. That is why he must be served first. Patience must have its reward. If you have all the pleasures of town life, you can't expect to have also the early pickings from the strawberry beds. Perhaps, at first sight, it might seem a little severe to be deprived of the benefits of your property. But should they be called benefits?

A benefit is usually associated with the principle of gain. But garden benefits must be associated with the principle of loss.

Let us say, for instance, that one expects to get from one's garden beans, peas (either sweet or green), rhubarb, cherries and strawberries.

Experience proves that one can get all this from the nearest greengrocer at quite decent prices.

But if one has all of these sent up from one's garden, the price comes to something terrific. Into one single bean must be crowded the gardener's wages, the tax on the land, the bill from the man who sells the seeds, and the bill from the man who sells fertiliser, and cost of gardening tools, the insurance against hail and snail, the repairs to the well, the repairs to the gate, the repairs to the roof and to the pipes, not to mention the price of railway fare, and what one has to add to the servant's wages to keep them in a place where there is no cinema

No egg laid on one's property can cost less than a guinea, all said and done, and the hen willing. No bean can cost less than a shilling per bean; as to strawberries, even in the full season, they cost more than if they had been reared in cotton wool in the South of France and brought by aeroplane

SHOULD one, in these conditions, give up entirely all hope of ever getting something cheap, or even just something out of one's garden?

No, not quite. Pessimism must never be encouraged to that extent. Besides, where there is rural life, there is hope.

One may perhaps solve the problem with a dog. Only beware of dogs of fearsome appearance—bull-dogs and the like—their dispositions are so very friendly. A Peke might not be a bad investment were it not that the trespassers would inevitably get bitten and in this Free Country of ours, even when their dogs suffer considerable malaise from biting someone with a nasty taste, it is the dog-owners who suffer.

OR one can try leaving the garden unfenced after putting up a board stating that "All Trespassers will be welcome." It is just possible that those whose intentions are not strictly honourable will be suspicious of such open-handed hospitality. "There is weed-killer here," they may say to themselves, and forthwith pass on their way.

The old, old wording is perhaps the best. "All Trespassers will be prosecuted." For then, with a little luck, when the trespassers have done picnicking on the ground, one can go round with a basket and gather odds and ends that have been left over on the lawn and in the shade. Some are useless, some come in handy. Amongst such, let's name the knife with which the lovers wrote their names and drew their hearts on your oldest trees. (The tree will die, but the knife seems strong) Also, unfinished bottles, the more precious for being so rare; lemon peels, kipper fins, return tickets, and if the trespassers belong to the thinking élite, the uncut poems of Osbert Sitwell.

Stuffed Cucumber (Hors d'oeuvre)

# Three FRENCH Dishes

By Madame RAMILLON

## STUFFED CUCUMBER

(Hors d'oeuvre)

*1 large smooth cucumber.*

*5 to 6 ozs. of lobster, salmon, shrimps or other cooked fish.*

*2 to 2½ ozs. of table butter*

*2 or 3 tablespoons of fresh cream, salt, pepper, oil and vinegar.*

1. Peel the cucumber and cut into slices 1 to 1½ inches thick.

2. Take out seeds and a little of the rind so as to clean thoroughly.

3. Soak slices of cucumber for ¼ hour in oil, vinegar and salt.

4. Chop fish with butter and add cream to thin this paste slightly.

Season to taste.

5. Strain the cucumber slices.

6. Place in a dish with a lettuce leaf under each slice.

7. Fill with paste.

8. Serve as they are or with mayonnaise. Garnish with a few gherkins and pimento.

## FILLET OF BEEF NICOIS

(For 4 portions)

*4 slices of fillet of beef about ¼ lb. each. 4 round slices of bread 4 tablespoons of oil. 1 teaspoon of mustard. 3 tablespoons of fresh cream 2 tablespoons of cognac. 3½ ozs. butter or margarine, a few chopped herbs, salt and pepper, small morsel of garlic.*

Fillet of Beef Nicois

1. Cut 4 round slices of fillet and flatten them.

2. Put them in a dish, sprinkle with a few drops of oil, add salt and pepper, and leave for an hour, turning occasionally.

3. Peel garlic, chop it well with herbs and add mustard a little at a time

4. First add vinegar to this mixture and then the remainder of oil. Mix well, stirring in the same direction all the time to make a thick sauce.

5. Place 1 oz. of butter in pan over hot fire. When hot, put fillets in quickly and brown on both sides.

6. Set alight with cognac

7. Brown slices of bread with remaining butter.

8. Place each fillet on a slice of bread.

9. Add cream to the sauce, heat, and pour on to fillets Garnish with fried tomatoes and cress

Stuffed Apricots

## APRICOTS STUFFED WITH HAZEL-NUTS

(Cold Dessert)

For 6 people (1 apricot each)

*6 large ripe apricots.*

*2 ozs. ground hazel-nut.*

*2 yolks of eggs.*

*3 ozs. powdered sugar.*

*1 tablespoon of orange blossom water*

*1 oz. of butter or margarine*

1. Cut apricots in half and extract stones

2. Mix ground hazel-nuts with powdered sugar. First add yolks of egg and orange blossom water and then melted butter.

Stir the paste well for a quarter of an hour and then leave for a few hours to set.

3. Fill the hollows of each half apricot with this paste.

4. Cover the bottom of a stewed-fruit dish with gooseberry jelly or vanilla ice-cream.

5. Place the apricots on top and serve immediately.

# FOR FINGERS or FORKS

*Hamper food can be simple or elaborate, but in both cases imagination is essential in order to make it—unusual*

By CATHERINE IVES

*Slices of cold chicken, accompanied by pastry cases filled with curried chicken livers, and tomatoes stuffed with peas and beans, are very good and not at all usual*

*The sweet and cheese courses are combined in slices of sponge cake spread with cream cheese and red currant jelly. Small rolls can be used for innumerable picnic needs*

ARRANGING attractive meals for out-of-door consumption is a comparatively simple matter if one has a little imagination and the right of entry to one's own kitchen—or, a cook who will carry out instructions with intelligence.

If one has neither of the last two advantages and not too much of the first, it is more difficult; and during the summer holidays it often happens that the provision of hamper food for a company of mixed ages and tastes presents the person responsible with more problems than she cares for.

Sandwiches are admittedly the simplest solution, and it is possible to make them really interesting. But the ingenuity which has been put into the manufacture of the latest picnic baskets and thermos jars and flasks has opened a wide field of alternatives for people who refuse to believe that a sandwich can be anything but unpleasant.

Here is a picnic luncheon menu which could be easily assembled, even in furnished rooms, and without having to enter anybody's kitchen; but it does demand the provision of a knife and fork for each person.

For hors d'œuvre or fish course: one small roll, split open and filled with shrimps or mayonnaise sauce—with cucumber and mayonnaise—with sardines, pounded, mixed with tomato, a little lemon juice and seasoning—or, for the really young, with sliced apples, a little lemon juice and a little brown sugar.

If you are more anxious to avoid time and trouble than to save expense, you may buy a tongue and some chicken breasts in glasses, and pack a small jar filled with a mixed salad in the picnic hamper as well. In this case it is essential to remember the tin opener; but the tongue, chicken and salad are easily served and generally popular.

A cheaper alternative is to chop cold beef or mutton finely, mix it with diced beetroot, apple, green peas, onion (if permissible), and mayonnaise or cold cucumber sauce, and pack it in one of the picnic basket containers. This has the advantage of needing no knives, only forks.

Buttered oatcakes, or Ryvita, or small scones, are easier to pack and to deal with when unpacked than ordinary bread and butter, and a sponge sandwich makes a delicious combination of the sweet and cheese courses when treated as follows.

Buy a flat sponge sandwich, or have it made. This last is better, because you can stipulate that there are to be three thin layers instead of two fairly thick ones.

Spread one of these layers with cream cheese and a little powdered sugar. Spread the other layer with red currant jelly or cherry jam. Cover with the third layer, press them well together; cut into pieces of convenient size, and wrap each one in waxed paper.

Tiny pastry cases filled with curried chicken livers make an unusual and delicious accompaniment to slices of cold chicken or a chicken cream for a picnic meal that is to please the fastidious adult. With these you will have firm round tomatoes which have been scrupulously washed, have had their tops temporarily removed, some of their centres hollowed out, and have been filled with cold cooked peas, cold cooked and chopped beans, a suspicion of onion and a little thick mayonnaise.

In August there is so much fresh fruit that the sweet course proper is not really essential, especially if a well-made chocolate or ginger cake is provided for the people who prefer something more solid than fruit alone. A small thermos flask may contain black coffee, the larger ones can hold fruit cups or similar drinks.

Here is the recipe for Curried Chicken Livers

## CURRIED CHICKEN LIVERS

*Ingredients.*—Chicken livers, 1 tablespoonful desiccated cocoanut (for eight livers), 2 oz. butter, pepper, salt, 1 teaspoonful curry powder, 1 teaspoonful curry paste, ½ shallot, 2 tablespoonfuls milk, 1 teaspoonful flour.

*Instructions.*—Trim the liver. Heat the milk—stir in the cocoanut and let it soak for a few minutes. Chop the shallot finely. Heat the butter in a saucepan. Put in the livers and seasoning. Cook gently for ten minutes. Add the shallot, flour, cocoanut, milk, curry powder and curry paste. Cook for another ten minutes, stirring constantly. Let it get cold and use.

*Lime Sherbet should be served in a large punch-bowl and decorated with fresh fruit. Cut glass bowl from Whiteleys*

# SOME SUMMER DRINKS

*Cool drinks in which the qualities of interest and refreshment are added to the virtue of innocuousness are easily made . . . when one knows how*

## By CATHERINE IVES

*The convenient sets which include a carrying basket, a covered jug and glasses are admirable for fruit cups. From Whiteleys*

LEMONADE, orangeade and barley water are known to everybody, but there is a large number of other excellent and refreshing drinks which are quite unreasonably ignored.

Some of the best need the presence of a good refrigerator or a plentiful supply of ice for perfect production; but many others can be made without either of these luxuries, if there is a cool place to leave them in until they are needed.

The first recipe I am giving you is not very well known in this country and makes a welcome drink for the middle of a hot morning or sultry afternoon. The initial preparations must be made at least an hour before the drink is likely to be needed, but once these are over the final ones can wait until the moment of serving.

### GINGER SPICE CUP

*Ingredients.*—4 oranges. 2 handfuls cloves. 3 lemons. 2 or 3 lumps sugar. 1 tablespoonful strained honey. ½ teaspoonful powdered cinnamon. ½ grated nutmeg. Pinch of allspice. 1 cupful diced pineapple (from a tin if necessary). 2 cupfuls iced water. 1½ pints or 1 quart ginger ale. 1 pint iced water.

INSTRUCTIONS.—Stick the cloves into the oranges and leave for one or two hours. Wash the lemons, rub their yellow zest off on the lump sugar and strain the juice. Mix the lemon juice and peel, honey, pineapple, nutmeg, cinnamon and allspice together in a jug and leave on ice for at least an hour and as much longer as necessary.

When the cloves have been left in the oranges long enough squeeze out the juice and add this to the other mixture. Add the iced water and ginger ale just at the moment of serving. Ladle or pour the cup into glasses and hand straws.

Raspberry vinegar is very easy for the owner of a garden to make at home, and invaluable for hot weather refreshments. It may be served quite simply by adding a dessertspoonful of the vinegar to a glass of mineral water and shaved ice; or be used as one of the ingredients in a more elaborate concoction.

### RASPBERRY VINEGAR

*Ingredients.*—4 quarts of raspberries. Vinegar to cover them. 1 pound of sugar to each pint of juice.

INSTRUCTIONS.—Stalk the raspberries. Put them in a deep bowl with just enough vinegar to cover them, and let them stand for twenty-four hours. Put them into a preserving pan with the liquid, bring to the boil and strain. Measure the liquid. Add a pound of sugar for each pint. Boil for twenty minutes, let cool a little and bottle.

One of the simplest cups is made with iced tea and lemon; a sprig or two of mint may be added if liked.

Make a pint of good strong tea. Strain it immediately into a jug or bowl containing a well-washed lemon cut into very thin slices. Leave it on ice till thoroughly chilled, and add a bottle of soda water just before serving.

A very popular drink among the younger generation consists of ginger beer into which a vanilla ice-cream has been well stirred; and when limes are obtainable a lime sherbet makes a delightful variation from the ordinary fruit drinks, though it is rather too sweet (even in the Anglicised version given here) for a very sophisticated taste

### LIME SHERBET

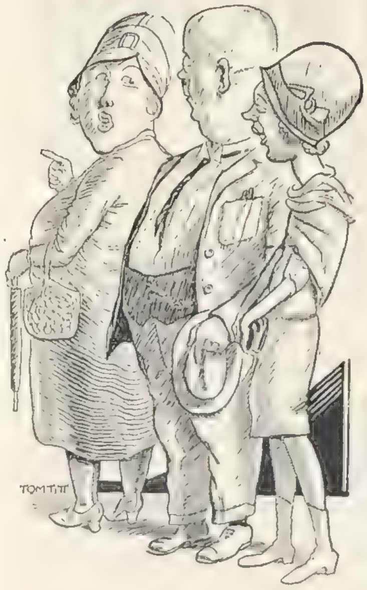
*Ingredients.*—8 limes. 1 cupful raspberry vinegar. 2 pounds of white sugar. 2 oranges. 1 pinch powdered cinnamon. 2 whites of egg. 2 quarts of water. fresh fruit. 1 cupful iced tea.

INSTRUCTIONS.—Squeeze the juice from four of the limes. Strain it into a jug with a lid, add a pound of sugar, the raspberry vinegar and the cinnamon. Cover the mixture and leave it on ice for two hours. Make the tea and ice it. Grate the rind and squeeze the juice of the other four limes. Boil the pound of sugar with the two quarts of water for twenty minutes, add the juice of the limes and the iced tea, let it get thoroughly cold and stir it into the first mixture.

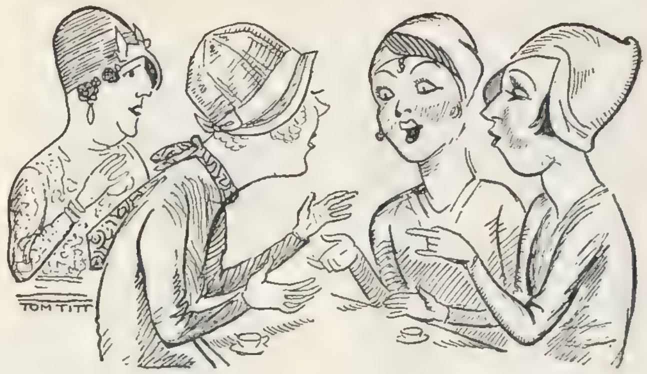
When ready to serve beat the two whites of eggs stiffly and stir them into the mixture. Put a block of ice in a punch-bowl and pour the sherbet slowly over it, adding a few cherries quarters of orange or any other fresh fruit for decoration.

# Strangers Within

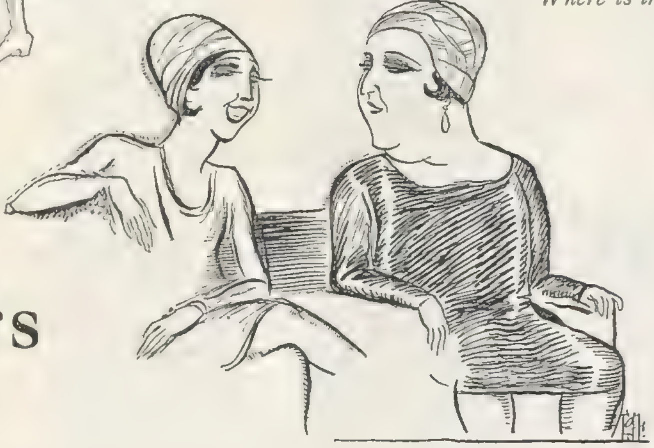
***"Tom Titt" and "Simple Simon" record their impressions of our Cosmopolitan Visitors.***



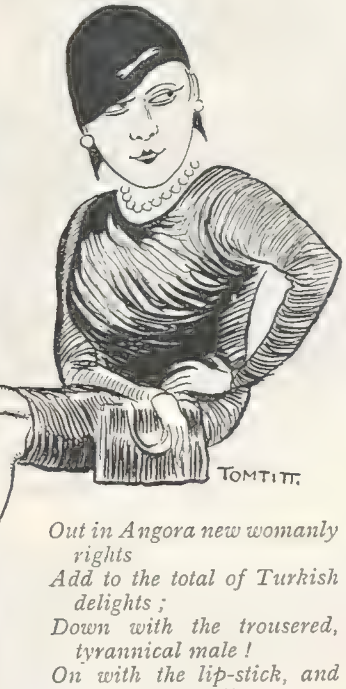
*See the homely Teuton*
*With travelling suit on;*
*He has crossed the water*
*Mit Frau and mit daughter.*



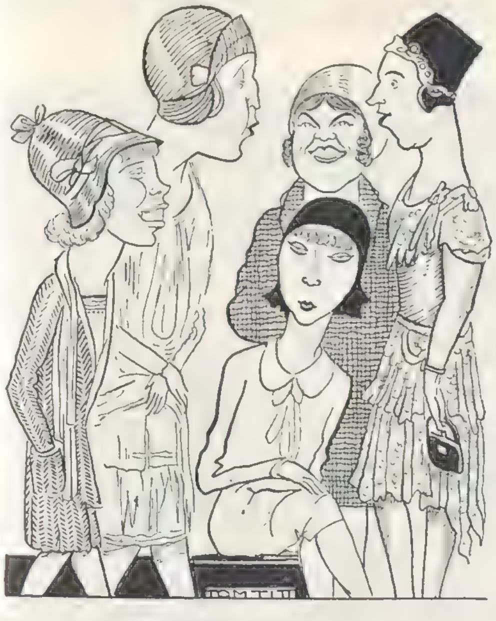
*Shall we talk French? I could, but I sha'n't—*
*"Avez vous vu le livre de ma tante?"*
*"No," is the answer, and, now we've begun,*
*"Where is the pen of the gardener's son?"*



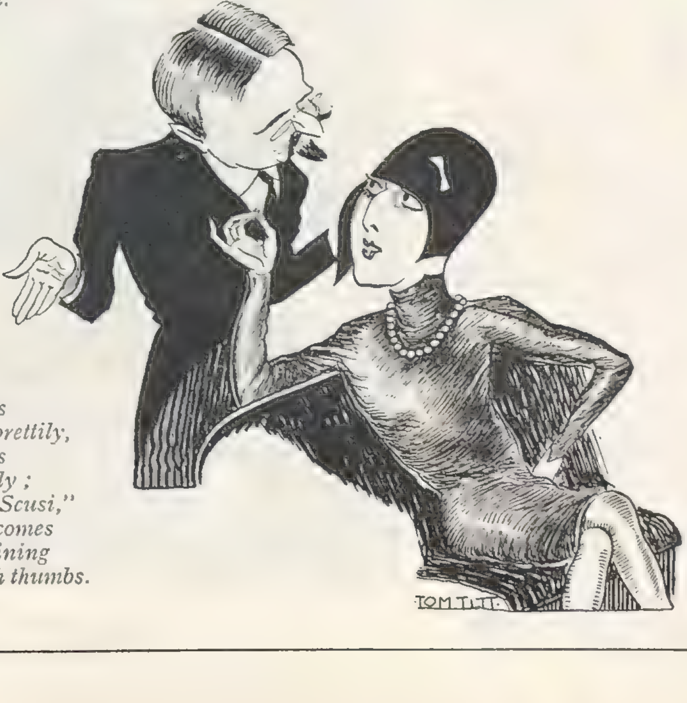
*English girls are Peter Pannish,*
*Long retaining youth's allure,*
*Other girls, to wit, the Spanish,*
*Rather rapidly mature;*
*Still, the ladies of that nation*
*Seem to need no consolation,*
*For, though slender contours vanish,*
*Spanish girls are always Spanish.*



*Out in Angora new womanly rights*
*Add to the total of Turkish delights;*
*Down with the trousered, tyrannical male!*
*On with the lip-stick, and off with the veil!*



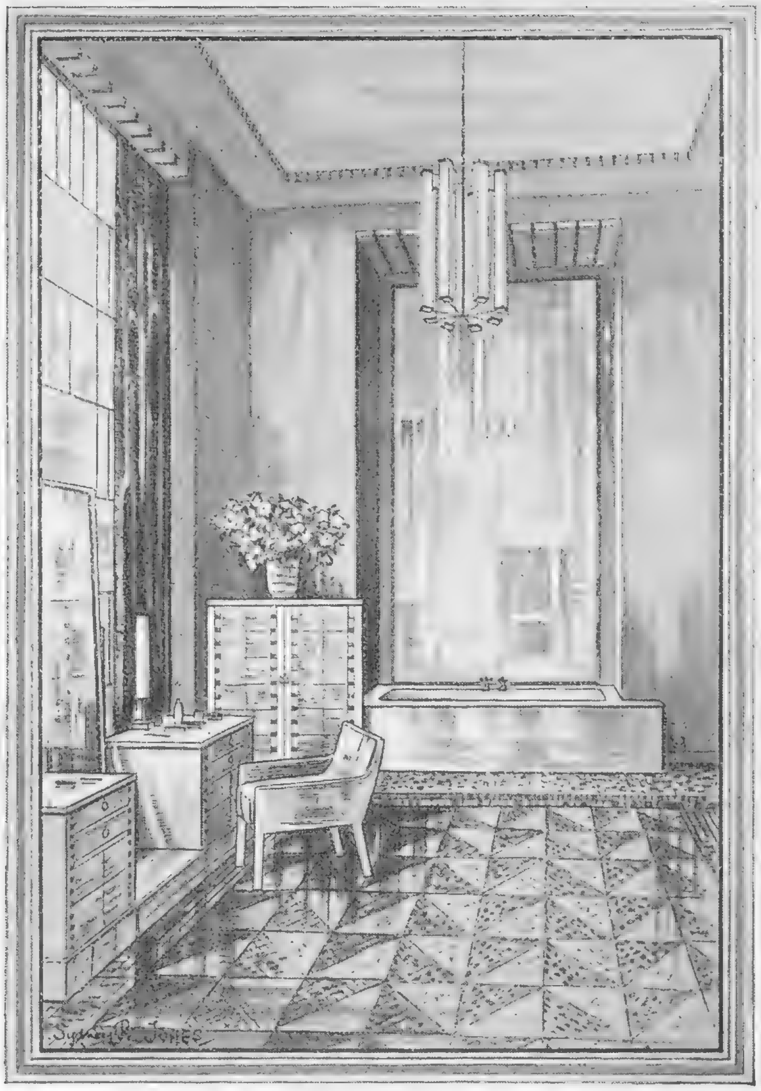
*Now, who are these pets?*
*Are some of them Letts,*
*Or Danish, or Dutch,*
*Or Swedish and such,*
*Or reared in the regions*
*Reserved for Norwegians?*
*Well, surely the bony'un*
*Looks an Esthonian—*
*Let guess-work diminish,*
*In other words, "Finn-ish."*



*Fluttering hands*
*Putting things prettily,*
*—Ev'ryone talks*
*Like that in Italy;*
*"Si si" and "Scusi,"*
*Such eloquence comes*
*Mainly from joining*
*Fore-fingers with thumbs.*

# Making the

*The bathroom is the one room in the house*
*lends itself very readily to all that is newest*



*A modern bath-dressing room de luxe, with low bath backed by a large mirror. The walls and ceiling are delicate green, and the mosaic floor is schemed in turquoise blue and green*

*Illustrations by*
*Sydney R. Jones*

THE expert modern decorator has every reason for rejoicing when someone commissions him to design a bathroom regardless of expense.

There are no traditions to hamper him; unless he chooses to be swayed by memories of the Roman Empire. He can command new and engaging materials for walls and floors, curtains, furniture and rugs. He can have the bath and the basin made in delicious colourings, arrange ingenious lighting and heating effects, and design a room which strikes the observer as the acme of luxury, or the perfection of austere design.

The ordinary individual, faced with a bathroom which is not all that could be desired in the way of comfort and elegance, is not so fortunate, but still capable of turning an indifferent and even ugly bathroom into something which is pleasant to enter and agreeable to use.

IN most of the bathrooms which have been in existence for some time the principal fault is the bath.

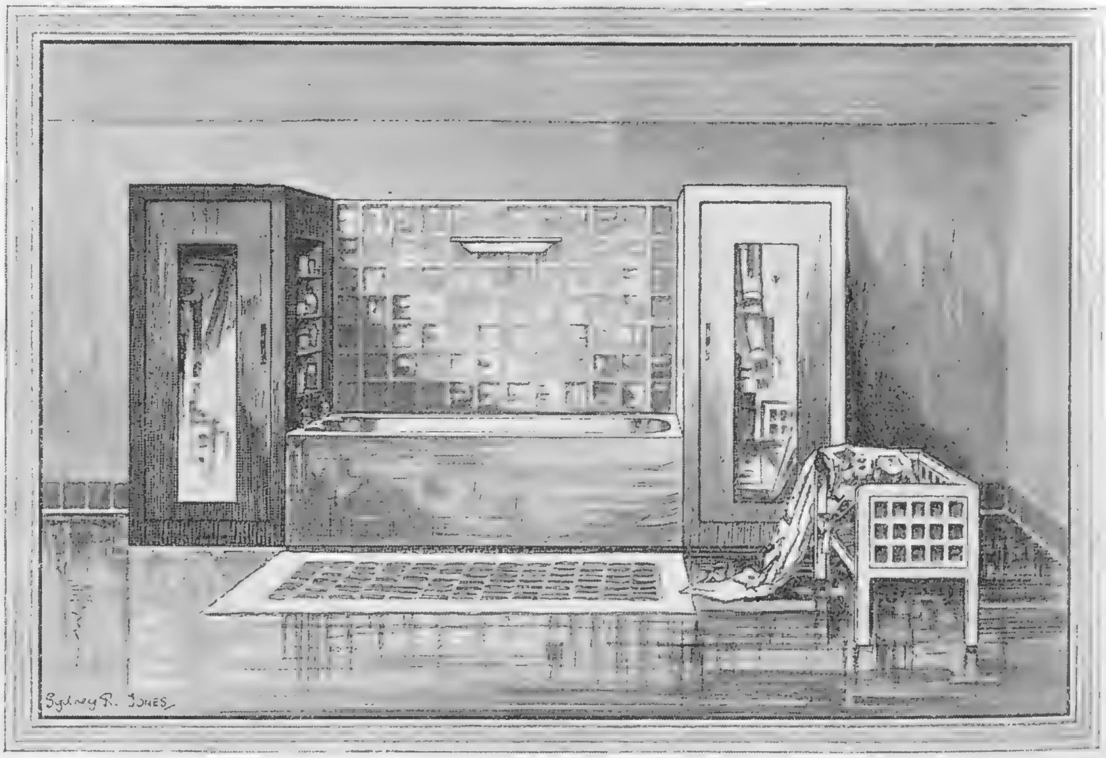
This is usually mounted on legs, and far too often placed quite close to a wall. The proximity of a wall is all to the good in the case of an enclosed bath, but all to the bad in the case of a bath which stands on legs, because it increases the already difficult problem of cleaning underneath the bath—a problem which so many maids seem to find quite insoluble.

The most desirable thing to do, therefore, is to turn the leggy and ungainly bath into a bath which is neatly and agreeably enclosed, without too great expense.

Two methods of doing so have already been mentioned in these pages. One is to enclose the exposed sides and ends of the bath with strips of marble, and the other, with three-ply, which is naturally far less costly than the marble. The three-ply (which should show no join for the full length of the bath) can be marbled, or covered with marbled paper and varnished, or painted with several coats of ordinary paint. The paint may have a final coat of varnish, if you will first make sure of the exact tone to which this will turn your paint, or be given a final coat of enamel.

A third method is to have the bath enclosed in "Defiant" porcelain enamel, which is made in several good colours, and provides an extraordinarily hard-wearing surface.

All these methods can be carried out in connection with quite inexpensive baths, but it is always advisable to consult a plumbing expert before the work is done, so that sufficient access to the pipes is arranged for.

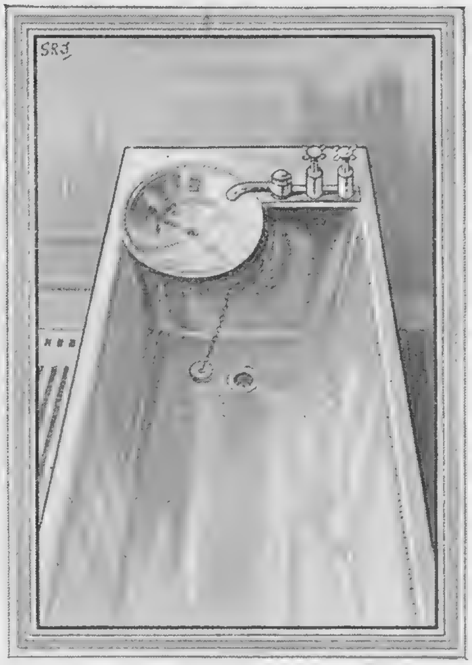


*It is sometimes possible to arrange an airing cupboard and shower bath in cupboards each side of the bath itself*

# BEST *of the* Bathroom

*which is unhampered by traditions, and therefore*
*and most ingenious in the way of decoration*

## *By* Elizabeth Ashley

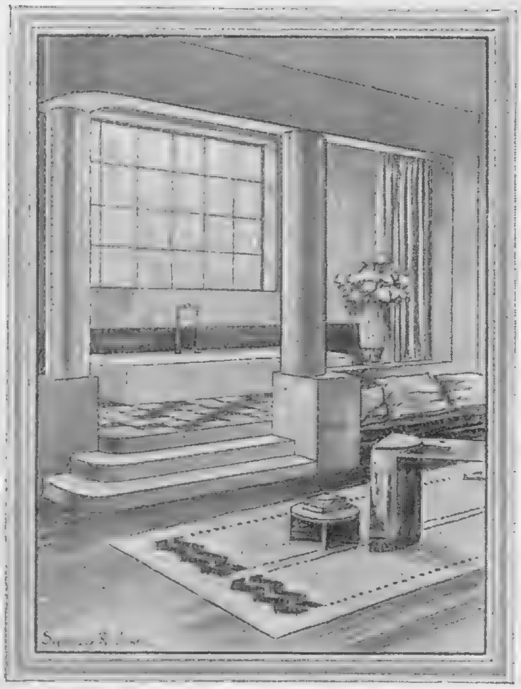


*The microscopic bathroom is well served by a bath complete with a basin fed by a swivel tap*

ONE type of bath which is extremely useful for the microscopic bathroom is made complete with a basin at one end. Both bath and basin are served by a large swivel tap fed by the hot and cold taps.

Paint is one of the best coverings for bathroom walls and ceilings, and this again need not be expensive if one has enough confidence to apply it oneself, and enough patience to give a sufficient number of coats, and to see that each one is thoroughly dry before applying the next.

When a new bath or basin is being installed it is possible to choose one of the lovely coloured porcelains in orange or sea-green, orchid, lavender or blue; but if both bath and basin are already in existence the colour charms of the bathroom must be produced by the walls, woodwork and curtains.



*A scheme for a very modern bathroom from the Continent, with steps leading to the bath from a lower lounge*

AMERICAN cloth in one of its many excellent colours has been used for bathroom curtains for some time, but remains a very sound choice because of its gaiety and capacity for hard wear. It is also effective for covering wooden shelves and lining bathroom cupboards, although shelves of black or white glass are obviously more attractive, when attainable.

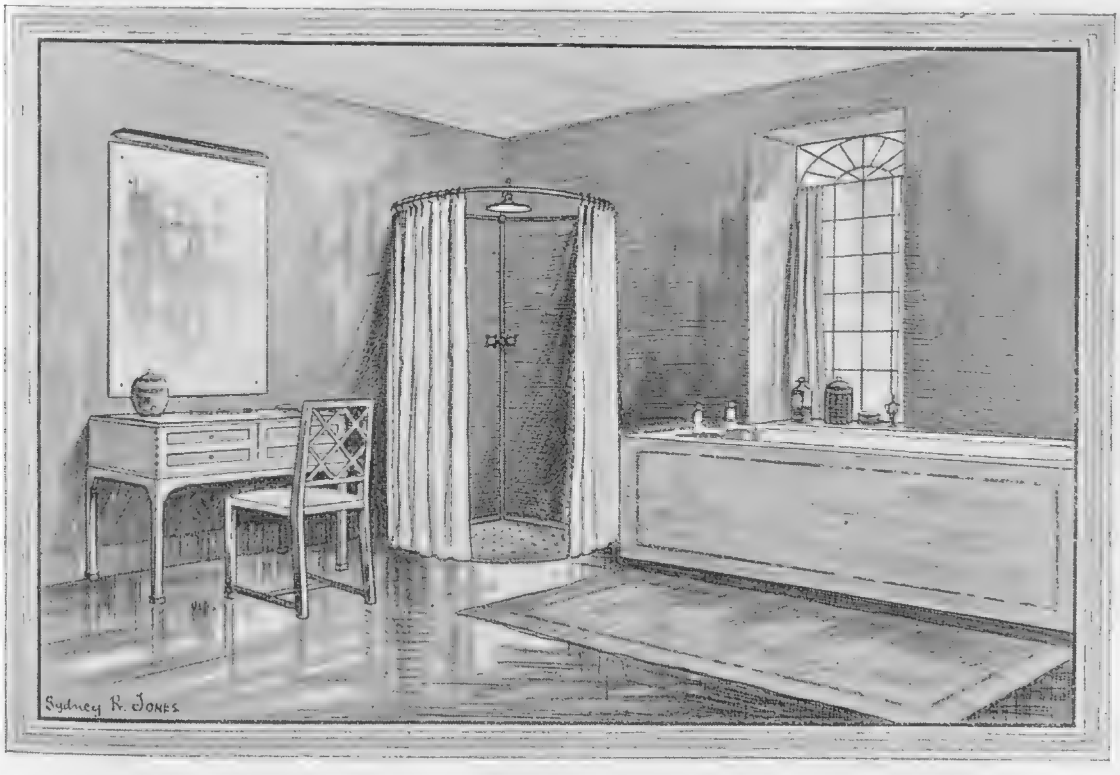
Oiled silk is newer, and entirely in keeping with the modern spirit in decoration, but needs to be supplemented by blinds or shutters for use at night, if the bathroom window is overlooked.

For a bathroom where a more delicate appearance is desired glazed chintz can be really charming, and especially effective for screening a glass door. But if the delights of a shower bath can be arranged for there is nothing to touch rubberised silk. This is also made in most attractive colours, and can be used for the windows as well.

HOT rails for towels, or small wall radiators which serve the same purpose, are invaluable, and easily arranged for where-ever there is a central heating system. The first are welcome in any bathroom except those which are sufficiently spacious to contain a roomy airing cupboard; the second in small bathrooms which cannot be heated in any other way.

Rubber flooring is one of the newest materials for bathroom use. This looks delightful, especially when highly polished, but is by no means inexpensive.

There are also various types of composition flooring without joints which are good for this purpose. They cost little if any more than linoleum, are much more durable, and are available in several colours.



*Rubberised silk in one of its many delicious colourings makes excellent curtains for shower bath and bathroom windows*

# America's

## The BIRTH of

*By Harold J.*

*Tom Mix's beautiful home is of the Spanish Renaissance type of architecture. It boasts of its outdoor swimming-pool and tennis court*

IT can be said of Beverly Hills, the residential quarters of the wealthy business men of Los Angeles and the magnates of the moving picture industry, that it is the most exclusive of cities.

It lies some nine miles from the heart of Los Angeles, just beyond Hollywood, on the southern slopes of the Santa Monica range in Southern California. Its situation is unique, overlooking the city of Los Angeles on the one side and the blue waters of the Pacific Ocean on the other. It has rightly earned fame for the bold and artistic manner in which it has been planned and for the architectural features of its beautiful homes.

As a city, it is exceedingly small, being only some 3,300 acres, or just under five square miles, in extent. It was only planned and subdivided some ten years ago. Previous to that its palm-lined avenue and palatial hom sites were nothin more than unattractive bean fields. Th population to-day i 17,000, but it is neve expected to excee 35,000.

BEVERLY HILLS i first and foremost garden city set upon th hills. The latter run up to 900 feet and more above sea level, from which points there are magnificent views of ocean and the surrounding country. There are over a hundred miles of tree-lined thoroughfares.

*The interior of a modern shop at Beverly Hills. One of the showrooms of the P. A. Be-Hannesy furniture and antique store*

*A quaint but picturesque old Colonial type of dwelling, the home of Claude Gillingwater, the English actor and writer*

*Many wealthy business men have homes at Beverly Hills. The classic residence of Mr. W. D. Longyear, of Los Angeles*

# most exclusive City

# BEVERLY HILLS

### Shepstone, *F.R.G.S.*

Standing well back from the spacious boulevards—set in grass lawns and flower beds—are the homes of the residents. They dot the hillsides like stepping stones to heaven. They embrace every variety of architecture, embodying ideals from every part of the globe, and herein lies their great charm. At the top of a high point stands the six-acre estate of the film director, Fred Niblo, and his wife of picture fame, Enid Bennett, a gorgeous Spanish house, with a roomy tennis court and a green-tiled swimming pool; then the quaint, white-framed American-type home of Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks, set in the midst of ten acres of lovely gardens and fruit trees; over there, the dignified English cottage, set in a sweeping terrace of lawns, the home of Corinne Griffiths. Nearby stands the Spanish Renaissance home of Tom Mix. Then we have the ld-fashioned home of Will Rogers, the x-Mayor of Beverly Hills, with its three cres of terraced rounds. It boasts its riding ring, stables, swimming pool and tennis court. Other film stars who have homes here include Harold Lloyd, Gloria Swanson, Charles Ray, Pauline Frederick, Jack Warner, Conrad Nagel, Leatrice Joy, Wallace Beery, Eleanor Boardman, Charles Chaplin, Buster Keaton, Monte Blue, and many others.

*Beverly Hills possesses the most novel and attractive shops of any city. The showrooms of the furniture stores display many treasures*

*A film director's residence. The home of Fred Niblo on one of the city's hill-tops*

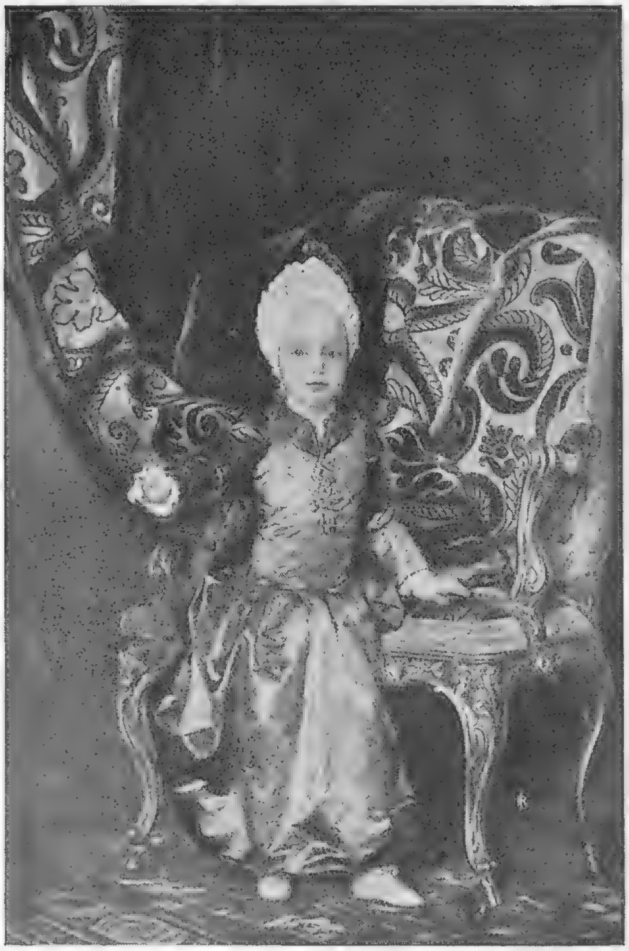
BEAUTIFUL parks, with semi-tropical vegetation and flowers, border the main boulevards, and no thoroughfares and public gardens are kept so clean and so clear as those of Beverly Hills. Sign-boards are restricted as to size and number commensurate with business requirements. The business district is a small restricted area, but possessing every needed shop. One can drive to any number of the most desirable clubs in a few minutes, and a quarter of an hour will carry you to the shores of the Pacific.

*Many of the magnificent residences of Beverly Hills boast of their outdoor swimming pools and tennis courts. Here is the pool in Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks' beautiful grounds*

*One of the "modest" homes of Beverly Hills. With their lawns and gardens the dwellings are decidedly attractive. The city collects all grass clippings and weeds*

# Children *as*

*Artists have viewed child*
*had divergent ideas as to*

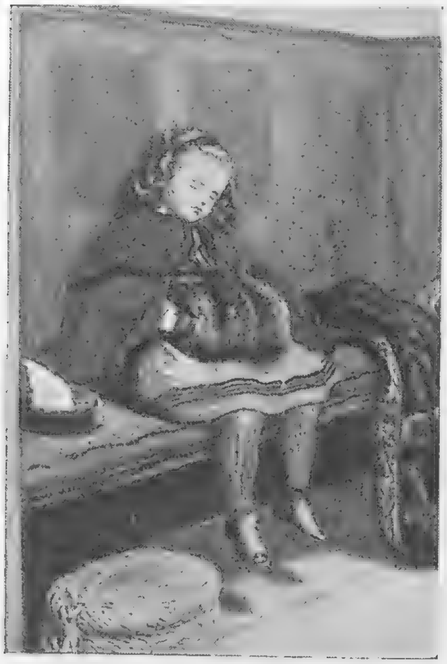


"THE ARCHDUKE FRANCIS OF SPAIN," by Raphael Mengs, in Madrid

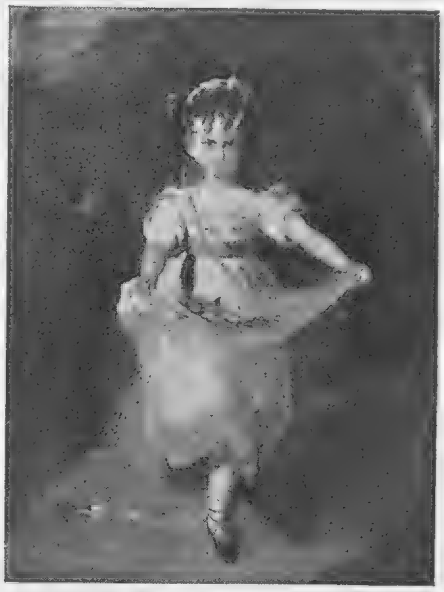
MOST fond parents would like to have portraits painted of their children; those who are rich enough frequently do so; but very few child portraits satisfy the parents because, of course, the artists have their own vision of the children and cannot see them through the parents' eyes.

ALL the most famous English portrait painters, led by Reynolds himself, have left portraits of children. Sir Joshua's child pictures are of two kinds—first, commissioned portraits, and second, pictures of children done in the studio from child-models.

When Reynolds had to paint a little boy, heir to great estates, he took care to make him look a little swell—and often he looks more a little swell than a little boy. His portrait of the little Duke of Gloucester in a grand Van Dyck suit and top-boots, which hangs in Middle Temple Hall, is an example; another is "John Charles Viscount Althorp," where the viscount, aged four, in a white suit, stands in the attitude of a peer making a speech in the House of Lords, with his left hand thrust into his blue sash instead of his waistcoat pocket.



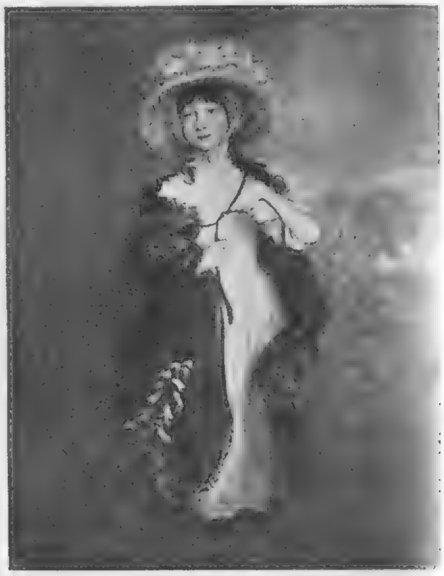
*WANING ENTHUSIASM for the preacher is depicted in Sir John Millais's "My Second Sermon," which is a sequel to "My First Sermon"*



"MISS MURRAY AS A CHILD," by Sir Thomas Lawrence, may be seen at Ken Wood

But when Reynolds painted ordinary children in his studio he was less magnificent and more human. His attitude towards them has been described as avuncular, and the description is good, because he did indeed look at them with the rather whimsical eyes of a bachelor uncle who enjoys playing with the children for ten minutes, who sticks his hat on their head, or makes them ill with too many strawberries, to amuse himself and the children without responsibility of any kind. "The Mob Cap," from Lord D'Abernon's collection, that was sold recently at Christie's, is a good example of this avuncular approach.

GAINSBOROUGH'S "Blue Boy"—now, alas! in America—depicts a boy a little too old to be included in the category of children, but the sitter for his "Master Heathcote" (the picture sold in the Michelham sale for £46,000) was about four or five, and the enchanting little "Miss Haverfield" in the Wallace Collection was about the same age Gainsborough painted "Master Heathcote" as a doll-like figure, but "Miss Haverfield" is a real little "grown-up" in a Sunday hat and black silk cape "just like Mamma's."



*'MISS HAVERFIELD,' a delightful child study by Gainsborough which is in the Wallace collection*

The extreme delicacy of Gainsborough's artistic vision is admirably seen in this great picture, and the same quality can be seen in all the children in the National Gallery group of the Baillie family which all French artists especially admire. "Miss Haverfield" was sold by the Haverfield family seventy years ago at Christie's for £756; to-day it is worth at least £100,000.

REYNOLDS, thinking of amber-glazed "Old Masters," painted the flesh of his children a pale ivory; Gainsborough seized on the exquisite transparency of children's skin with its opal tints; Lawrence, painter of the celebrated "Pinkie," and of "Miss Murray as a Child," now at Ken Wood, delighted in

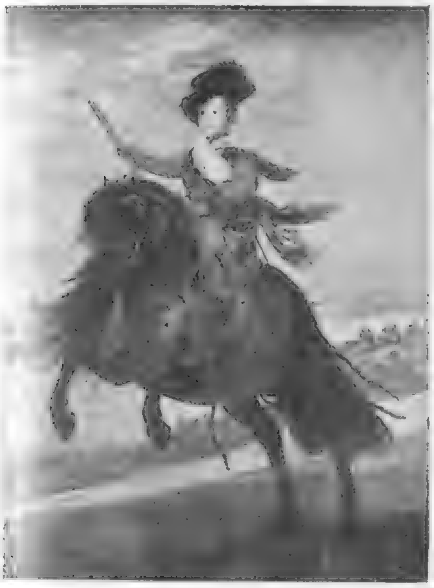
# Artists *see* them

*studies from different angles and have*
*how their subjects should be treated*

### *By R. H. Wilenski, the well-known Art Critic*

the rosy cheeks, the cherry lips and clear blue eyes of children romping in the open air.

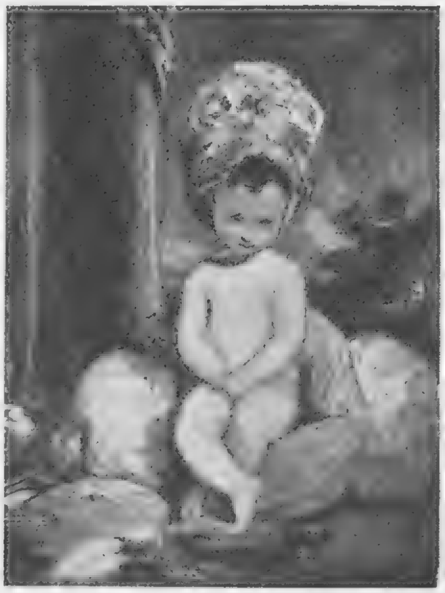
Millais also delighted in pink cheeks; but in his later non-pre-Raphaelite days he combined this with a story-telling interest which gives his pictures of children a very wide appeal. Two typical examples are "My First Sermon" and "My Second Sermon," now in the Guildhall Gallery. The first, it will be remembered, shows a quaint little Victorian girl listening wide-eyed to a sermon which she cannot understand, but which intrigues her as a new experience. The second shows the same little girl at her second sermon—fast asleep.



*"PRINCE DON BALTHASAR CARLOS," by Velasquez*

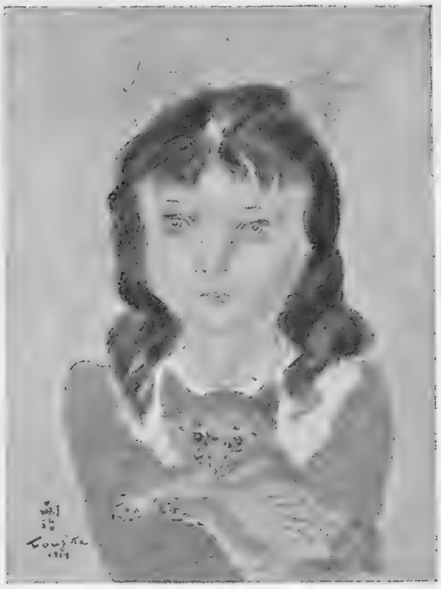
THE French artists of the eighteenth century were fond of adorning their decorative pictures with little naked Cupids flying in the air in the Italian baroque tradition. But in the last years of the century, after the Revolution had thrown the rococo style out of fashion, Fragonard painted "The Schoolmistress," where his own baby boy Alexandre is being put through his alphabet by his mother while other infant students peep round the blackboard.

The next child portraits that come to my mind are two delightful studies of little princes in the Prado Gallery in Madrid. The first is "The Archduke Francis of Spain," by Raphael Mengs, and the second, "Prince Don Balthasar Carlos," by Velasquez. The Mengs picture, which I reproduce herewith, is little known to the general public because Mengs himself is now almost forgotten.



*"THE MOB CAP," by Sir Joshua Reynolds, recently sold at Christie's*

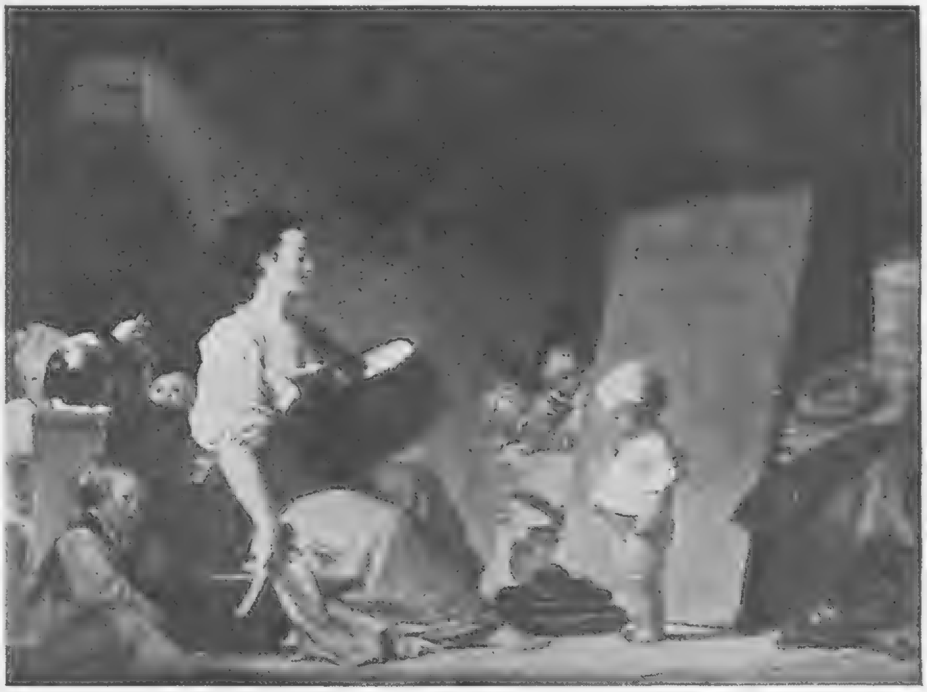
MENGS was a German artist born in Bohemia exactly two hundred years ago. He acquired an international reputation for large classical compositions and portraits, and was summoned to the Spanish Court by Carlos III. The King liked this picture so much that he hung it in a private room where he was accustomed to take his siesta.



*A JAPANESE IMPRESSION OF YOUTH—"Girl and Kitten," by Foujita*

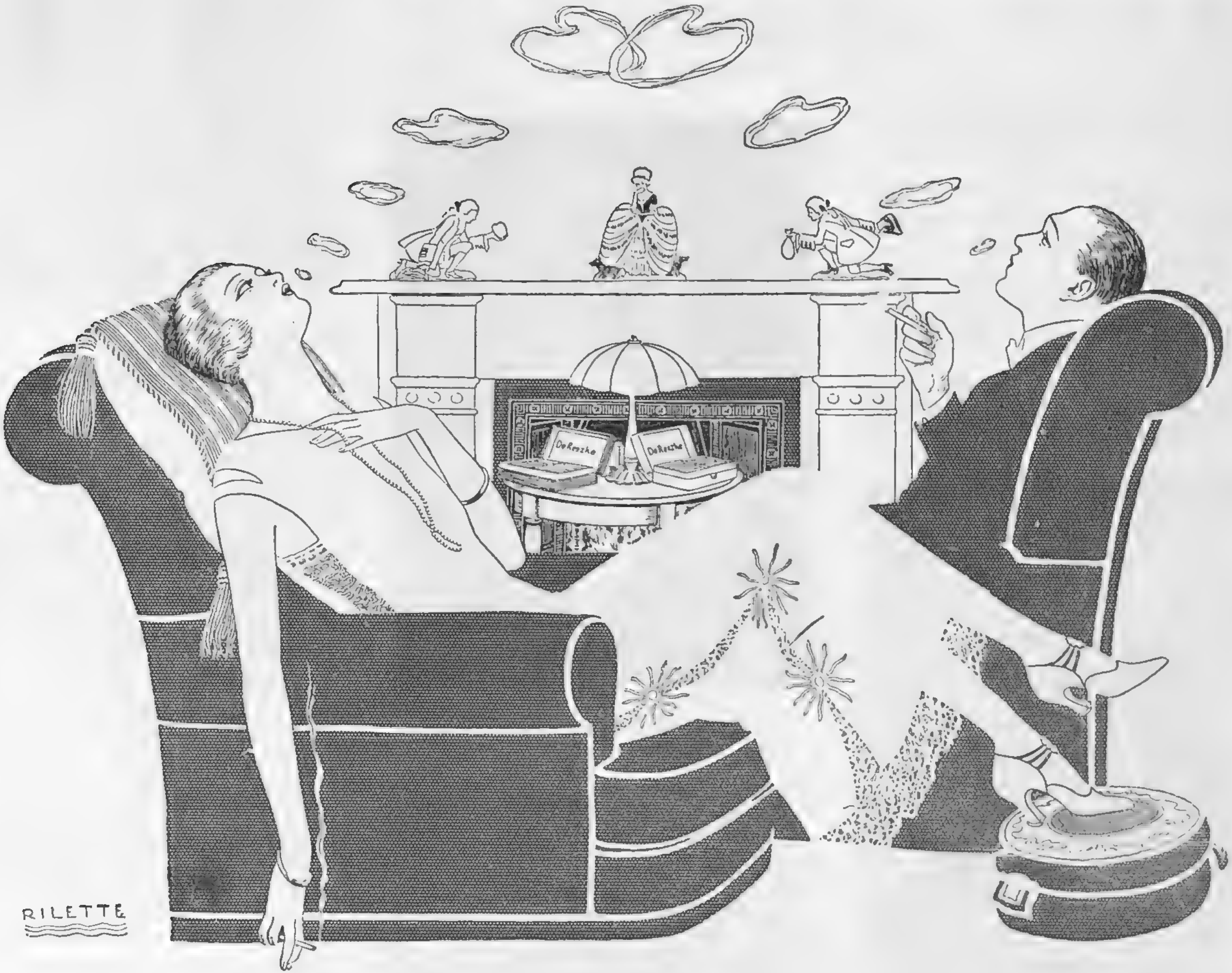
Don Balthasar Carlos, the six-year old son of Philip IV, whom Velasquez painted on his charger, was born three hundred years ago and died at the age of seventeen. In the picture he wears a pink scarf that flutters against the sky, and he gallops off with his marshal's baton in his hand—but all the time he keeps one eye on the painter, in childish wonder at what this operation of being painted is really all about.

This is certainly one of the finest pictures that Velasquez painted, though the several portraits that he painted of Don Balthasar's sister, the Infanta Dona Margarita Maria—including the famous group of the Infanta with her Maids of Honour—must also rank among the greatest pictures of children that any artist has yet produced.



*FRAGONARD'S own child is seen being put through his paces in "The Schoolmistress"*

# And they lived happily ever after!



*From a 1919 De Reszke advertisement*

They have three children now, and a Rolls-Cowley saloon, and she says she can't imagine what he could have seen in her when she wore those ridiculous clothes of ten years ago. He doesn't agree on that, but they are quite agreed about De Reszke cigarettes. They smoked them then, and they smoke them now, and the cigarettes at least have not altered. They are still the fine aristocrats they were, the only difference being that, thanks to their ever-growing sales, they can now be bought at the popular price of 10 for 6d.

## DE RESZKE *Virginias*

*'Ivory'-tipped or plain* **10 for 6d.** *Twenty for one shilling*

J. MILLHOFF AND CO. LTD., 86 PICCADILLY, LONDON, W.1

# Through *the* Jungle: *by* W. Somerset Maugham

(*Continued from page 44*)

under it, and it was really as strong as could be desired.

Within a few feet was a rushing mountain stream (I had crossed it half a dozen times during the day either by a ford or a rickety bridge), and its banks were thickly grown with trees. In front was a little open space where cattle grazed, and the view was shut in by a green hill. It was an enchanting spot.

ONE day, the letter sent on ahead to arrange accommodation having been received but that morning, on arriving at the end of the stage I found the villagers, gathered from a village some miles off, for this was in the middle of the jungle, still busy with the construction of my house. It was, of course, very curious to watch the speed and deftness with which with their rude knives they cut and split the bamboos in order to make the floor, the ingenuity with which they fitted the rafters, and the neatness with which they thatched the roof; but it did not interest me.

I was tired and hungry; I wanted a cook-house so that my dinner could be prepared, and I wanted a place for my bed, so that I could lie down and rest. I lost my temper and my common sense. I sent for the Sawbwa's official and abused him roundly for his slackness. I vowed I would send him back to his master, and threatened him with every sort of punishment my angry imagination could devise. I would not listen to his excuses. I stamped and raved. Now no one had ever troubled in my life before to treat me with such consideration, and though I have travelled much in out-of-the-way parts of the world, I have had to shift for myself and lodge at haphazard wherever I could find a lodging.

I have slept quite happily for seven days in an open rowing boat, and in South Sea islands shared a native hut open to the wind and rain with a family of Kanakas. No one had even thought of building a house for me, and in the middle of the jungle besides, and it was an attention to which I had no right. The moral is that even the most sensible person can very easily get above himself: grant him certain privileges, and before you know where you are he will claim them as his inalienable right; lend him a little authority and he will play the tyrant. Give a fool a uniform and sew a tab or two on his tunic and he thinks that his word is law.

IN reading the books of explorers I have been very much struck by the fact that they never tell you what they eat and drink unless they are driven to extremities and shoot a deer or a buffalo, which replenishes their larder when they have drawn in their belts to the last hole, or are so much in want of water that their pack animals are dying, and it is only by the merest chance that, at the very last moment, they come across a well, or by the exercise of the most ingenious ratiocination hit upon a spot where in the evening and the distance they see a shining which tells them that after a few more weary miles they will find ice to quench their thirst.

I keep a pleasant place in my memory for the Durwan of a bungalow on the way to Keng Tung who brought me, with obsequious gestures, a lordly dish covered with a napkin, removing which, he craved my acceptance of two large cabbages. I had eaten no green vegetables for a fortnight, and they tasted to me more delicious than peas fresh from a Surrey garden or young asparagus from Argenteuil. It is a charming sight and wonderfully exalting to the soul, when you ride wearily into a village, to come upon a duck-pond on which are swimming fat ducks, unconscious of the fact that next day one of them—the fattest, the youngest, the most tender—with baked potatoes and abundant gravy, is destined (who can escape his fate ?) to make you a succulent dinner.

Later in the afternoon, just before the sun is setting, you take an easy stroll, and a little way from the compound you catch sight of two green pigeons flying about the trees. They run along the pathway, seeming playfully to chase each other; they are tame and friendly, and unless you have a heart of stone you cannot but be moved by the sight of them. You reflect on the innocence and bliss of their lives. How good they are—fat, succulent and juicy—when Rang-Lal, the Gurkha, brings them roasted to a turn for your breakfast next morning!

MY cook was a Telegu, a man of mature age; his face, of a dark mahogany, was thin, ravaged and lined, and his thick hair was dully streaked with silver. He was very lean—a tall, saturnine creature of a striking appearance in his white turban and white tunic. He walked with long strides and a swinging step, covering the twelve to fourteen miles of the day's march without fatigue or effort. It startled me at first to see this bearded and dignified person nimbly shin up a tree in the compound and shake down the fruit he needed for some sauce.

Like many another artist, his personality was more interesting than his work; his cooking was neither good nor varied; one day he gave me trifle for my dinner and the next cabinet pudding; they are the staple sweets of the East, and as one sees them appear on table after table, made by a Japanese at Kyoto, a Chinese at Amoy, a Malay at Alor Star, or a Madrassi at Mulmein, one's sympathetic heart feels a pang at the thought of the drab lives of those English ladies in country vicarages or seaside villas with the retired Colonel their father, who introduced them to the immemorial East.

My own knowledge of these matters is small, but I made so bold as to teach my Telegu how to make a corned beef hash. I trusted that after he left me he would pass on the precious recipe to other cooks, and that eventually one more dish would be added to the scanty repertory of Anglo-Eastern cuisine. I should be a benefactor of my species.

IT had occurred to me that the cook-house was very disorderly and none too clean, but in these matters it is unwise to be squeamish; when you think of all the disagreeable things that go on in your inside it seems absurd to be too particular about the way in which is prepared what you put into it. It must be accepted that from a kitchen that is neat and shining like a new pin you do not often get food that is very good to eat. But I was taken aback when Rang-Lal came to me with complaints that the Telegu was so dirty that no one could eat what he prepared.

I went into the cook-house again and saw for myself; it was impossible not to notice also that my cook was very much the worse for liquor. I was told then that he was often so drunk that Rang-Lal had to do the cooking himself. We were a fortnight's journey from any place where I might have replaced him, so I contented myself with such vituperation (not very effective, since it had to be translated into Burmese, which he understood but little) as I was master of. I think the most biting thing I said was that a drunken cook should at least be a good one, but he merely looked at me with large mournful eyes. He did not wince.

At Keng Tung he went on a terrific spree, and did not appear for three days; I looked about for someone to take his place, for I had four weeks' journey ahead of me before I could reach the rail-head in Siam, but there was no one to be found, so when he reappeared, very sorry for himself and woebegone, I assumed the part of one who is cut to the quick, but magnanimous. I forgave him, and he promised that for the rest of the journey he would abstain. One should be tolerant of the vices of others.

NOW, passing through the villages, I had often seen little pigs scurrying about the posts on which the houses were built, and about a week after I left Keng Tung it occurred to me that a sucking-pig would make a pleasant change to my daily fare, so I gave instructions to buy one at the next opportunity, and one day on arriving at the bungalow I was shown a little black pig lying at the bottom of a basket. It did not look more than a week old. For a few days it was carried in its basket from stage to stage by a young Chinese boy I had engaged at Keng Tung to help my drunken cook, and the boy and Rang-Lal played with it. It was a pet. I meant to keep it for a special occasion, and often, as I rode along, I indulged in a pleasing reverie on the excellent dinner it would make; I could not hope for apple sauce, but my mouth watered at the thought of the crackling, and I told myself that the flesh would be sweet and tender.

Anxiously I asked the Telegu if he was quite certain he knew how to cook it. He swore by the heads of all his ancestors that there was nothing about roasting a pig that he did not know. Then I halted for a day to give the mules and the men a rest, and I ordered the sucking-pig to be killed. But when it came to the table (how vain are human hopes!) there was no crackling, there was no white tender meat; it was just a brown, sloppy, stinking mess; it was uneatable.

For a moment I was dismayed. I sent for the cook. Presently he came, supported on one side by Rang-Lal, and on the other by Kyuzaw, my interpreter. When they let go of him he swayed slowly from side to side like a schooner at anchor in a swell.

(*Continued on page 90*)

"He's drunk," I said.

"He's as drunk as a lord," answered Kyuzaw, who had been to the rajahs' school at Taunggyi, and knew many a racy English idiom.

The Telegu looked at me and I looked at the Telegu. There was no understanding in his large lustrous eyes.

"Take him away," I said. "Give him his wages in the morning and tell him to get out."

"Very good, sir," said Kyuzaw. "I think that's best."

NEXT morning, while I was having my breakfast on my verandah Kyuzaw came in to ask for the day's instructions and to gossip. The bungalow was on the edge of a considerable village. And there was more life and movement than you see generally in the Shan villages. The day before when I arrived, perhaps a little before I was expected, the women wore nothing but their lungyis, drawn up just to cover their breasts, and the upper part of their bodies was naked, but to-day, I fear in deference to the importance they were good enough to ascribe to me, they wore little bodices and were less pleasing of aspect. Suddenly the cook appeared in front of the bungalow. He had a bundle on his shoulder, and this he put down on the ground by his side. He gave me a deep and solemn bow, then quickly took up his bundle, turned round and walked off.

"I gave him his wages and money for his keep," said Kyuzaw.

"Is he going?" I asked.

"Yes, sir. You said he was to go the first thing this morning. He cooked your breakfast and now he is going."

I did not say anything. There was something immeasurably pathetic, nay tragic even, in the sight of that old man stepping out thus into the unknown. In his lagging gait I seemed to read the despair of one who had been beaten by life. I suppose that Kyuzaw saw my uneasiness, for, with his frank and tolerant smile, he said:

"You were very patient with him, sir. I would have sent him away long ago."

"Was he upset when you told him?"

"Oh, no, sir. He knew he deserved it. He is not a bad man, a thief, drunken and very dirty, but that is all. He will find another place when he gets back to Taunggyi."

THE uneventful days followed one another like the rhymed couplets of a didactic poem. The country was sparsely inhabited. On the road we met no one but once or twice a little band of Kaws, and now and then we saw their villages perched on the side of a hill. The stages were long, and when we arrived at the end of the day's journey we were exhausted. There was no road, but only a narrow pathway, and where it ran under the trees it was thick with mud, and the ponies stumbled through it splashing; sometimes it came up to their knees, and it was impossible to go at more than a snail's pace. It was hard work and dreary. We went up and down low hills, winding in and out by the side of the river, and this, which at first was but a narrow stream that one could ford easily, grew day by day into a broad and rushing torrent. The last time we forded it, it was deep enough to come up to the bellies of the ponies. Then it became a great flow of water, tumultuous in places where it dashed over rocks, and then flowing calm and swift. We crossed it then on a bamboo raft attached to each bank by a bamboo rope and pulled ourselves over. Most of the tropical rivers that the traveller sees are very wide, but this one, overhung with an immense luxuriance of vegetation, was as narrow as the Wey. But you could never have mistaken it for an English river, it had none of the sunny calm of our English streams, nor their smiling nonchalance; it was dark and tragic, and its flow had the sinister intensity of the unbridled lusts of man.

At last we reached the end of the jungle, and the track, though uneven and bad, was wide enough for a bullock-cart. From my rest-house there was a broad view of the paddy fields and the hills in the distance were blue. Though they were the same hills that I had been crossing for I do not know how many days, they had now a strangely romantic air. In their depths was magic. It was surprising to find what a difference it made to one's spirits to be once more in the open country.

Then we came to a large and prosperous village, called Hawng Luk, with a spacious and well-built rest-house, and this was the last place we stayed at before reaching Siam. The hills in front of us were Siamese hills. I think we all had a feeling of elation as we approached the frontier. We passed through a trim little village (as we neared Siam the villages, touched by the greater civilisation of the country we were entering, seemed more prosperous) over a quaint covered bridge, and then came to a small, sluggish stream. This was the boundary. We forded it and were in Siam.

WE came to a wood of young teak trees, and rode through this till we reached the village at which I had arranged to pass the night. Here there was a police post, neat and trim, with flowers in the garden; the sergeant in charge, notwithstanding his khaki uniform, and the tidy little soldiers under him, somewhat flustered at the sight of a white man and such an imposing retinue, telling us that there was no rest-house, directed us to the monastery. It was about a quarter of a mile from the main road, and I rode up to it through the rice fields.

It was a very poor little monastery, consisting only of a sort of barn of sun-baked bricks in which were the images and a wooden bungalow in which lived the monks and their pupils. Here my bed was set up, and my camp equipment, in the temple itself, with the images looking down on me. It caused no scandal to the monks or the novices. They scanned my possessions with eager interest, they watched me eat as the crowd watches the wild beasts eat at the Zoo, and in the evening they stood round me with wondering eyes when I played patience.

At eight, the novices said their prayers in a sing-song monotonous tone, some of them smoking cheroots the while, and then I was left alone for the night. There was no door to the temple and the blue night entered, and images on their tables shone dimly. The floor was clean, swept by women to acquire merit, but there were thousands of ants, attracted, I suppose, by the rice brought in offering by the devout, and they made sleep difficult. After a while I gave it up as a bad job and got up. I went to the doorway and looked out at the night. The air was balmy. I saw someone moving about and presently discovered that it was Kyuzaw. He also could not sleep.

I offered him a cheroot and we sat down on the steps of the temple. He was a trifle contemptuous of this Siamese Buddhism. The monks did not go out with their begging bowls, it appeared, as the Blessed One had directed, but the faithful brought their rice and food to the monastery. Kyuzaw, like most Shans, had at one time been a novice, and he told me, not without complacency, that he had never failed to go out with the begging bowl. He gave a little chuckle.

"I always went to my own house first and got a well-cooked meal put in the bottom of my bowl. I covered it with a leaf and went on my round till the bowl was filled. Then I went back to the monastery, threw away to the dogs all that was above the leaf and ate my own good dinner."

I asked him if he liked the life. He shrugged his shoulders.

"There was nothing to do," he said. "We did about two hours' work in the morning, and there were prayers at night, but all the rest of the day nothing. I was glad when the time came for me to go home again."

I INVEIGLED him to speak of transmigration.

"There was a man in a village near my home who remembered his old life. He had been dead eighteen years, and he came to the village and he recognized his wife, and he told her where they used to keep their money, and he reminded her of things that she had long forgotten. He went into the house and said that one of the pots had been mended in such a way, and they looked at it and it had been mended in the way he said. The woman cried, and all the neighbours were amazed, and people came to see him from all over the country. They wrote about it in the paper. They asked him questions and to every question he had an answer. He knew everything that had happened in the village during his previous existence and the people remembered that what he said was true. But it did not end well."

"Why, what happened?" I asked.

"Well, his sons were grown up, and they had divided the land and the buffaloes. They did not want to give everything back again. They said he had had his time and now it was their turn. He said he would go to law, and the mother said she would testify that what he said was true. You see, sir, she liked to have a fine young husband again, but the sons did not want to have a fine young father, so they took him aside, and said that if he did not go away they would beat him till he died, so he took the money that was in the house and everything he could lay hands on and went away."

"Did he take his wife, too?"

"No, he did not take her. He did not tell her he was going. He just went away. She was very sorry. And, of course, she had nothing any more."

WE talked till we had finished our cheroots, and then Kyuzaw got me some paraffin, and we put it on the

(*Continued on page* 146)

*"LIFE is so short, and life is so full of wonderful things, that moments become golden.*

*The method you follow must be swift, and Pond's four simple steps—once they become part of your regular routine—take practically no time at all.*

*And yet they do their work perfectly."*

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Madge Elliott

*Leading Lady in "Love Lies" at the Gaiety Theatre.*

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Hermione Baddeley.

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THE STAGE

# Plays *and* Players:

By

DIANA BOURBON

## *This thing called charm: An unprofitable speculation*

Sasha

*GRACIE FIELDS, the inimitable, sits for an unconventional portrait. She is making all London laugh with her songs and broad humour in "The Show's the Thing"*

LYNN Fontanne or "Caprice"? Which is it that (with the wholly admirable assistance of Alfred Lunt) has been packing the St. James's?

We have nearly lost the habit of going to see the performer regardless of the play; how often the performer "puts the play over" we are likely to forget. But stop and think a moment—what would become of this airy, amusing, sophisticated little trifle bereft of its first class company and their superb production? (For that matter what would "By Candle Light"—a similar bubble of froth, also of South European provenance—have been minus Yvonne Arnaud and Ronnie Squire?

No. "Caprice" without the accomplished English comedienne, who had to emigrate to America to win England's grudging recognition, is unthinkable. Speaking as one who has seen the comedienne repeatedly on the far side of the famous "duck pond"—I can assure everybody that Miss Fontanne is more than thinkable without "Caprice."

Lynn Fontanne always sets one wondering what charm is. In this play, as in every play in which I have been lucky enough to see her, she is perfectly detestable, yet she exudes it! (For all I know, she may be perfectly detestable off the stage as well as on—it is a point not to be profitably pursued.) She is not at all good looking. She has a lot of mannerisms, and a curious voice. Yet—she is wholly adorable . . . What is it that makes us smile when she smiles, however much we may be busy hating her? and gives us perfect understanding of the Viennese lawyer who adores being made wretched by her?

What is it, in other words, that makes us so enjoy "Caprice"?

THE same week that brought this American Englishwoman back to the conquest of her native land gave us another exercise in the same problem, for London received its nearly annual Guitry visit.

There is a point beyond which accomplished acting is no asset to a playwright, and the Guitrys are still busy proving it. Like too much money and education to a rich man's son, it is apt simply to remove all stimulus to achievement. The acting of his family was always Sacha's worst handicap. It still is. If only they were a little less accomplished how much better plays he would have to write!

. . . And the theatre would be the gainer, because, as he proved in bits of this year's "Mariette," and in bits of everything he ever offers us, if it came to the point, and he really had to—he *could*!

I WONDER if Lynn Fontanne's charm will ever have the same nefarious effect? On us it already has. What she does, what Yvonne Printemps does, we are indisposed to criticise. Its ingredients are apparently much the same.

Strange to realise, that on the other side of the picture, charm has been the bane of one of our most accomplished actors' life. Owen Nares' curly hair, blue eyes, and profile—things no man can help, after all—plus the undefinable something that exalts a Guitry to the skies, always prevent his being taken quite seriously, no matter what he does.

It prevented his being taken seriously even in musical comedy this summer; no great loss, for "Hold Everything" is a poor show. . . . Not up to Palace tradition by a long way. It wanted a girl with a voice in the leading rôle for one thing (a Lilian Davies or an Edith Day) to put over two fine numbers that are simply wasted. Is that why they got Dorothy Dickson, who can dance and that's all? And it could do with a funny comedian—though I am probably prejudiced where Mr. George Gee is concerned. To me, his humour is abysmal. Somebody must like it—though I have never been able to find out who.

THE depression he induces in me has been capped, too, by our most distinguished dramatist. For Mr. Galsworthy this summer has served up "Exiled," a play that, starting up several dozen excellent political, ethical, and sociological hares, lacks form, and fails to deal either conclusively or dramatically with any of them. This is sad news, for "Exiled" had been long and eagerly awaited.

In the event, its long and almost *too* just exposition of two sides of most of the problems of the day, served two good purposes. It reintroduced to the theatre a delightful comedy actress whose "exile" in politics has been over long—Mabel Russell. And it finally exploded the inexplicable superstition that J. H. Roberts is a superb actor.

In the right part, Mr. Roberts has a certain slow charm, and a decided technical skill. This wasn't the right part. And I for one am unable to make out why Mr. Galsworthy's humanitarian man-tamer should have been played as a ladylike curate.

Mabel Rooey

*BOBBY HOWES is as modest and charming off the stage as he is in "Mr. Cinders." Few comedians have risen to fame so quickly. Mr. Howes is seen with his son Peter, to whom he is devoted*

Henry Victor
Carl Brisson
John Stuart
Estelle Brody

# "*The* Movie Finger *writes . . .*"

*A peep behind the Screens; Breakfast and tea with stars; British film actors and actresses vote for—TALKIES*

By SYDNEY TREMAYNE

SHOULD film stars be kept a mystery or should they be exposed? Most certainly it depends on how brightly they shine. One knows the dangers of astronomical research. The telescope revealed the fact that there were spots on the sun. A Black Pirate in a bowler hat lowers the buccaneering flag. If a film star should be a "dim bulb," a "banana," or a "dumb bell," he or she would do better to remain pictorial and aloof from an illusioned public.

But the talkies let in another kind of film star. Perhaps nothing reveals mental and psychological inadequacy so ruthlessly as the voice, and, inevitably, it is among the younger, more adaptable and intelligent artists that one finds the greatest enthusiasm for the new form. Their views are interesting.

One point was made forcibly by Henry Victor. In silent films, he explained, the gestures and facial expressions depicting specific emotions have become more or less formalised (allowing for different artists' powers and methods of expression). In talking films, since the expression *follows naturally* the meaning and feeling of the spoken word, there is infinitely more scope for naturalistic and intelligent acting.

Henry Victor looks forward to the time when screen plays will be specially written for actors and actresses who can "create" a character, in which their personality will "come through" not only because they satisfy the eye, but because their voices are sympathetic, magnetic and expressive.

HENRY VICTOR himself, who, after starring for some years in Hollywood, returned to this country just before the talkie boom, and has appeared so successfully in "Guns of Loos" and "Tommy Atkins," was educated in Germany and has the trace of a foreign accent, which adds something attractive to his witty and amusing way of expressing himself. His voice records marvellously and he should have a great future in British talkies.

The question of accent again came up when I went to see Carl Brisson at Elstree, where he gave me tea at his delightful little house, surrounded by trees and facing meadows across which he rides to his work in the mornings. I had missed him at the British International studios, from which he had just escaped after working all day on the sound film of "The American Prisoner," which Mr. Thomas Bently is making. In this picture Carl Brisson has one of the romantic parts which have made him famous as a film actor, and also has opportunities for the singing which, together with his personality, gained him a *succès fou* on the stage. And he is "crazy" about the talkies! In them he sees not only a future for the British film industry, but for himself.

TO talk to, Carl Brisson is an extremely simple and frank person, and if he recognises the value of his appeal to the feminine members of his audiences, it is at its true value, which is obviously a financial one. Like all honest artists, he wants a great public and a great success.

Carl Brisson believes in romance, sentiment and "sob stuff" on the screen. He himself went to see "The Singing Fool" three times, and cried heartily! He seems to be getting a little tired of costume parts and the rôle of the humble hero, and would like to make a debonair screen appearance in "immaculate evening dress."

But to return to the question of accent, in "real life" Carl Brisson speaks English almost perfectly, but like a foreigner. He can do the same in German, Finnish and Swedish, and can speak Russian, having acted in Russia for sixteen months until war was declared, and returned there in time to see the beginning of the revolution. As he has also played in Ireland to an accompaniment of gun fire, he has had some experience of adventure off the stage as well as on it!

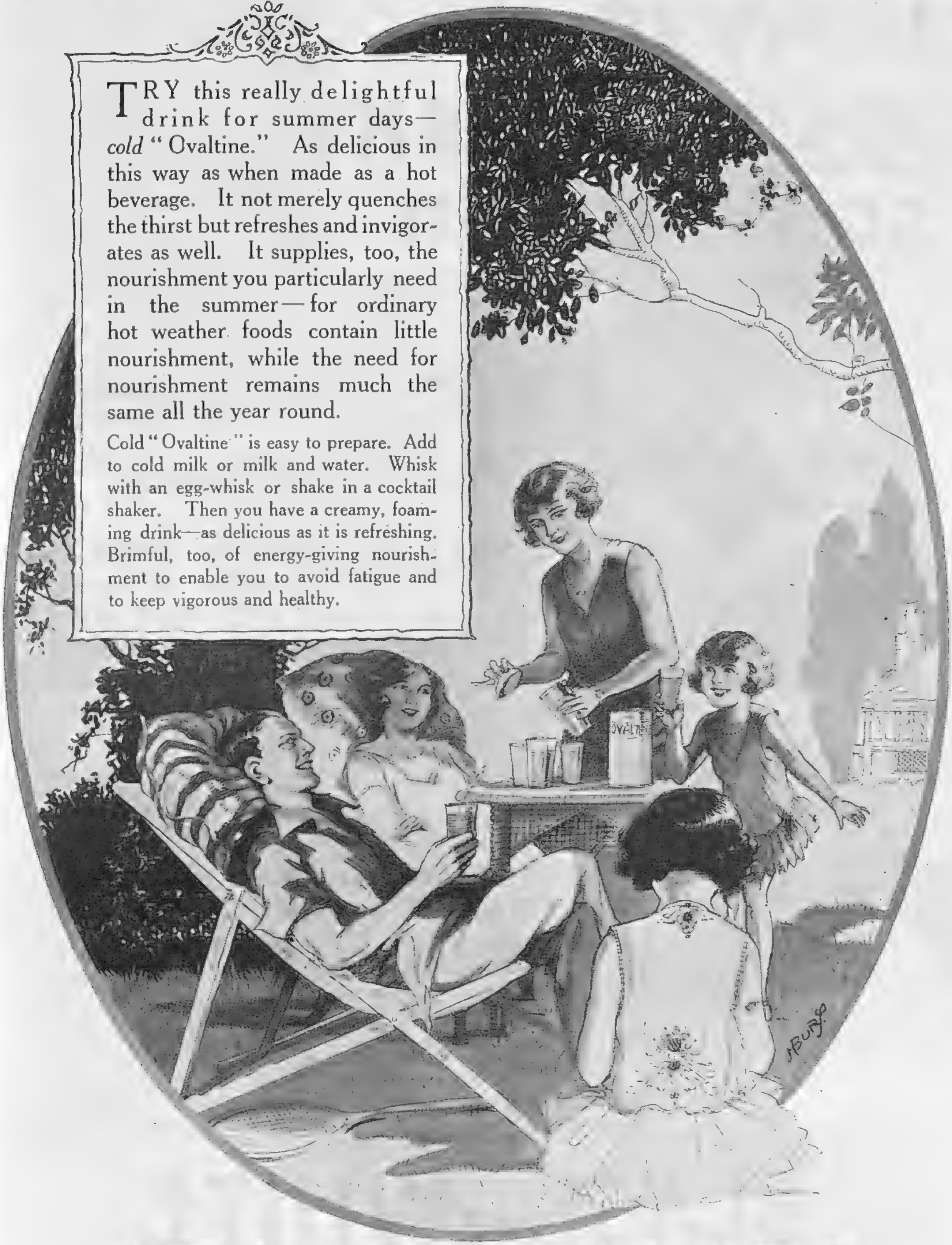
M. Dupont, the famous director of "Moulin Rouge" and "Piccadilly," is making his new super film "Atlantic" at Elstree both in German and in English. John Stuart is starring in the English version. Although young, he has had stage as well as screen experience. He acted in "Our Betters," and then went to Germany, where he was starred in a number of pictures, including "The Ship of the Seven Sins," in which he played opposite Brigitte Helme.

THOSE who saw and heard John Stuart in the synchronised version of "Kitty," during its successful pre-release at the Regal, know that as well as having the physical attributes and charm possessed by stars of the first magnitude, such as Gilbert, Moreno and Ronald Colman, his voice is excellent. He is now growing a moustache, at M. Dupont's behest, for his part in "Atlantic."

Although an English film, the sound part of "Kitty" was made in America, where the whole cast migrated.

ESTELLE BRODY, John Stuart's co-star, kindly saw me at her hotel in Mayfair, and talked to me while she drank her early morning coffee. After her success in excellent pictures like "Mademoiselle from Armentières" and "Hindle Wakes," her dark, vivacious personality needs no introduction. Her soft, rather low voice came over wonderfully and charmingly in "Kitty." She herself thinks that the record of her songs sounded better than the actuality! With her acting ability and her experience on screen and stage (one remembers her instantaneous success in "The Blue Kitten"), she should be a great asset to British talking films. But one detected a slight hankering after America, with its polished organisation and enthusiasm. However, happily, she resisted the temptation of an opportunity which presented itself over there, because a natural staunchness made her want to return to this country, where she had her initial film successes, now that we are "going ahead making talkies."

# *Try this Delightful Summer Drink*



TRY this really delightful drink for summer days—*cold* "Ovaltine." As delicious in this way as when made as a hot beverage. It not merely quenches the thirst but refreshes and invigorates as well. It supplies, too, the nourishment you particularly need in the summer—for ordinary hot weather foods contain little nourishment, while the need for nourishment remains much the same all the year round.

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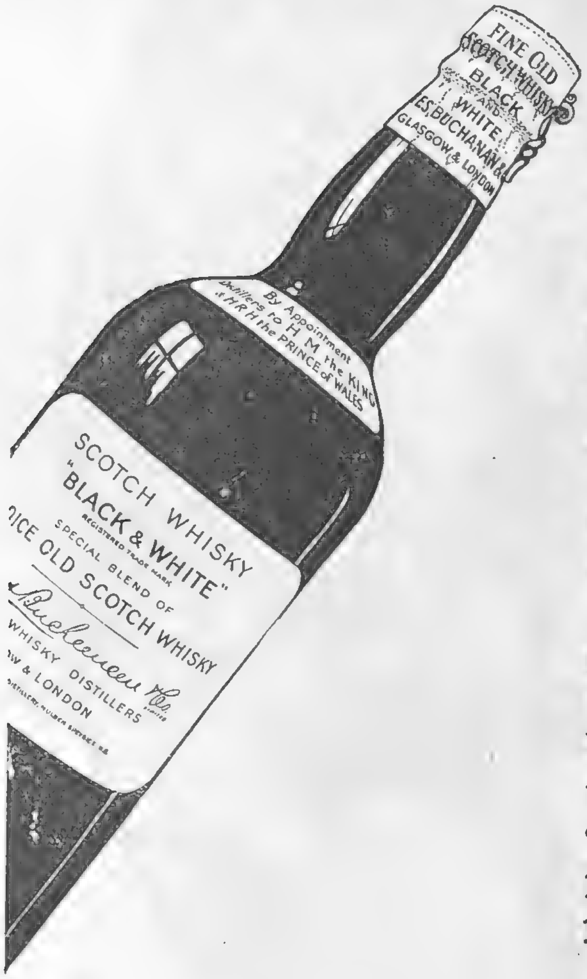
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# Window Shopping

The names and addresses of the firms from which the articles illustrated on this page can be obtained will be supplied to any interested reader on receipt of a postcard addressed to "*Britannia & Eve*," Inveresk House, 346, Strand, W.C.2.

*An elegant little table to set beside a sofa or a bed can be painted to match the rest of the furniture. It is exactly what one needs to hold a few favourite books and a telephone, some flowers or a drink.* £4.15

*This unusual water bottle with two tumblers is powder blue. The bottle is 9½ inches high, the tumblers 4½, and the price of the set* 12/6

*Town parasols may be discreet, but beach parasols must be cheerful. This one is striped in green, blue, orange, crimson and brown, and its price is* 14/9

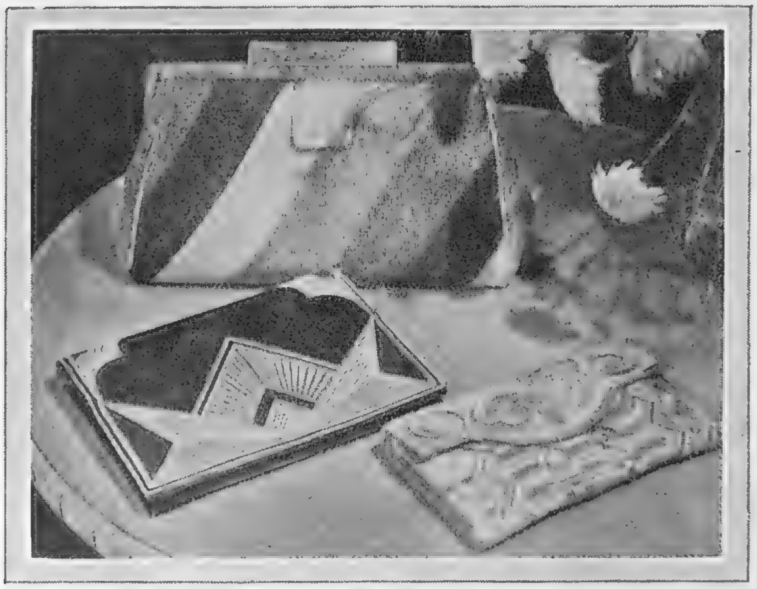
Photographs by E. J. Mason

*Vases (right), filled with everlasting bouquets make enchanting ornaments. The cost of the tall green vase is* 25/-, *and of the little one* 5/-

*A picnic basket which adds the gaiety of vivid colour to its essential quality of usefulness has a bright red exterior and attractive china in red and black on white. The case measures* 15×11×5, *and with its cutlery and china costs* £3.3.0. *The Thermos flasks are* 6/6 *each*

*An excellent motoring bag (right) can be made in any colour to match the upholstery of the car, and contains a small towel, a sizable mirror, flat brushes and comb and a waterproof lining. It is* 8½ *inches long,* 6 *inches deep, and costs* 33/6

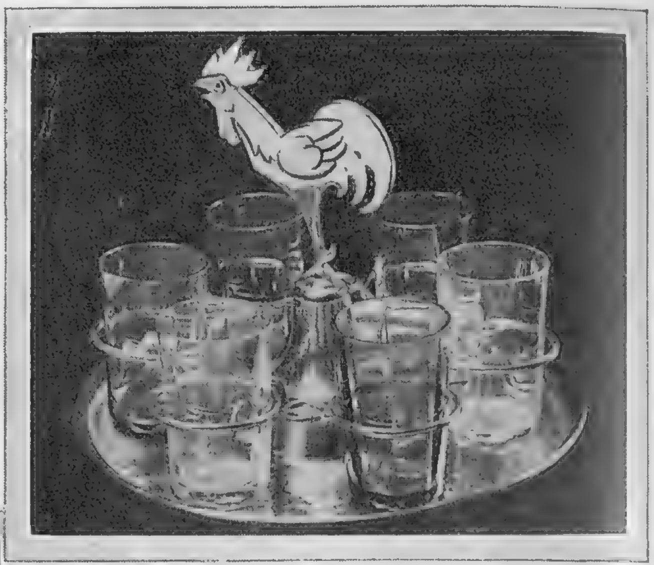
# *Window Shopping*



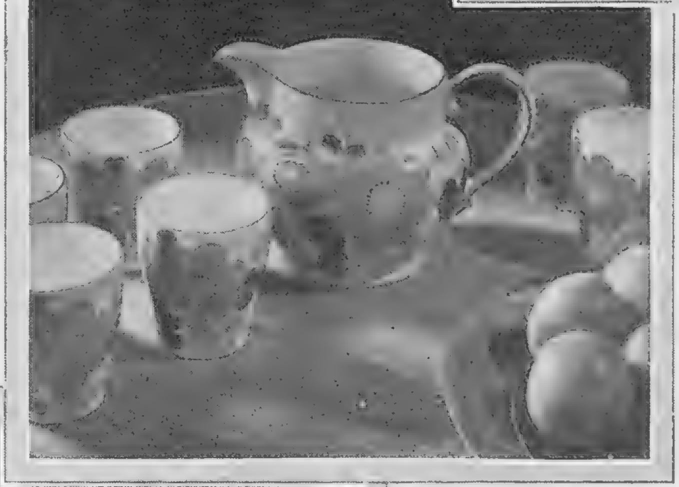
*Black and white tweed bag £1 . 1 . 0. Black and white afternoon bag in woven silk £1 . 1 . 0. Evening bag in pastel colourings £1 . 5 . 6*

The names and addresses of the firms from which the articles illustrated on this page can be obtained will be supplied to any interested reader on receipt of a postcard addressed to "*Britannia & Eve*," Inveresk House, 346, Strand, W.C.2.

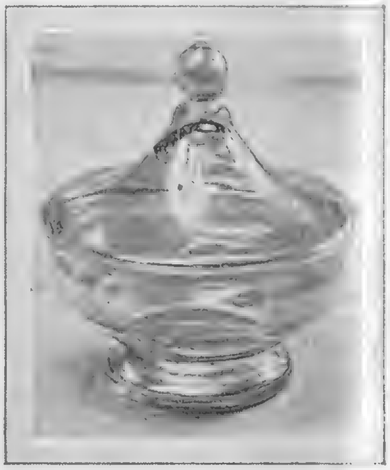
*Photographs by E. J. Mason*



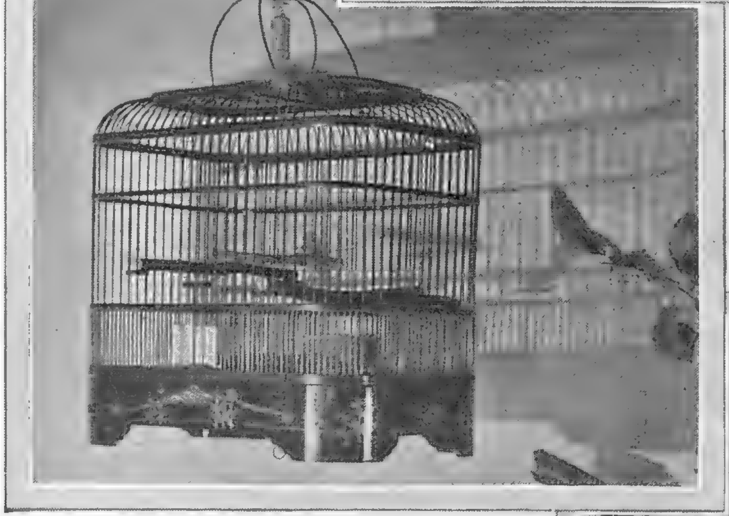
*The glasses of this liqueur set are in blue, pink, amber, and two shades of green; and the cock makes a convenient handle. 10/6*



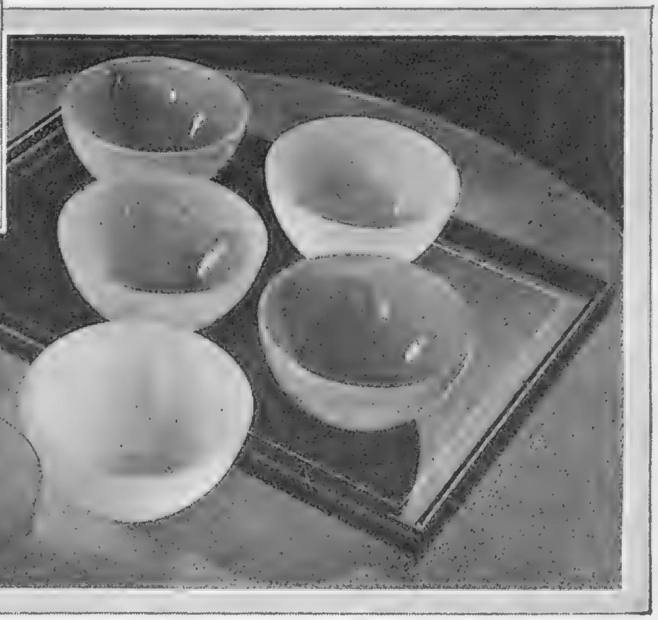
*Garden china for milk, lemonade and other fruit drinks has now arrived as a serious rival to the sets of coloured glass. The brilliant red, yellow, orange and green of this set are very happy in outdoor surroundings. £1 . 19 . 6 with tray*



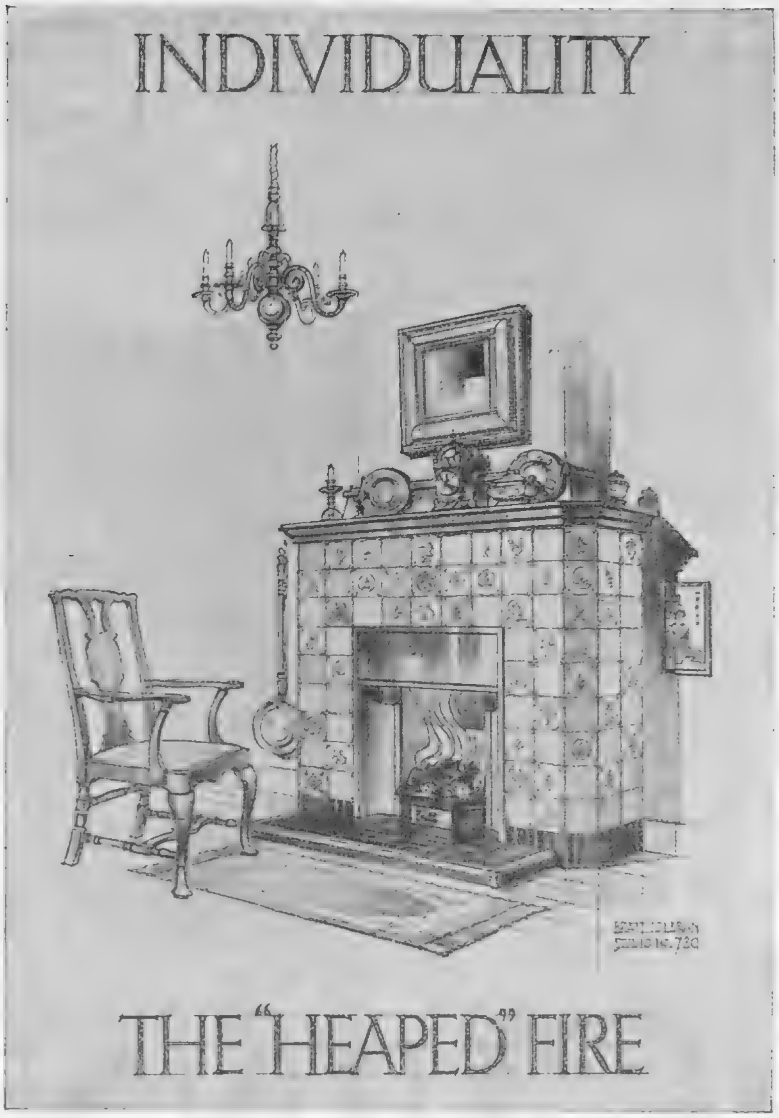
*This well-shaped powder bowl i in iridescent aquamarine blue tinged with mauve. It stands five inches high, costs 1/6, and is also available in pink*



*Above: Lacquered bird cages of excellent design help to make the presence of canaries and similar songsters as pleasing to the eye as to the ear. This one is lacquered in deep Chinese blue. £2 . 9 . 6. A circular cage is available in the same colour*



*Right: Finger bowls of semi-opaque glass in delicious colours are worthy of the dessert course and the most decorative dinner tables. They cost 4/6 each and are made in a soft blue, in green, in rose, in yellow, and in wine*



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# Painting *on* Glass: *By Elizabeth Ashley*

*The most ordinary glass bottles and pots with glass stoppers and lids can be turned into enchanting dressing-table and bathroom sets with a little paint*

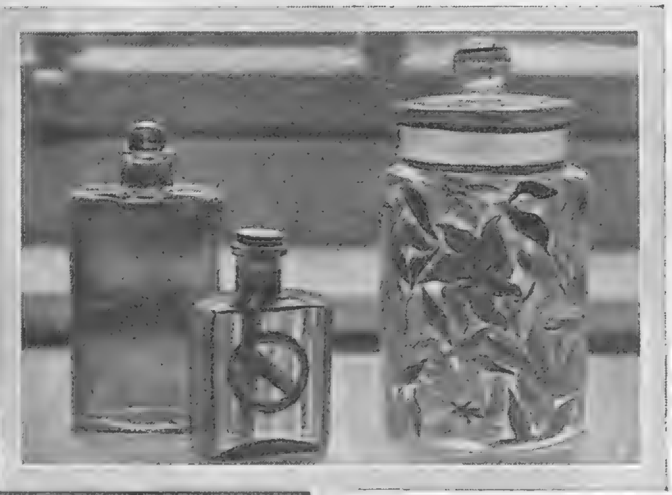
GLASS painting is one of the simplest methods of endowing uninteresting objects with gaiety and charm.

Ordinary medicine or lotion bottles with glass stoppers become delightful dressing-table or bathroom containers for face lotions and perfumes, hair lotions and mouth washes. Plain glass pots adorned in this manner can be used for cold cream or skin food, with powder bowls painted to match; and the tall jars which are sold in the big stores for about 9d., for household stores, enliven the bathroom after they have been decorated in agreement with the prevailing scheme and filled with bath salts.

There are three different kinds of colour which may be used for glass painting, and all three will stand a reasonable amount of washing.

There are ordinary oil paints, with which you use a quick-drying medium and sable brushes.

There are transparent varnishes, applied with a camel's hair brush; and there are enamels which may be applied with a brush or a pointed stick.



*A plain glass bottle is completely altered in character when covered with transparent varnish in a wavy effect. The bath salts bottle is a household jar painted blue and rose.*

SENAMEL is the name of a variety which is made specially for the purpose we are considering, but the ordinary enamels, which can be bought in 2d. tins, give excellent results, and several of the objects shown in the photographs were decorated with these.

The first important thing to remember is that the glass must be absolutely clean. Wash it in warm, soapy water, rinse it in warm, and then in cold water, dry with a smooth cloth, and give it a final polish with a little methylated spirit and a clean chamois leather.

*Enamels, transparent varnishes and oil colours can all be used for painting on glass. Methylated spirit is needed for a final cleansing of the article before painting, and turpentine for cleaning the brushes afterwards*

Simple designs and primary colours are generally the most successful,

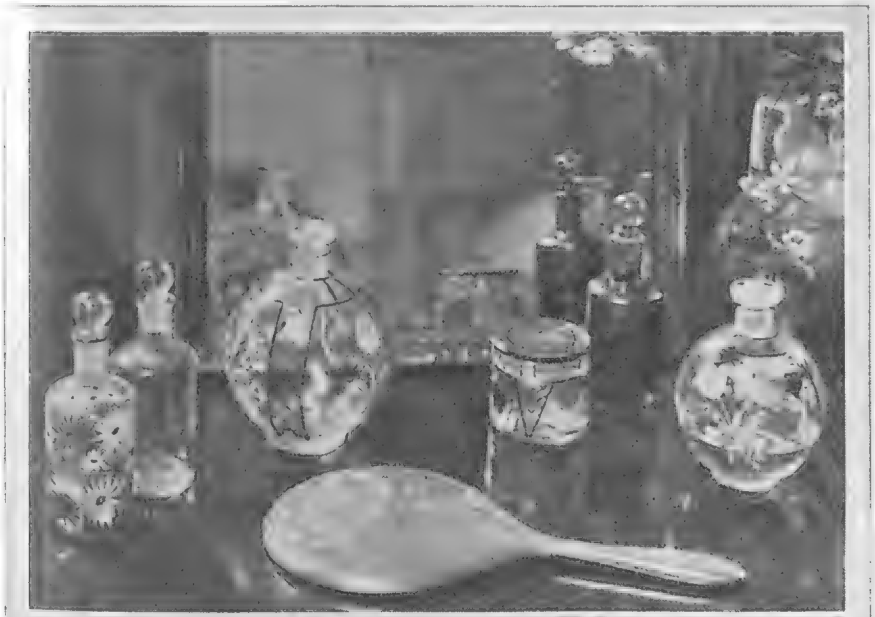
THE novice who doubts her capacity for original design can produce an admirable set of bottles and pots for the dressing-table or bathroom shelf by buying one painted piece which pleases her and copying its design on the other piece she wishes to decorate. The rather small round bottle and cold cream pot in the photograph with the mirror were both copies (with the necessary adaptation) from the large round bottle on the left.

It is usually easier to outline the whole design in black before beginning to apply the colours. If you wish to remove the outline, eventually, use water-colour ink; but if you wish it to remain you can use *encre graisse*, or special glass-painting ink. Both are applied with a fine pen, and you must let the outline dry thoroughly before continuing the work.

When using transparent varnish you must fill in the whole of a petal or shape at once, because a hard line remains if you leave off and begin again. If it is necessary to use two coats, the first must be thoroughly dry before the second is applied.

When using oil colours or enamel, the outline is often omitted altogether, or put on at the last, when the rest of the painting is dry. The choice of method depends largely upon the skill of the worker; but fine lines or definite shading are never added until the first coat of paint is dry.

After the painted article is completely finished, it is washed in tepid water, dried and given two coats of white spirit varnish.



*Photographs by E. J. Mason*

*The smaller round bottle and pot were copied from the larger bottle on the left. The daisies were done in enamel on a lotion bottle with a glass stopper*

## *Practical Paragraphs for Home Consumption*

### *By* Catherine Ives

# Madam, *did you* Know?

*Below: Roomak, a preparation which renders the objects to which it is applied completely waterproof is invaluable in this uncertain climate*

*A sponge-bag made of waterproof moiré, which looks like a large handbag, is an exceedingly neat companion for long journeys by train, boat or car*

*Photographs by E. J. Mason*

THAT even the smallest flat should have a medicine cupboard with the essential necessaries for First Aid?

They need not take up much room, but they may easily save valuable time and a great deal of avoidable suffering. Cotton wool and bandages and boracic lint, picric lint for burns, arnica for bruises, a small bottle of brandy, some aspirin, some iodine and sal volatile, a medicine glass and a thermometer are the most important essentials. It is also a sound plan to keep a first-aid book in the cupboard, and if there are small children a baby-book for reference in emergency. Bottles containing poison must be very plainly labelled, and it is wise to tie a small bell to the neck of each so that no mistakes can be made in the dark. The cupboard will naturally be kept well out of the reach of little fingers.

THAT discarded curtains can often be turned into a new bed-cover with marked success?

When the headings and rings have been removed, the hems and seams undone, and the curtains washed, cleaned or dyed, they are joined together to make the requisite size, sometimes with simple machine stitching and sometimes with strips of another material or of gold or silver galon. This treatment is particularly good with large divan beds, which demand a good deal of material; and daytime covers for the pillows can be made at the same time.

THAT silk stockings should never be worn twice without being washed, or at least rinsed in cold water?

This precaution prolongs the life of the stockings and increases the well-being of the wearer.

That silk stockings need not necessarily be ironed?

That silk stockings in pale beige, nude or grey which have lost their colour can easily be dyed to an agreeable suntan shade by using one of the light brown or cinnamon dyes. The colour should be carefully tested first.

THAT it is possible to buy sponge-bags made of waterproof moiré which look exactly like large handbags, and are therefore exceedingly neat companions for a long journey?

OF the extraordinarily useful preparation by means of which parasols, motor hoods, awnings, etc., etc. can be made completely waterproof without altering their texture or their appearance?

Full instructions for its use are enclosed with each package, and if you treat a parasol or similar object in this manner you can plunge it into a bath full of water and it will come out quite dry.

THAT when you wish to trim lingerie, and have little time to spare, it is a very simple matter to have the lace or embroidered net set on with hemstitching?

Turn down, but do not hem the top of a chemise or slip and the legs of knickers. Tack on the trimming, seeing that the line of your tacking thread is exactly where you wish the line of hemstitching to come. Send the garment to be hemstitched, and when it comes back cut away the rough edges at the back.

If you are having the bottom of a hem done in this way, prepare and tack it exactly as you would for hand hemming or machine stitching.

The hemstitching makes a neat and attractive finish, and the cost is approximately ninepence for the top and hem of a chemise, and fourpence for the legs of knickers.

THAT colour-fast artificial silk materials can be washed quite as successfully as real silks, but need even more care in the process because they are excessively fragile when wet?

If the garment is seriously soiled, use several relays of soapsuds and squeeze well; but be very careful not to wring or twist.

Use several rinsing waters, too, having them the same temperature as the washing waters; and squeeze the water out gently.

Roll the garment in a turkish towel and squeeze gently, and then shake it; spread it out on a dry towel on a flat surface to dry.

Knitted garments should be treated in the same way and always dried flat. If you hang them up on a line they are liable to ladder.

If you have been washing an artificial silk frock, put one towel in each sleeve and another down the middle. Roll it up carefully, without twisting, and squeeze gently to let the towels absorb as much moisture as possible. Take away the towels, spread out on a fresh towel to dry, and iron on the wrong side while it is still damp.

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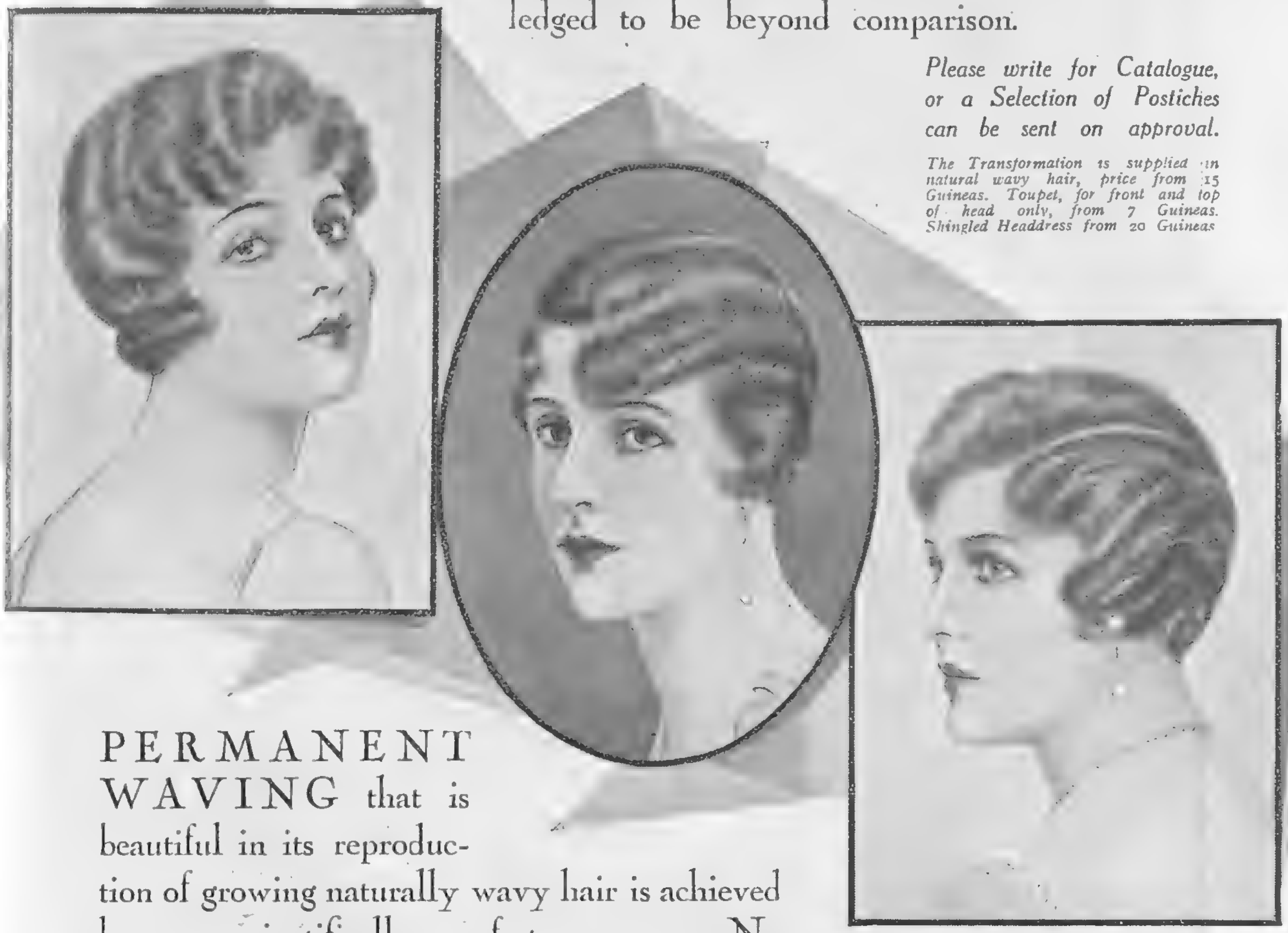

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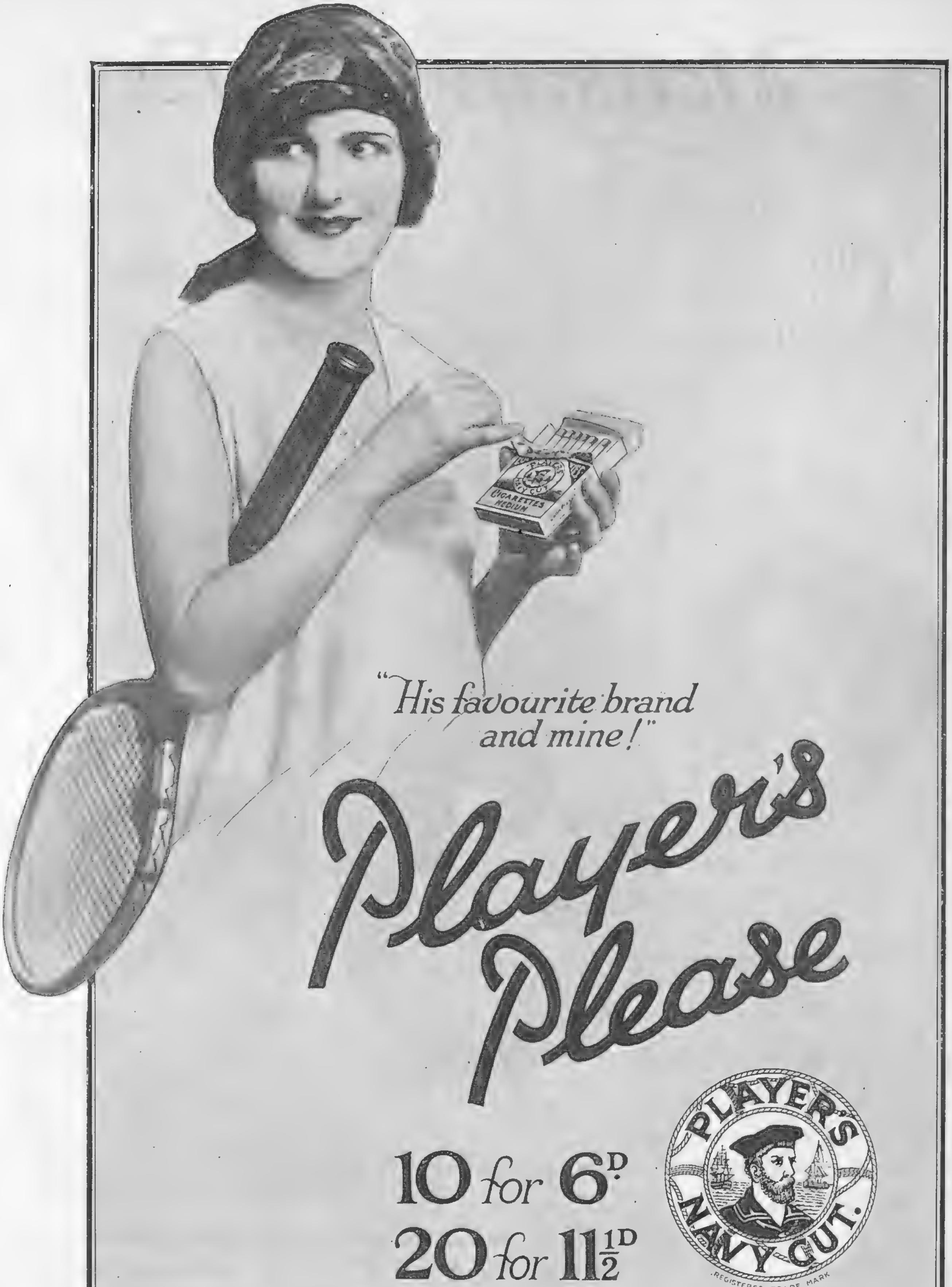
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WOMEN'S SPORTS SECTION

Conducted by Mrs. Eustace White

*Miss Joyce Wethered (right), the Ladies' Open Champion, led the women to victory in the annual match against the men at Stoke Poges*

# Captaincy

## By Mrs. Eustace White

*The captain of any team must have personality, be clear-headed and unselfish*

THOSE who have never had experience of captaincy are inclined to think it an easy job, which it emphatically is not, for it calls for qualities which to the casual onlooker may seem to have no place among a captain's duties at all.

*The Oxford and Cambridge swimming teams at the Bath Club. Cambridge (standing): Miss Coulton (Captain), Miss Wood, Miss Crossley, Miss Dodds, Miss Naish, Miss Traill. Oxford (kneeling): Miss Jackson, Miss Francombe, Miss Graetz, Miss Blackburn and Miss Murray*

*Miss R. D. Tapscott is Vice-Captain of the South African women's tennis team*

A captain has to control every action of her team and be the guiding spirit of its team work, and for these tasks there is need for clear-headedness and coolness, unselfishness and a strong personality.

Of summer games cricket gives the widest scope for the judgment of a wise captain, though a tennis or golf captain may help her team in many ways. A golf captain's duties are practically over when the last member of her team has left the first tee, but before this she should have been watching carefully the current form of her players so as to be able to place them in their correct position in the team. When players are of much the same handicap the captain must consider the course on which the match is to be played before deciding on the order of play.

If there are long carries to be faced, the longer and more erratic player should be put above the shorter but steadier member. If all the difficulties await those who deviate a hair's breadth from the straight and narrow path, then put your straight and steady player above your long and erratic member.

THE captain of a cricket team has a really strenuous time, for she must be thinking and planning for her team from the moment the coin is spun till stumps are drawn. Having won the toss, she must decide whether to bat or to put her opponents in. If she is playing at home she will know what the wicket is likely to do under different weather conditions, and will so decide as to give her own team the probability of batting when the wicket is at its best.

If the match is on foreign soil she will find groundsmen always ready to enlarge upon the virtues or peculiarities of the turf under their charge, if properly approached.

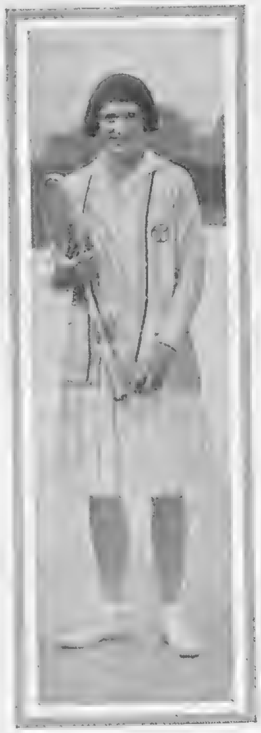
If batting is to come first the order of batting has to be made out, and here comes the need for care and unselfishness. Personal preferences of members of a team should only be indulged when they coincide with, or do not affect, the welfare of the team; and the general rule is that two steady bats should open the innings, followed by three or four as good as possible.

Then may come a "hitter," and then the rest of the side in order of efficiency. The order should only be changed by reason of continuous improvement or falling off, and should not be juggled with each match, unless some crisis calls at a given moment for a particular type of batting—either stubborn defence or quick scoring—when a suitable batsman should at all costs be sent in.

IT is the captain's business to arrange the bowlers, and in this department much discrimination is needed. Bowlers should not be kept on too long; better two short spells, as a general rule, than one long spell which tires the bowler too much for further success. Variety is a great asset; a left-handed bowler at one end and a right at the other, or a fast and a slow bowler at opposite ends, are better combinations than two bowlers of similar type.

The duties of the captain of a tennis team are more limited than those of a cricket captain, but before the match is played a wise captain may encourage and inspire her team.

The *sine qua non* of every captain is tact, and again tact. She must be ever ready to display the greatest interest in and sympathy with the individual performances of the members of her team.



*Miss Harvey, who captained the British women's tennis team on their last visit to South Africa*

### *By Marjorie Pollard*

## *HINTS ON*
# HURDLING

*The main elements of Hurdling are rhythm and style. Our contributor shows in this article how they may be obtained*

*Well over. A young hurdler practising in Battersea Park*

HURDLING is, to my mind, one of the athletic events admirably suited to the physical ability of women. It is here that sheer brute strength is at a disadvantage, where even speed alone is of no avail. What is needed is rhythm, momentum, and grace. To say that speed is unnecessary would, of course, be foolish in the extreme, but speed wedded to rhythm, and momentum allied with grace, will make a perfect hurdler.

A novice who lacks sheer speed, but has a good rhythmic moving action should try hurdling. Frequently, as rhythm is acquired, so that rhythm increases and develops speed. Momentum is very necessary to give the hurdler the necessary force to drive through the whole distance without wavering—a false step, a break in the rhythm, a lapse of momentum, and the race is lost. This rather goes to show that in the end perfect hurdling is mechanical. It must be. There is no time for it to be anything else. From the very moment the pistol fires the stride element is of the utmost importance—even the number of strides to the first hurdle, when of course the real test begins. Every hurdle must be taken off the same foot. It is wrong to take one hurdle off the left and the next off the right foot. If this happens, the style and action will be shown very much to a disadvantage.

To make it possible to take each hurdle off the same foot it will easily be seen that there must be an odd number of strides. The standard hurdle events for men call for three strides between the high hurdles and seven strides between the low—the first being separated by 10 yards and the latter by 20 yards. Women will find it difficult to cover 10 yards with three strides, so it is obviously best to work on a five-stride basis.

IF a step is lost between the hurdles—and this is a bad fault—the stride should be "chopped"—that is, a number of small strides should be taken so that the hurdle is taken off the proper foot and not the alternate one.

The hurdler must lean forward as a sprinter does, so that the upper part of the body is ahead of the landing foot, and the arms should have practically the same action as in sprinting.

The body must be all the time in a straight-ahead position, and the hurdler must look straight forward. There must be no twisting or turning of any sort.

It is wrong to "sail" over the hurdles. By that I mean make too much of a jump of it, as in reality hurdling is a long-stride effect. The actual clearance is made properly by lifting the front foot upward in an easy lift action just as one would when an unexpected obstacle is met. This movement will lift the body, but the rear leg should not lift until the front leg has started its downward drop. The rear leg is then lifted upward and outward, so that it can swing in a circular fashion and land ahead of the first landing foot, and then must come the full follow up of the stride.

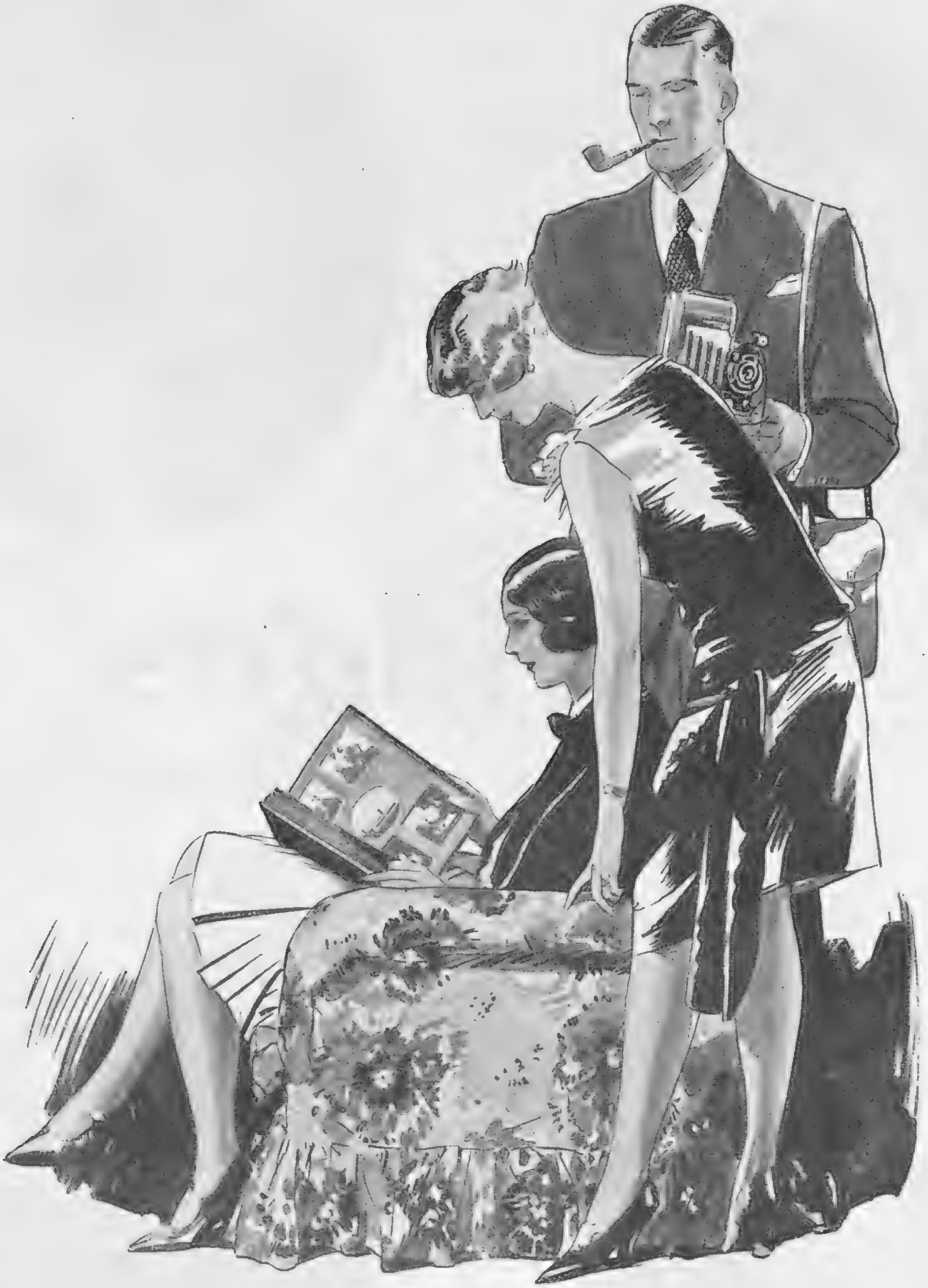
IT will be seen, then, that the main elements of hurdling are rhythm and style; momentum and stride; and when these are acquired speed will ultimately follow. It is our most graceful track event, and a real hurdler is always truly and accurately described as a "flier."

Women run 120 yards hurdles, and 100 yards. The hurdles are only 2 ft. 6 in. in height, as compared to the 3 ft. 6 in. of the men. These may seem, at first sight, absurdly low, as the average girl can step with ease over this height. But hurdling is not jumping, and a greater height would tend to check that rhythm which is so essential to a successful hurdler.

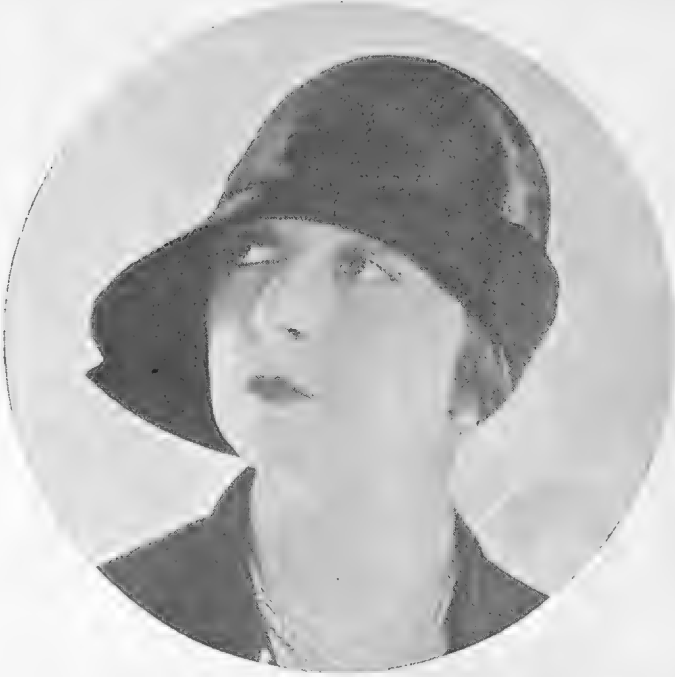
The beginner should learn by walking up to the hurdle, crossing it, and walking slowly up to the next, to get the correct movements. This should be practised till perfect before ever attempting to run up to even one, and should be perfected over one hurdle before trying two or more.

Excellent practice can be obtained by placing the foot on the back of a sofa or chair about 3 ft. high. Bring the body right down on it and the opposite arm across it. This stretches the under-knee muscles.

*Four accomplished hurdlers at a women's athletic meeting at Stamford Bridge*



*Nobody listens nowadays, but everybody looks. Say it with a 'Kodak' snapshot. It speaks so much more clearly than words.*



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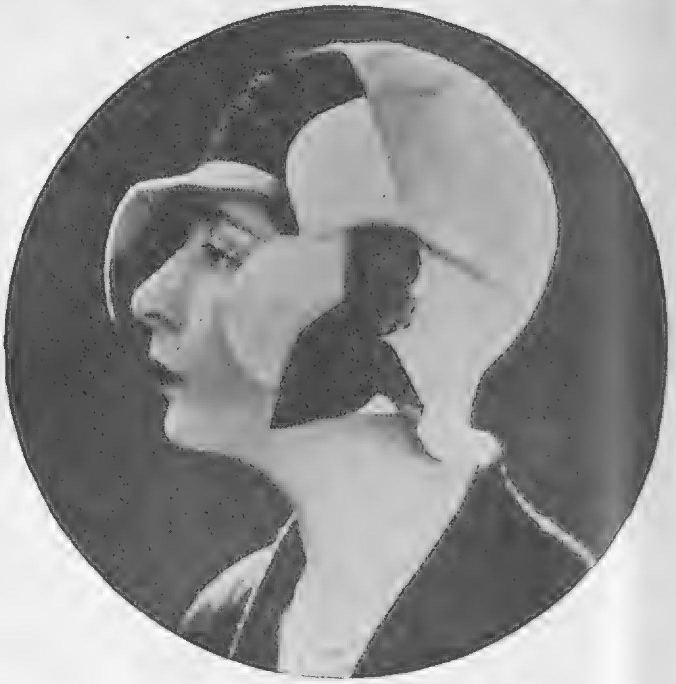

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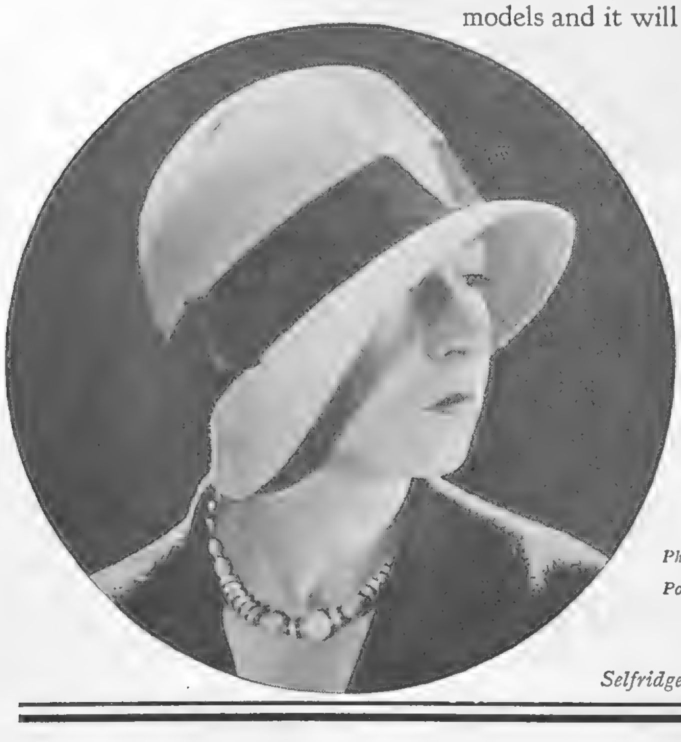

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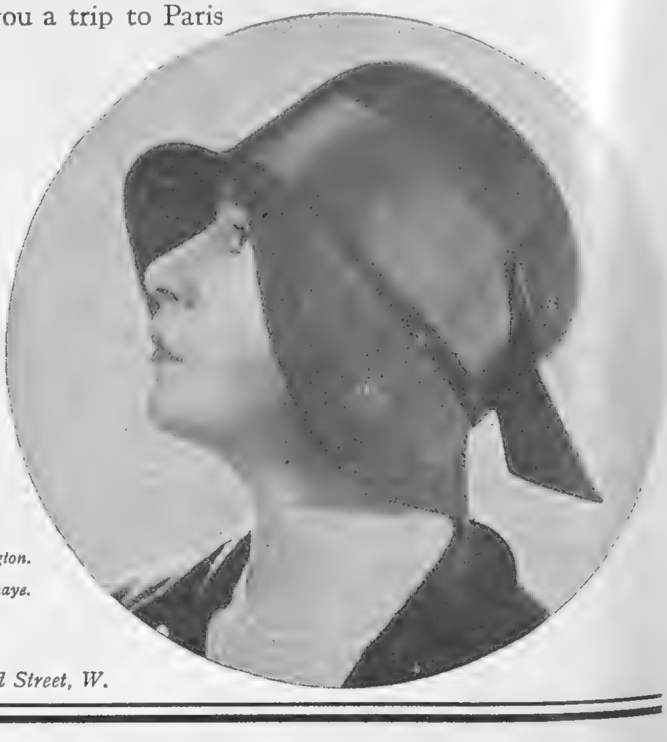

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*Photos by Edmund Harrington.*
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*Miss Blanche Badcock, a keen Service rifle shot. Has scored 102 out of a possible 105 at Bisley*

### *By Captain E. H. Robinson, G.M.*

*(King's Prize Winner, 1923)*

*Rifle-shooting is a branch of sport which is attracting the interest of women in increasing numbers year by year*

# Women on *the* Ranges

RIFLE-SHOOTING is one of the few, if not the only, sports in which women can, and do, compete successfully with men in the very first rank. The only competitor who has yet made a full score of 105 points on the present reduced bull's-eye targets at [illegible]00, 500 and 600 yards with the "Service Rifle" is Miss M. E. Foster.

There are few shooting clubs devoted exclusively to women, and, in these days, competitions reserved for "ladies" do not exist. Nevertheless more and more women are to be seen on the ranges each year, and always they are welcomed and helped in every possible way, not because they are women, but because they are fellow sportsmen.

Physical strength is not necessary in rifle-shooting, even though the rifle weighs about ten pounds. Though Miss B. Badcock, one of the two women who have entered for the King's Prize this year, is probably above the average in strength, another well-known performer, Mrs. W. L. S. Alton, has certainly no more muscular equipment than comes to the average woman who plays a fair game of golf. Mrs. Alton held the women's record of 103 before Miss Foster's achievement.

*Mrs. Bellon, an accomplished shot and a competitor at Bisley*

*Miss Williams, a member of the Ibis Club, on the ranges at Bisley*

MOST women shots, and there are now several thousands of them, are devotees of what is known as "miniature" shooting. This branch of the sport is carried on with rifles firing a very small cartridge of exceptional accuracy. The ranges, which are usually 25, 50 and 100 yards, are mostly indoors for the shortest distance, or provided with covered firing points when the targets are at the longer distances.

The miniature rifle, which is "miniature" only in regard to the cartridge which it fires, is particularly the weapon which should be chosen by the woman who takes up the fascinating sport of "bull's-eye plugging." It is a little lighter than the Service weapon, does not "kick" when fired, and—valuable consideration—its tiny cartridges are cheap, costing only 3s. a hundred. That it is no toy is evidenced by the fact that it is used by the Navy, Army and Air Force for training and competition purposes. Most of the recent King's Prize winners trained themselves to become good shots with the miniature rifle before they took to the Service weapon. All the women Service rifle shots started in the same way.

THERE is no standard costume for rifle-shooting. The men usually wear their oldest and most comfortable coats, shady, and frequently disreputable, hats, for outdoor shooting. The one thing which is essential is the pair of elbow-pads. All shooting is now done in the prone position, and if elbow-pads are not worn the elbows become abraded and sore from constant friction on the firing point mat, and the clothes are worn into holes.

On the miniature ranges most women wear an ordinary sports costume with a coat that is free on the shoulders and under the arms. Others keep an old rain-coat at the range and slip it on over the clothes they happen to be wearing.

Women who shoot at Bisley regard with extreme disfavour anything which makes them conspicuous. Miss Badcock and Miss Foster wear breeches and long raincoats of stout material. They are both shots of outstanding achievement, and had their names in the list of the 100 best Service rifle shots last year. Miss Williams, Miss Wales, well-known members of the Ibis Club, Mrs. Muirhead and her daughter, and Miss Lock, all wear ordinary clothes.

MOST miniature rifle clubs welcome women members. Such clubs are to be found in almost every city and town in this country and in very many villages as well. The name of the nearest can be obtained from The Society of Miniature Rifle Clubs, 23, Water Lane, London, E.C.4. The Service Rifle Clubs are mostly purely masculine; but the South London Club, with headquarters at Bisley, has had its doors open to women for many years, and now has a very strong feminine contingent.

# Words of Wisdom for Holiday Campers

*It is a wise camper who makes certain beforehand that he "knows the ropes" or, at least, one or two of them*

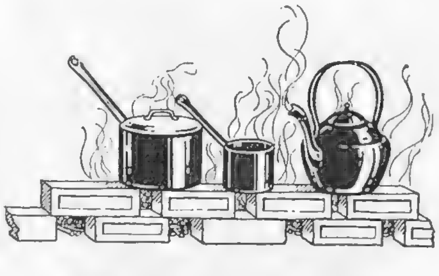
By

Sylvia Dampney

*Above: A tractor caravan with tent attachment pitched in an ideal spot for the night. (London Caravan Co.)*

CAMPING both at home and abroad is becoming more popular every year, and one can only wonder that it is not even more popular still, as it is the most delightful, healthy, and inexpensive way of spending a summer holiday. No doubt many of our readers can already be numbered amongst those who have forsaken the very mixed joys of seaside hotels and boarding houses for the free open-air life of a camp. Many, too, will be camping for the first time this summer, and the following hints should help them to avoid most of the traps into which the inexperienced usually fall.

Most holiday camps consist of small parties of friends, whose object is not to run a model camp on military lines, but to spend an enjoyable holiday; the hire of much expensive equipment is therefore quite unnecessary. Domestic requirements, camp beds, pots, pans, dustbin, etc., can usually be brought from home: the only things which will have to be hired are tents, ground sheets and screening, all of which can be procured at reasonable prices. The greater reliability of the best tents makes them well worth their extra cost. The inclusive price for a week under canvas should never exceed 30s. per head.



*A simple brick fireplace suitable for a small camping party*

THE choice of a site depends upon the individual tastes of the campers. Farmers who regularly let ground plots for small as well as large camps are usually to be found in all the most suitable places. Great care must be taken, however, in selecting a site, for on this largely depends the success of your holiday.

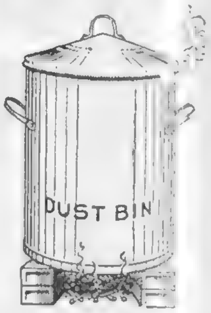
Avoid chalk and clay, for both hold moisture and drain slowly in wet weather; peat, too, is bad, as it does not hold the tent pegs firmly, the result of which, in the event of a sudden storm, is disastrous.

The ideal situation is on slightly sloping ground, for the purpose of drainage, and, if possible, near trees, which serve the dual purpose of providing shelter and firewood. Good drinking water should be close at hand.

The most suitable and effective method of cooking for a small camp is on the brick fireplace shown in the illustration, the foundation of which is made in the following manner: Remove a strip of turf 3 ft. by 1 ft., and facing down wind; pave the strips with bricks sunk to ground level. The best woods for cooking purposes are hard woods, such as oak or ash, which burn slowly and give out great heat. Start your fire with wood which kindles quickly; larch, spruce, or pine are excellent for this purpose: elder and poplar must be avoided owing to their acrid smoke, which stings the eyes and throat.

MANY thousands of girls, whose various occupations keep them indoors for the greater part of the year, get very little fresh air and sunshine. The most should be made of the golden opportunities camp life offers to remedy this deficiency.

Only the lightest of clothing should be worn, an open-necked sleeveless jumper worn over shorts is the ideal costume for actual camp wear. To prevent their getting damp, clothes which are not in use must be kept either hung up in a kit bag, or in a suitcase raised from the ground on four tent pegs.



*A dustbin will provide copious supplies of hot water*

FRESH air induces sound, healthy sleep, and an afternoon nap in the sun is delightful, but never be tempted to lie on the ground, however dry, for any length of time, unless on a ground sheet. Never omit to spread the ground sheet under your bed before turning in at night.

Avoid tinned foods. A little care and thought in choosing a well-balanced menu will amply repay the trouble taken. All foodstuff must be carefully stored; biscuit tins make excellent receptacles for groceries, whilst a sugar box, covered with muslin and hung in the shade, keeps meat, butter, cheese, etc., fresh and sweet.

Refuse and litter of all descriptions must be burnt immediately.

DURING a stay of any length of time, a few wet days are inevitable. It is well, therefore, to be equipped with gum boots and mackintoshes.

The worst and most likely thing to happen during heavy rain is that the guy ropes part, and the tent descends on to the heads of the unwary campers. To avoid this, slacken the ropes as soon as it commences to rain. Never touch the canvas of your tent when wet or it will immediately leak upon you; if this should be done inadvertently, run your finger from the leak to the skirting and it will stop.

A Primus stove is invaluable, as it enables you to cook in the shelter of your tent, thereby avoiding the miserable business of trying to kindle a fire with damp wood while the rain drips down your neck.

Immediately the rain ceases, roll up the curtains of your tent, tighten the guy ropes, and go for a good walk or run, and you will suffer no ill-effects whatsoever.

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By Appointment

Photo by Peter North

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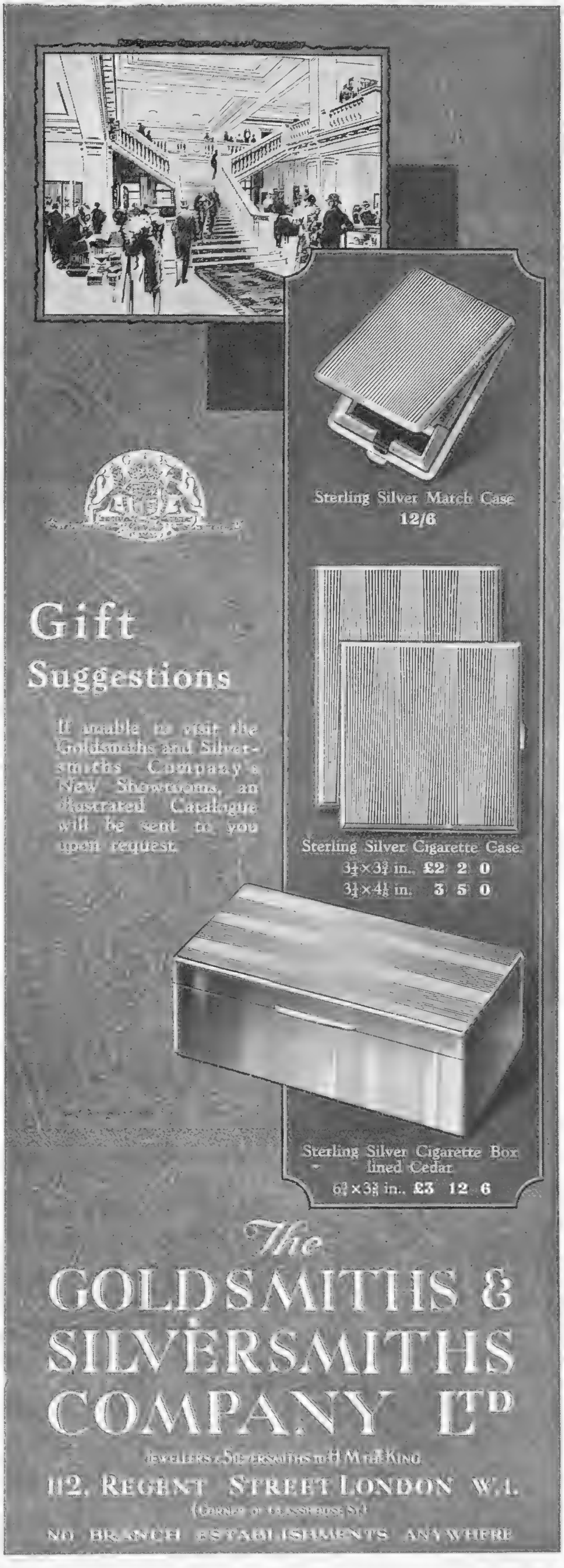

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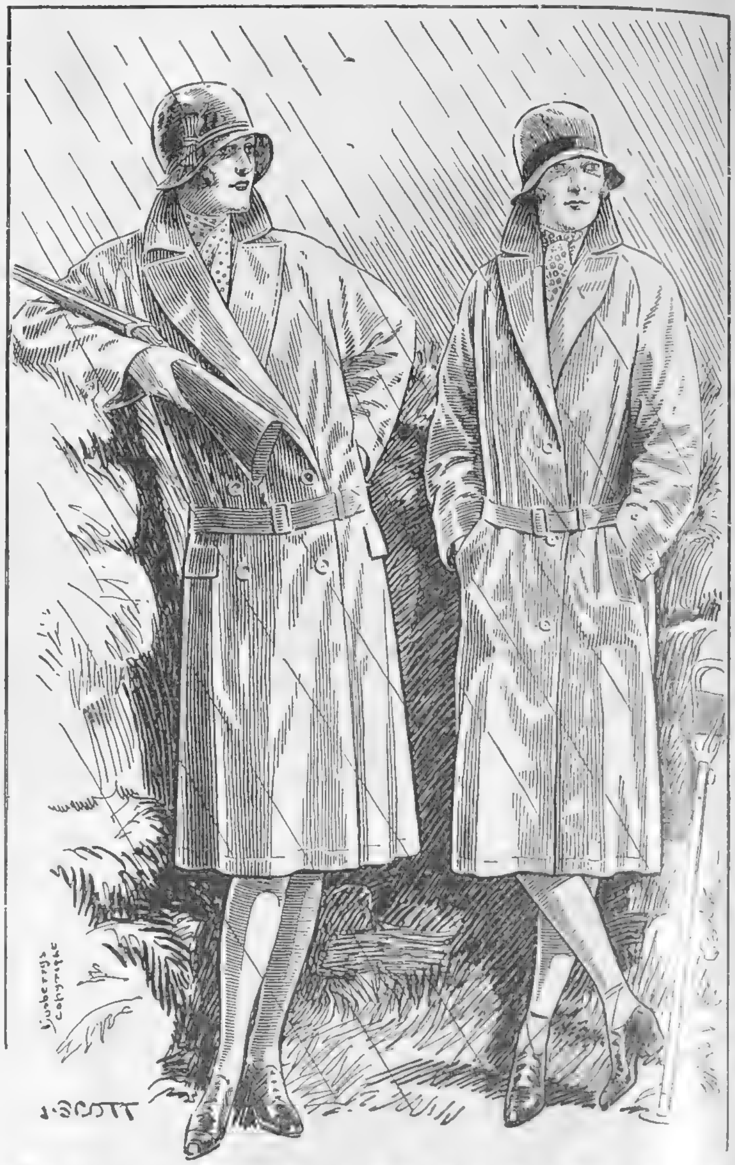

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*Women's GOLF Section : Conducted by ELEANOR E. HELME*

# The IRISH Championship

at Rosapenna

*By Janet Jackson*

*Miss Janet Jackson, six times Irish champion, analyses the success of Mrs. Hall, who has won that honour this year for the first time*

*Mrs. H. M. Hall, the new Irish champion*

THE new Irish Champion, Mrs. H. M. Hall of Foxrock, is a young player 24 years old who has been improving rapidly within the last few years. In 1927 at Newcastle she played for Ireland and did well, and at Dollymount the same year she reached the semi-final of the Close.

Her victory, therefore, was not unexpected and was well deserved; all through the early rounds Mrs. Hall, though not severely tested, was playing sound golf, and in the penultimate and later stages when called upon for something really good she was able to produce what was wanted. In the semi-final she disposed of Miss Jean Rice, a good golfer, and in the final Miss Iris Taylor of North West had to accept defeat at her hands, but only after a terrific struggle.

*Miss Janet Jackson, who has held the Irish Golf Championship six times*

The new champion was never up in this match except at the first hole, which she on, and at the 18th tee when she became rmy, but having got her chance she as able to cling to it, and a half at the home hole gave her her first championship.

Mrs. Hall, though not a stylist, is ssessed of a nice easy swing and plenty of length, and her iron play is good. ritics might find fault with a slight oseness of arms perhaps, but at Rosapenna they were not at fault.

Miss Taylor, the runner-up, has a delightful swing, compact and neat, coupled with perfect body balance. At present she is not quite long enough, but should she acquire this she will be very difficult to beat.

In the short game both Mrs. Hall and Miss Taylor gave a most impressive display.

Other young players who did well at Rosapenna were Miss Betty Latchford, Miss Joan Mitchell, Miss June Jameson, and Miss Sybil Cuthell, all of whom should have a fair chance of winning championship honours.

## The National Playing Fields Association

IT is a splendid fashion which is setting in for golfers to support the National Playing Fields Association with enthusiasm. The annual match between Men and Women at the All-Weather School in Kensington devoted the entrance fees to this object. The match was a masculine triumph. Even Miss Wethered met with defeat at the hands of Mr. Tolley, but Miss Wilson just managed to beat Mr. J. H. Taylor, junr., and she was also the winner of the approaching and putting competition for women, Mrs. Alec Gold taking the putting.

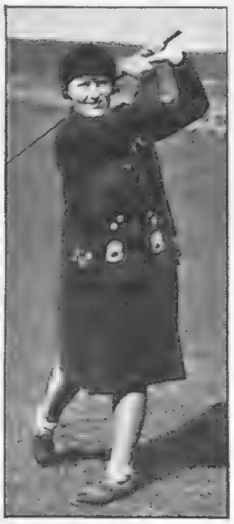
# The WELSH Championship

## Mrs. Rieben's Success : *by S. F. Dampney*

*Miss Sylvia Dampney, herself an International, who was only beaten 2 and 1 by Mrs. Rieben in the Welsh Championship, tells how and why that player won the event*

*Mrs. Rieben (Aberdovey), the Welsh champion*

MRS. RIEBEN, the winner of the Welsh Ladies' Championship, is indeed worthy of her title. After her successes in the International Matches at St. Andrews it was generally expected that on the wind-swept testing links of Tenby she would prove victorious. In her power of intense concentration rather than any outstanding ability lies the secret of her success. The figures she obtained throughout the championship were phenomenal; never for a moment relaxing, her amazing steadiness inevitably wore down her more erratic opponents.


*Miss Barbara Pyman (Royal Porthcawl), the runner-up in the Welsh Championship*

It was undoubtedly superb putting which won her her final victory of 2 and 1 over Miss Barbara Pyman. Through the green there was little to choose between them; Miss Pyman consistently hit the longer ball from the tee, but never far enough to gain any substantial advantage. On the greens she could not compete with the deadly accuracy of her opponent, and it was obvious from the beginning that she was fighting a losing battle. Mrs. Rieben continued with the same rock-like steadiness and brilliant putting which had characterised her play throughout until victory was hers. Despite wind and rain, she had completed the thirty-five holes in par figures.

## The "EVE" Golf Calendar

AUGUST

Verses by Nance Paul and Eleanor E. Helme
Decoration by Charles Ambrose

A bucket and spade
Would once have made
Jane and Jimmie, eleven and eight,
Happy from early dawn till late
When in August they went to the sea.

But now they insist
It mustn't be missed
That daily foursome with Mum and Dad.
"Do come along, Mum, you've surely had
Time enough now for your tea."

But Tommy's too small
Just yet for the Ball;
The foursome drives off, and he is led
Dismally howling away to bed
By his nurse's stern decree.

READ "THE TATLER" EVERY WEEK FOR MISS HELME'S "EVE AT GOLF" ARTICLE.

*Miss H. M. Weir, who did well at Nairn*

# The SCOTTISH Championship

### By *Eleanor E. Helme*

DID anybody ever expect anything else? I doubt it. "Sure as eggs is eggs" the Scottish championship was Mrs. Watson's, and only in the first uncertain half of the final, when Miss Park held the lead so bravely and persistently from her, did it ever look as if the championship cup would have a fresh name instead of Mrs. Watson's on it for the fourth time.

There are plenty of young players in Scotland, and each of them in turn showed themselves capable of something brilliant and promising, such as Miss Kathleen Macdonald's defeat of Miss McCulloch, the holder, Miss Couper's wholesale slaughter of weaker opponents, Mrs. Holm's beautiful golf against many of all sorts, as well as that of Miss Joan Gow, and some very excellent performances by young Miss Weir, who had helped Miss Couper to win Eve Foursomes the week before. But it was Mrs. Watson who went on playing convincing golf all through those sunny days at Nairn, and one fancies it will be a long time before anybody else in Scotland is so consistent, so relentless a critic of their own mistakes, so reliable a player of short chips and long putts.

There is no need to say it was a popular win; that goes without saying. It was equally welcome on all sides to see Miss Doris Park runner up; she had done splendidly for Scotland in the Open, and a good many people felt that with a little luck would have beaten Miss Collett. She has kept on coming so close to top honours without just getting them in the Scottish, and there can be few players with so little physical power who get such excellent results. With Mrs. Holm and Mrs. Cochrane as semi-finalists Nairn certainly produced just conclusions, and it was excellent that the inhabitants thereof, particularly the male portion, should be duly impressed with the quality of ladies' golf.

*Mrs. J. B. Watson, again Scottish champion*

# The "EVE" Club Competition

Positions of Clubs for the yearly Challenge Cup and Results for June

## POSITION OF CLUBS

| Club. | Percentage |
|---|---|
| Ryde | 31·71 |
| Blackwell | 8·99 |
| Tamworth | 7·50 |
| Saltburn-by-Sea | 6·69 |
| Knott End and Fleetwood | 6·58 |
| Market Rasen | 6·25 |
| Derbyshire | 6·00 |
| Clacton-on-Sea | 5·83 |
| Hawkestone Park | 5·81 |
| Hales Owen | 5·00 |
| Rugby | 4·89 |
| Bulwell Hall | 4·05 |
| Tyneside | 3·93 |
| Gay Hill | 3·88 |
| Cocksmoors Woods | 3·57 |
| Moseley | 3·33 |
| Thonock | 3·13 |
| West Essex | 3·09 |
| North West | 2·98 |
| Gerrards Cross | 2·86 |
| Blackpool North Shore | 2·69 |
| Dudley | 2·66 |
| Bramhall | 2·63 |
| Southport and Ainsdale | 2·55 |
| Camberley Heath | 2·50 |
| Penzance | 2·50 |
| Hythe | 2·50 |
| Maidstone | 2·50 |
| Penrith | 2·47 |
| Ashton-on-Mersey | 2·46 |
| Maidenhead | 2·32 |
| Middlesbrough | 2·27 |

| Club. | Percentage |
|---|---|
| Bowden | 2·17 |
| Hyde | 2·14 |
| Droitwich | 2·11 |
| Evesham | 2·00 |
| Brocton Hall | 2·00 |
| Lymm | 2·00 |
| Gloucester | 1·96 |
| Bramall Park | 1·93 |
| West Cheshire | 1·88 |
| Wadhurst Castle | 1·79 |
| Frilford Heath | 1·75 |
| Chislehurst | 1·69 |
| Canterbury | 1·69 |
| Swanage and Studland | 1·67 |
| Rowlands Castle | 1·67 |
| Cleethorpes | 1·67 |
| Sandwell Park | 1·66 |
| Rothley Park | 1·54 |
| Leatherhead | 1·54 |
| New Galloway | 1·47 |
| Leighton Buzzard | 1·47 |
| Heysham | 1·43 |
| Yeovil Mapperley | 1·37 |
| Manchester | 1·37 |
| Stockton Brook | 1·25 |
| Hayling | 1·23 |
| Whittington Barracks | 1·22 |
| Kingsthorpe | 1·15 |
| Chorley | 1·15 |
| Buckingham | 1·13 |
| Wilmslow | 1·11 |
| St. Austell | 1·11 |
| La Moye | 1·11 |

| Club. | Percentage |
|---|---|
| Aberdeen | 1·11 |
| Brynhill | 1·11 |
| Chilwell Manor | 1·11 |
| Clitheroe and Dis. | 1·11 |
| Ruthin | 1·09 |
| Dorset | 1·07 |
| Hesketh | 1·07 |
| Newcastle United | 1·06 |
| West Derby | 1·06 |
| Ashford, Kent | 1·04 |
| Chippenham | 1·04 |
| Gosforth | 1·04 |
| Chigwell | 1·00 |
| Milltown | 1·00 |
| Walmer and Kingsdown | 1·00 |
| Willesley Park | ·99 |
| Huyton | ·96 |
| Lancaster | ·93 |
| Farnham | ·91 |
| Driffield | ·89 |
| Rushton and District | ·89 |
| Morecambe | ·89 |
| North Worcestershire | ·86 |
| Wollaton Park | ·86 |
| Kendal | ·85 |
| West Kent | ·83 |
| Alderley Edge | ·83 |
| Datchet | ·83 |
| Dukinfield | ·83 |
| Scarborough | ·81 |
| Gosforth Park | ·79 |
| Ramsey | ·77 |
| Chevin | ·77 |

| Club. | Percentage |
|---|---|
| Hoylake | ·75 |
| Harrogate | ·72 |
| Lowestoft | ·71 |
| Bexhill | ·71 |
| South Shields | ·68 |
| Walsall | ·67 |
| Warrington | ·67 |
| Worsley | ·67 |
| Sale | ·67 |
| Brand Hall | ·66 |
| Formby | ·64 |
| Mersey | ·64 |
| Ringway | ·64 |
| Ifield | ·63 |
| Wallasley | ·63 |
| Paisley | ·62 |
| St. Albans, Notts | ·61 |
| Great Yarmouth and Caister | ·60 |
| Princes Mitcham | ·60 |
| Pwllheli | ·59 |
| Royston | ·59 |
| St. Melyd | ·59 |
| Tenby | ·57 |
| West Middlesex | ·56 |
| Wetherby | ·56 |
| Stoneham | ·54 |
| Leek | ·53 |
| Sunderland | ·53 |
| Edgbaston | ·53 |
| Copthorne | ·52 |
| Bloxwich | ·52 |
| Benton Park | ·52 |

| Club. | Percentage |
|---|---|
| Hindley Hall | ·52 |
| Fulwell | ·50 |
| Hillside | ·50 |
| Carholme | ·5 |
| Cheltenham | ·5 |
| Trentham | ·5 |
| Teeside | ·4 |
| Romford | ·4 |
| Oakdale | ·4 |
| Walmley | · |
| Chester | · |
| Sidcup | |
| Folkestone | |
| Northamptonshire | |
| Prestbury and Upton | |
| Northampton | |
| Harton Moor | |
| Kings Norton | |
| Craigmillar Park | |
| Ealing | |
| Birstall | |
| Wimbledon Park | |
| West Surrey | |
| West Kilbride | |
| Northants | · |
| North Shore Skegness | · |
| Pannell | ·2 |
| West Lancashire | ·2 |
| Wimbledon | ·2 |
| Troon | ·22 |
| Birkdale | ·19 |

## RESULTS FOR JUNE

| Club. | Members. | No. of Cards. | Percentage |
|---|---|---|---|
| Ryde | 41 | 18 | 43·90 |
| Saltburn-by-the-Sea | 127 | 15 | 11·81 |
| Blackwell | 89 | 10 | 11·24 |
| Hawkstone Park | 43 | 4 | 9·30 |
| Derbyshire | 75 | 6 | 8·00 |
| Knot End and Fleetwood | 39 | 3 | 7·69 |
| Gay Hill | 90 | 6 | 6·70 |
| Bulwell Hall | 74 | 5 | 6·43 |
| Gerrards Cross | 70 | 4 | 5·71 |
| Rugby | 92 | 5 | 5·43 |
| Moseley | 135 | 7 | 5·19 |
| West Essex | 97 | 5 | 5·15 |
| Clacton-on-Sea | 60 | 3 | 5·00 |
| Thonock | 80 | 4 | 5·00 |
| Blackpool, North Shore | 130 | 6 | 4·61 |
| Tyneside | 140 | 6 | 4·29 |
| Hyde | 70 | 3 | 4·28 |
| West Derby | 99 | 4 | 4·26 |
| Dudley | 94 | 4 | 4·25 |
| Droitwich | 71 | 3 | 4·22 |
| Bowdon | 46 | 2 | 4·09 |
| Halesowen | 50 | 2 | 4·00 |
| Middlesbrough | 110 | 4 | 3·64 |
| Ashton-on-Mersey | 61 | 2 | 3·28 |
| Camberley Heath | 140 | 4 | 2·85 |
| Bramhall | 190 | 5 | 2·63 |
| Frilford Park | 200 | 5 | 2·50 |
| Stockton Brook | 40 | 1 | 2·50 |
| West Cheshire | 80 | 2 | 2·50 |
| Penrith | 81 | 2 | 2·47 |
| Bramall Park | 129 | 2 | 2·33 |
| Maidenhead | 43 | 1 | 2·33 |
| Buckingham | 44 | 1 | 2·27 |
| St. Austell | 45 | 1 | 2·22 |
| Newcastle | 47 | 1 | 2·13 |

| Club. | Members. | No. of Cards. | Percentage |
|---|---|---|---|
| Manchester | 146 | 3 | 2·05 |
| Evesham | 50 | 1 | 2·00 |
| Lymm | 50 | 1 | 2·00 |
| Gloucester | 102 | 2 | 1·97 |
| Huyton | 104 | 2 | 1·93 |
| Heysham | 105 | 2 | 1·90 |
| Driffield and Dis. | 56 | 1 | 1·78 |
| Chislehurst | 119 | 2 | 1·68 |
| Canterbury | 118 | 2 | 1·68 |
| Tamworth | 60 | 1 | 1·67 |
| Maidstone | 60 | 1 | 1·67 |
| Cleethorpes | 60 | 1 | 1·67 |
| Scarborough | 124 | 2 | 1·61 |
| Milltown | 200 | 3 | 1·50 |
| Chilwell Manor | 135 | 2 | 1·49 |
| Leighton Buzzard | 68 | 1 | 1·47 |
| Bexhill | 140 | 2 | 1·43 |
| Hesketh | 140 | 2 | 1·43 |
| South Shields | 149 | 2 | 1·34 |
| Mersey | 78 | 1 | 1·28 |
| New Galloway | 78 | 1 | 1·28 |
| Lancaster | 161 | 2 | 1·24 |
| Hayling | 81 | 1 | 1·23 |
| St. Albans, Notts | 82 | 1 | 1·22 |
| North West | 84 | 1 | 1·19 |
| Kingsthorpe | 87 | 1 | 1·14 |
| Tenby | 88 | 1 | 1·14 |
| Wollaton Park | 175 | 2 | 1·14 |
| Gt. Yarmouth and Caister | 84 | 1 | 1·12 |
| West Middlesex | 90 | 1 | 1·11 |
| Wetherby | 90 | 1 | 1·11 |
| Edgbaston | 95 | 1 | 1·05 |
| Gosforth | 96 | 1 | 1·04 |
| Hindley Hall | 97 | 1 | 1·03 |
| Southport and Ainsdale | 98 | 1 | 1·02 |

| Club. | Members. | No. of Cards. | Percentage |
|---|---|---|---|
| Dorset | 93 | 1 | 1·01 |
| Brocton Hall | 100 | 1 | 1·00 |
| Chigwell | 100 | 1 | 1·00 |
| Hillside | 100 | 1 | 1·00 |
| Trentham | 100 | 1 | 1·00 |
| Willesley Park | 101 | 1 | ·99 |
| Harrogate | 207 | 2 | ·9[illegible] |
| Romford | 105 | 1 | ·95 |
| West Kent | 120 | 1 | ·83 |
| Folkestone | 121 | 1 | ·83 |
| Gosforth Park | 137 | 1 | ·79 |
| Chevin | 130 | 1 | ·77 |
| Chorley | 131 | 1 | ·76 |
| Hoylake | 133 | 1 | ·75 |
| Northamptonshire | 133 | 1 | ·75 |
| Wilmslow | 135 | 1 | ·74 |
| Prestbury and Upton | 144 | 1 | ·69 |
| Craigmillar Park | 293 | 2 | ·68 |
| Fulwell | 300 | 2 | ·67 |
| Harton Moor | 149 | 1 | ·67 |
| Northants | 150 | 1 | ·67 |
| Sale | 150 | 1 | ·67 |
| Warrington | 150 | 1 | ·67 |
| West Surrey | 150 | 1 | ·67 |
| Wimbledon Park | 150 | 1 | ·67 |
| Worley | 150 | 1 | ·67 |
| Ealing | 152 | 1 | ·66 |
| Ringway | 156 | 1 | ·64 |
| Paisley | 102 | 1 | ·62 |
| Morecambe | 169 | 1 | ·59 |
| Aberdeen | 180 | 1 | ·56 |
| Wimbledon | 200 | 1 | ·50 |
| Formby | 256 | 1 | ·39 |
| West Lancashire | 386 | 1 | ·26 |

READ "THE TATLER" EVERY WEEK FOR MISS HELME'S "EVE AT GOLF" ARTICLE.

## FIXTURE LIST

### AUGUST

3. Woodhall Spa Open Medal.
5. Woodhall Spa Open Bogey.
6. Woodhall Spa Open Mixed Foursomes.
20. Durham County Medal.
21. Seaford Head Open Meeting.

### SEPTEMBER.

10. Girls' Golfing Society Autumn Meeting at Stoke Poges.
11, 12, and 13. EVE's Girl's Open Championship at Stoke Poges.
17. Durham County Medal.
18. Maidenhead Open Meeting.
23. Woodhall Spa Open Bogey.
24. Woodhall Spa Open Mixed Foursomes.
24. Lancashire Clubs Qualifying Round Lady Derby Cup at Manchester.
24 and 25. Hayling Island Open Meeting.
25. Notts County Autumn Meeting at Radcliffe.
25, 26, and 27. Worcestershire Championship at Malvern.
25. Essex Autumn Meeting at Thorpe Hall.
26. Brocton Hall Open Meeting
26. Durham County Autumn Meeting at South Shields.
27. Surrey Autumn Meeting and Coronation Medal (Open) at Wentworth.
27. Hendon Open Meeting.
27. Goodwood Open Meeting.
28. Bexhill Open Mixed Foursomes.
30. Medical Autumn Meeting at Northwood.
30. Lancashire Clubs Lady Derby Cup Qualifying Round at Freshfield.

### OCTOBER.

1. Herts Autumn Meeting (Seniors) at Berkhamsted.
1. Durham Shield Finals.
2. Rochester and Cobham Park Open Mixed Foursomes.
3 and 4. County Finals at Broadstone (Dorset).
4. Durham Shield Finals, Bronze Division.
to 11. English Close Championship at Dorset.
8. Veterans' Autumn Meeting at Coulsdon Court.
8. Durham Captains *v.* Secretaries Match at Wearside.
9. Herts Autumn Meeting (Juniors) at Porters Park.
12. Guildford Open Mixed Foursomes.
5, 16, 17, and 18. EVE's Autumn and Roehampton Foursomes at Ranelagh and Roehampton.
15. Durham County Medal.
16. Glos County Kitcat Finals at Gloucester.
1, etc., Worplesdon Open Mixed Foursomes Tournament.
3 and 24. Kent Autumn Meeting at Royal Blackheath.
. Lady Marling Cup and General Meeting Glos County, Stinchcombe Hill.
. Legal Autumn Meeting.
United Services Autumn Meeting at Ashford Manor.
. Surrey (Bronze Division) Autumn Meeting and Coronation Medal (Open) at Purley Downs.
. Pearson Trophy Finals in Kent.
Guildford Challenge Cup (open to Members of all Surrey Clubs).
and 30. Middlesex Autumn Meeting at Crews Hill.
and 30. Lancashire County Lady Derby Cup Finals at Hesketh.
*Star* Tournament Finals.

### NOVEMBER.

and 6. Lancashire County Scratch and Handicap Shields Finals.
Durham County Annual General Meeting and At Home.

### DECEMBER.

. Woodhall Spa Open Mixed Foursomes.
. Woodhall Spa Open Medal.
. Woodhall Spa Open Bogey.

## SHOTS *of the* MONTH

BRITANNIA AND EVE has had much pleasure in awarding brooches for holing in one to :—

Mrs. K. C. Hooper, 7th hole, Newquay.
Mrs. J. C. Barrett, 5th hole, Ilkley.
Mrs. Graham, 10th hole, Penrith.
Mrs. J. Evers, 9th hole, Chester-le-Street.
Mrs. A. G. Baker, 7th hole, Uttoxeter.
Mrs. W. R. Dodds, 7th hole, South Moor and Craighead.
Mrs. M. A. Wilds, 9th hole, Cobham Hall, Leeds.
Miss P. Evershed, 4th hole, Cavendish.
Mrs. Guest, 18th hole, Sandiway.

## *EVE'S* CLUB COMPETITION for MAY

Ryde, who were announced as winners of the May competition with a membership of 23 and percentage of 34·78, have since notified us that their total membership is 41; they had taken the membership required as playing membership only. Fortunately, there is no change in the position of the clubs, Ryde remaining the winner with a percentage of 19·41 even after this correction, but the attention of other clubs is drawn to the fact that it is total, not playing, membership which should be given and on which the percentages are worked out.

*All entries for* EVE's *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in the issue of* BRITANNIA AND EVE *for the current month.* **Coupons must be attached to the cards,** *and addressed to the Golf Editor of* BRITANNIA AND EVE, **Inveresk House, 346, Strand, W.C.2.** *The scratch score of the Course must be clearly marked on each card otherwise no responsibility can be accepted for errors.*

**PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.**

"EVE" GOLF COUPON. AUGUST

*Name* *Mrs. Miss* ..............................
*Address* ..............................
..............................

For Club competition this card to be entered in the total of ..........................Club, of which I am a member.

# Potpourri *of the* Month

IMITATION, as we all know, is the sincerest form of flattery, and the Midland Ladies' Foursomes are, therefore, the most appreciated compliment which Eve has ever had paid to her. For they are just like EVE's Scottish, or Northern, or any other Foursomes, not confined to players in the locality from which they take their name, and so people from all over the place had a chance of tasting the kindness of Copt Heath's hospitality and the excellence of their course. It was really delightful to see somebody else doing the work and to do the playing oneself, even if there was a hurried exit in the first round. If so early a loser can pay a glowing testimony to an event, what must the winners have thought of it? Miss Enid Wilson and Miss Corlett were not only the back markers at plus two, but undoubtedly the best couple in the competition, for Miss Corlett is now one of the steadiest of golfers, and the pair gave away vast quantities of strokes and never looked like doing anything but win, though Miss Hartill and Miss Nicol did chase them firmly to the 17th green in the semi-final. That was what Miss Fowler and Miss Lobbett did to Miss Worsley and Miss Downes in the other semi-final, though that match went to the very last green, and Miss Downes's side put up a brave fight in the final as well, for they only had one stroke from Miss Wilson and Miss Corlett and only lost by 2 and 1.

*Miss K. Garnham*

The Ladies *v.* Men this year was a glorious affair for the ladies, provided they do not remember how many of the best men were not playing against them. Even if that sobering thought should occur to them, the margin was quite sufficiently big to satisfy the greediest: to lose only one foursome and two singles was good enough in all conscience. Of course the ground was hard, which took away the men's advantage in length, but, on the other side of the account, the ladies were getting the strokes at the odd holes, and it has always been agreed that they are worth several more if taken at the evens, as they have been for some years.

EVE spent a very pleasant hectic few days rushing round the north of England, seeing Lancashire's Northern Meeting at Lancaster, where Miss Noble carried off the scratch prize with 79, and dashing thence to watch Yorkshire come unbeaten through their northernmost tour. Cheshire and Lancashire had both been beaten previously, so that there was nothing left for Yorks to do but to polish off Cumberland and Westmorland, Northumberland and Durham. There were a few anxious moments in the afternoon at Cockermouth, when Cumberland and Westmorland were only being defeated by the odd match, and Yorkshire felt a certain amount of anxiety in meeting Northumberland next day at Hexham. But all was well for them, and they rounded off their tour by allowing Durham to take no liberties with them at Wearside. It would be difficult to imagine a more picturesque course than Cockermouth, up on the Cumberland fells, nor two more excellently kept than Hexham and Wearside. But it is a very strenuous business, all that travelling, and Yorkshire were a little inclined to envy Suffolk, who had come through their Midland Division, in spite of a tie with Bedfordshire, playing all their county matches on one course. Perhaps the envy was added to by reason of that one course having been Woodhall Spa.

*Miss A. M. Hyde*

Within a few hours of the entrance forms for the Girls' Championship and the Autumn Foursomes appearing in the paper, they were pouring back into the office duly filled up. By the time this is in print, who knows how many may not have arrived. Haste is therefore essential if would-be competitors do not wish to be left lamenting.

*The Tatler* has grand schemes for a brand new annual competition to be inaugurated next spring. Fuller details must be announced later, and will be found in *The Tatler* itself, where Eve at Golf appears weekly. As for BRITANNIA AND EVE's own new Club Competition, a glance at the results speaks for itself. Competition waxes fast and furious, and congratulations are especially due to Ryde on their second success.

The winning club each month is given choice of a barometer, a clock and a permanent calendar. Ryde have chosen the last, and speak of presenting the two as prizes in foursomes at their club.

Other clubs will really have to bustle up, if Ryde is not to be permanent winners each month, whilst they have certainly a good lead for the challenge cup. But there is no knowing.

READ "THE TATLER" EVERY WEEK FOR MISS HELME'S "EVE AT GOLF" ARTICLE.

# The “EVE” GOLF Competitions

*Readers are referred to the May or June number of BRITANNIA & EVE for full particulars of “Eve” Spoons and Brooches and the New Club Competition. Copies of the conditions have also been sent to each club affiliated to the L.G.U. The Monthly Medal results for June are given below.*

## Results *of the* “EVE” JUNE Monthly Medal Competitions

(Class I (Handicaps of 20 and under).

| Name. | Club. | Gross Score. | Handicap. | Net Score. | Scratch of Course. | Strokes above or below S.S. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Miss Norah Brighouse | Ormskirk | 85 | 20 | 65 | 75 | 10 below |
| Mrs. B. Collins | Ilford | 78 | 12 | 66 | 75 | 9 ,, |
| Mrs. C. Pickersgill | Wearside | 88 | 19 | 69 | 78 | 9 ,, |
| Mrs. McCormick | Canterbury | 87 | 20 | 67 | 75 | 8 ,, |
| Mrs. D. Wenham | Blackwell | 84 | 16 | 68 | 76 | 8 ,, |
| Mrs. H. W. O'Brien | Chislehurst | 82 | 18 | 64 | 72 | 8 ,, |
| Mrs. Gregory | Camberley Heath | 84 | 17 | 67 | 75 | 8 ,, |
| Miss W. J. Stapleton | Longcliffe | 84 | 20 | 64 | 72 | 8 ,, |
| Mrs. Hargreaves | Formby | 85 | 20 | 65 | 72 | 7 ,, |
| Mrs. M. Ratcliff | Leamington and County | 81 | 13 | 68 | 75 | 7 ,, |
| Miss M. Dixon | Saltburn-by-Sea | 83 | 19 | 64 | 71 | 7 ,, |
| Miss G. B. Sillem | Bedford and County | 87 | 18 | 69 | 76 | 7 ,, |
| Miss K. Bomer | Thonock | 76 | 12 | 64 | 71 | 7 ,, |
| Miss I. Shaw | Southport and Ainsdale | 89 | 20 | 69 | 76 | 7 ,, |
| Miss G. Lightfoot | Huyton | 87 | 20 | 67 | 74 | 7 ,, |
| Mrs. Barton Walker | Hesketh | 75 | 7 | 68 | 75 | 7 ,, |
| Miss D. Abell | Derbyshire | 82 | 15 | 67 | 74 | 7 ,, |
| Miss L. M. Barnes | Manchester | 86 | 16 | 70 | 77 | 7 ,, |
| Miss M. B. Atkinson | Fulwell | 81 | 16 | 65 | 72 | 7 ,, |
| Miss D. M. Hardie | Great Yarmouth and Caistor | 80 | 10 | 70 | 76 | 6 ,, |
| Mrs. H. Middleton | Chilwell Manor | 78 | 10 | 68 | 74 | 6 ,, |
| Mrs. D. C. Macgregor | Frilford Heath | 81 | 10 | 71 | 77 | 6 ,, |
| Mrs. C. J. Coggins | Buckingham | 80 | 14 | 66 | 72 | 6 ,, |
| Mrs. B. Wilman | West Bradford | 79 | 12 | 67 | 73 | 6 ,, |
| Miss M. Kennedy | Folkestone | 86 | 16 | 70 | 76 | 6 ,, |
| Mrs. Tanner | Newport I.W. | 82 | 18 | 64 | 70 | 6 ,, |
| Miss G. Brown | Chislehurst | 84 | 18 | 66 | 72 | 6 ,, |
| Mrs. Lochrane | Derbyshire | 86 | 18 | 68 | 74 | 6 ,, |
| Mrs. E. B. W. Bumby | Worcestershire | 89 | 19 | 70 | 76 | 6 ,, |
| Mrs. P. C. Young | Gosforth Park | 81 | 10 | 71 | 77 | 6 ,, |

(Class II (Handicaps of over 20).

| Name. | Club. | Gross Score. | Handicap. | Net Score. | Scratch of Course. | Strokes above or below S.S. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Miss F. M. Taylor | Betchworth Park (Dorking) | 91 | 33 | 58 | 75 | 17 below |
| Miss L. Greene | Chingford | 97 | 34 | 63 | 78 | 15 ,, |
| Mrs. Milliken Smith | Blackwell | 97 | 35 | 62 | 76 | 14 ,, |
| Mrs. J. H. Redfern | Bramhall | 98 | 36 | 62 | 76 | 14 ,, |
| Mrs. D. C. Thomson | Craigmillar Park | 99 | 36 | 63 | 76 | 13 ,, |
| Miss M. Ratcliffe | Chorley | 98 | 34 | 64 | 76 | 12 ,, |
| Mrs. M. Wolstenholme | Preston | 93 | 30 | 63 | 75 | 12 ,, |
| Mrs. Pearce | Princes (Mitcham) | 86 | 30 | 56 | 68 | 12 ,, |
| Miss F. Rodenhurst | Hawkstone Park | 88 | 22 | 66 | 78 | 12 ,, |
| Miss E. Deans | Rathfarnham | 102 | 36 | 66 | 78 | 12 ,, |
| Mrs. Howard | Boyce Hill | 94 | 28 | 66 | 78 | 12 ,, |
| Mrs. Rattray | Newquay | 96 | 33 | 63 | 75 | 12 ,, |
| Miss M. C. Roberts | Holywell | 96 | 33 | 63 | 75 | 12 ,, |
| Mrs. Battersby | St. George's Hill | 101 | 35 | 66 | 77 | 11 ,, |
| Mrs. J. B. Wilson-Cariss | Moseley | 101 | 36 | 65 | 76 | 11 ,, |
| Miss V. Hart | Woodsome Hall | 101 | 36 | 65 | 76 | 11 ,, |
| Mrs. L. K. Iles | Barry | 97 | 34 | 63 | 74 | 11 ,, |
| Miss K. Kidwell | Rugby | 87 | 28 | 59 | 70 | 11 ,, |
| Miss E. Broom | West Derby | 94 | 30 | 64 | 75 | 11 ,, |
| Miss J. Welch | Ravensworth | 86 | 21 | 65 | 76 | 11 ,, |
| Mrs. McMinn | Moortown | 95 | 28 | 67 | 77 | 10 ,, |
| Miss E. Baggaley | Bulwell Hall | 100 | 36 | 64 | 74 | 10 ,, |
| Miss K. F. Mann | Grange Park | 91 | 27 | 64 | 74 | 10 ,, |
| Miss T. Glover | Grange Park | 95 | 31 | 64 | 74 | 10 ,, |
| Miss P. R. Wallace | Lundin | 98 | 36 | 62 | 72 | 10 ,, |
| Miss D. Butterworth | Manchester | 103 | 36 | 67 | 77 | 10 ,, |
| Miss R. Cole | Heysham | 101 | 36 | 65 | 75 | 10 ,, |
| Mrs. J. D. Reid | Gathurst | 99 | 35 | 64 | 74 | 10 ,, |
| Mrs. Watson | Hexham | 90 | 22 | 68 | 77 | 9 ,, |
| Mrs. O. Brough | Pollards Hill | 89 | 27 | 62 | 71 | 9 ,, |

### ENTRANCE FORM

Ranelagh and Roehampton, 1929 — No entrance fee

To be sent to Miss E. E. Helme, BRITANNIA AND EVE Office, Inveresk House, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2, not later than Monday, September 16th.

LADIES' AUTUMN FOURSOMES—
Ranelagh, October 15th, 16th, 17th and 18th

ROEHAMPTON FOURSOMES—
Roehampton, October 15th, 16th, 17th and 18th

*(PLEASE PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS)*

*Please enter*

*Mrs.* }
*Miss* } ..............................*of*.............................. *Club*

*L.G.U. Handicap*..................

*Home Address*......................................*Telephone No*.... .. ..

*To play in whichever of the above Foursomes she is eligible for by handicap with her partner*

*Mrs.* }
*Miss* } ..............................*of*.............................. *Club*

*L.G.U. Handicap*..................

*Home Address* ......................................*Telephone No*......... ..

*Any alteration of handicap, change of address or telephone number, to be notified to Miss Helme at above address.*

## “Eve's” Ladies' Autumn Foursomes, 1929 (8th year), and Overflow Foursomes (5th year)

AUTUMN FOURSOMES AT RANELAGH, OCTOBER 15TH, 16TH, 17TH AND 18TH, 1929.

FOURSOMES AT ROEHAMPTON, OCTOBER 15TH, 16TH, 17TH AND 18TH.

*By kind invitation of the respective clubs.*

### CONDITIONS.

Entries will be received up to 256 couples, without limit or handicap (playing limit 18 joint handicap for any couple at Ranelagh, 30 at Roehampton). Additional couples will be placed on a waiting list.

Entries close Monday, September 16th.

The 128 couples with the lowest joint handicaps will then be drawn to play in the Autumn Foursomes at Ranelagh for the Challenge Cups and replicas and usual prizes, and the remaining couples will be drawn to play in the Roehampton Foursomes at Roehampton for prizes presented by BRITANNIA AND EVE. Both Foursomes will be played as match play tournaments under ⅜ths of difference of combined handicaps, limited as above. Halved matches to be played to a finish, strokes being taken at the same holes as in a complete round. Vacancies caused by withdrawals in the Autumn Foursomes will be filled by the lowest handicap couples in the Roehampton Foursomes; vacancies in the Roehampton by couples on the waiting list if the total number of couples entered exceeds 256.

Pairs who have reached any BRITANNIA AND EVE Foursomes Final, whether Autumn, Northern, Scottish or Roehampton, will be put into the Ranelagh draw on entering, even if by handicap they are only entitled to play in the Roehampton. This applies only if the pair play together again, not if either takes another partner. Such entries should be clearly marked FINALISTS.

Competitors may choose their own partners, and in the event of the original partner failing may substitute another up to the time play starts.

Competitors will be asked, shortly before close, to verify their handicaps, as any alteration may affect in which Foursomes they will be eligible to be drawn. Entries will be accepted from foreign competitors at their home handicaps, if they have no L.G.U. handicaps.

## “Eve's” Girls' Open Golf Championship, 1929

SCRATCH MATCH-PLAY KNOCK-OUT TOURNAMENT AT STOKE POGES,

SEPTEMBER 11TH, 12TH AND 13TH.

NO QUALIFYING ROUND.

Open to all girls of any nationality who will be under nineteen years o age on September 10th, 1929.

Entries will be received up to sixty-four. Any over this number wil be placed on a waiting list, from which vacancies caused by withdrawal will be filled up to the time play starts.

Entries close on Monday, August 26th, and must be made on th entrance form which appears below or that which appeared in the Jul number.

Competitors will be drawn to play in a scratch knock-out match pla tournament at Stoke Poges, September 11th, 12th and 13th. Halve matches to be played to a finish.

Challenge Cup and replica to the winner; prizes to the runner-u and unsuccessful semi-finalists.

Entrance forms and all communications to be sent to Miss E. E. Helm BRITANNIA AND EVE Office, Inveresk House, 346, Strand, London, W.C.

The proprietors of BRITANNIA AND EVE reserve to themselves the righ to alter and amend any of these conditions, and the decision of the Gol Editor is final.

The Craig Challenge Cup, scratch bogey, will be played for on Sep- ember 12th by play beaten in the first, secon and third rounds of th Championship.

Mothers and chaperones of competitors playing in the championshi will be eligible to compete in competitions fo handicap prizes presented by BRITANNIA AND EVE, to be played at Stoke Poges on September 11th and 12th. Conditions will be posted at Stoke Poges on September 10th.

### THE “EVE” GIRLS' GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP

Accommodation may be had for competitors and their friends at the following addresses:

STOKE COURT, STOKE POGES, SLOUGH, BUCKS.
Terms 18s. per day,
Apply to the Manager, Stoke Court.

BAYLIS HOUSE HOTEL, STOKE POGES LANE, SLOUGH, BUCKS.
Terms 18s. per day, or 15s. without lunch. (This includes transport to the Club).
Apply to the Manager, Baylis House.

Accommodation will not be available at Stoke Poges (club-house), but competitors may practise free of charge on Monday.

### ENTRANCE FORM

No entrance fee

“EVE'S” GIRLS' OPEN GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP
Stoke Poges, September 11th, 12th and 13th

To be sent to Miss E. E. Helme, BRITANNIA AND EVE, Inveresk House, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2, not later than Monday, August 26th.

*Please enter*

*Miss* .................................... *Date and year of birth*.........

*Home address* ............................ *Club, if any*.................

.................. ..... ... *Telephone No.* ............

READ “THE TATLER” EVERY WEEK FOR MISS HELME'S “EVE AT GOLF” ARTICLE.

*Aquascutum Field Coat*

*By Appointment to His Majesty the King and to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales.*

"Tailoring to Tradition"

**TRADITION through some seventy years of Tailoring experience, combined with the practical application of progressive ideas in the most criticised of all arts, has given Aquascutum the right to claim for their world-renowned Top-Coats, Weatherproofs and Suits all that their distinguished patrons have a right to demand and to expect.**

**'Scutum Coats from 6 Guineas. Top-Coats in Saxonies, Cheviots and Homespuns from 6 Guineas. Waterproof and Windproof "Field" Coats 3½ to 5 Guineas. Suits from 8 Guineas.**

Aquascutum Ltd. REGISTERED

*Tailors and Overcoat Specialists since 1851*

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**LONDON, W.1**

**OSTEND** ON YOUR SUMMER PROGRAMME
WILL ASSURE YOU OF A MOST DELIGHTFUL HOLIDAY
AT THE

**KURSAAL**

ORCHESTRE OF 100 SELECTED PLAYERS

DANCING IN THE MAGNIFICENT BALLROOMS

CONCERTS BY THE FINEST ARTISTES IN THE WORLD.

ALL THE ATTRACTIONS OF MONTE CARLO

*A Palace of Pleasure*

**THE ROYAL PALACE HOTEL, OSTEND**

The most luxurious and largest Hotel in Europe with Cercle Privé. Under the same management as the "CARLTON," Cannes, and the "SCRIBE," Paris

*Other Leading Ostend Hotels are:*

THE CONTINENTAL · THE OCEAN · THE LITTORAL PALACE

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*OSTEND ATTRACTIONS:*

RACING — GOLF — BOATING — TENNIS — REGATTA

**Miles of beautiful firm Sands with exceptionally fine Sea Bathing.**

◇ ◇ ◇ ◇

**YOU WILL NOT HAVE A DULL MOMENT AT OSTEND**

# HOW I PRESERVE THE BLOOM OF YOUTH

IT is not expensive or difficult, and I must admit that it produces the results, for every girl that has used it on my recommendation has a complexion to-day of which she is justly proud. Massage a little Mercolized Wax into your face each night. In the morning wipe off with a dry towel. That's all. Simple, isn't it? But do it regularly and you will be delighted to see how this remarkable Wax absorbs the half dead and discoloured cuticle, revealing the fresh young complexion which every woman has *underneath.*

*Obtainable at all Chemists 2/- and 3/6. Manufactured of the finest ingredients, containing no animal fat, and guaranteed not to encourage the growth of hair.*

**DEARBORN (1923) LIMITED, 37, Gray's Inn Road, LONDON, W.C.1**

# MERCOLIZED WAX

*(Registered Trade Mark.)*

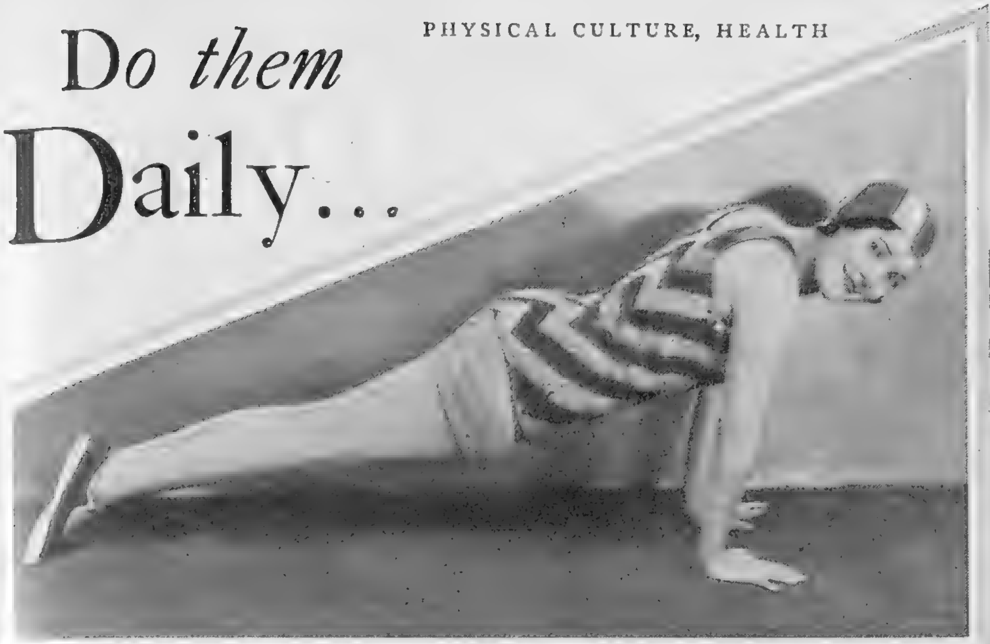
PHYSICAL CULTURE, HEALTH AND BEAUTY

# Do *them* Daily...

## *Some simple HEALTH Exercises*

*By*

Margaret Gaye



Photographs by Maurice Beck and Helen Macgregor

*Fig. 1.—Making a bridge from hands to pointed toes. This calls into action nearly all the arm, leg, chest and back muscles that are most likely to offend by flabbiness*

ONE of the worst defects of the thin as of the fat figure is "flabbiness."

In the latter case we are all familiar with it—those rolls of muscle-less fat that flop about like jelly that has not quite set, disfiguring the contour of arms, legs and torso. We are apt to forget its evils in the thin figure . . . especially the thin figure that has once been fat. Yet it is an ever-present danger to those who "reduce" successfully, unless they simultaneously tone up muscles and skin with exercises.

Obviously—skin that has been stretched to its utmost capacity to cover several stones of *avoir du pois,* is going to sag badly when that *avoir du pois* is suddenly reduced by about 16 lbs. or more. But also, even the most emaciated body, without a spare ounce of flesh, looks better if it boasts a few hard muscles under the skin instead of just distressing hollows.

THIS month's exercises are all designed to correct the "flabby" tendency, however it may have been caused.

That illustrated in Fig. 1 is simple but effective. Lie flat on your chest on the floor. Drawing your hands together under the chest, raise the body on the hands and the tips of the pointed toes, until the elbows and knees are stiff, and all the leg and arm and chest muscles strained to their utmost. Hold this bridge position while you can count seven, and slowly lower the body to the floor. Repeat ten times.

This exercise is beneficial combined with deep breathing. Take as long and slow a breath as possible while raising the body. Keep the raised position as long as the breath can be held. And emit it slowly and evenly while returning to the recumbent.

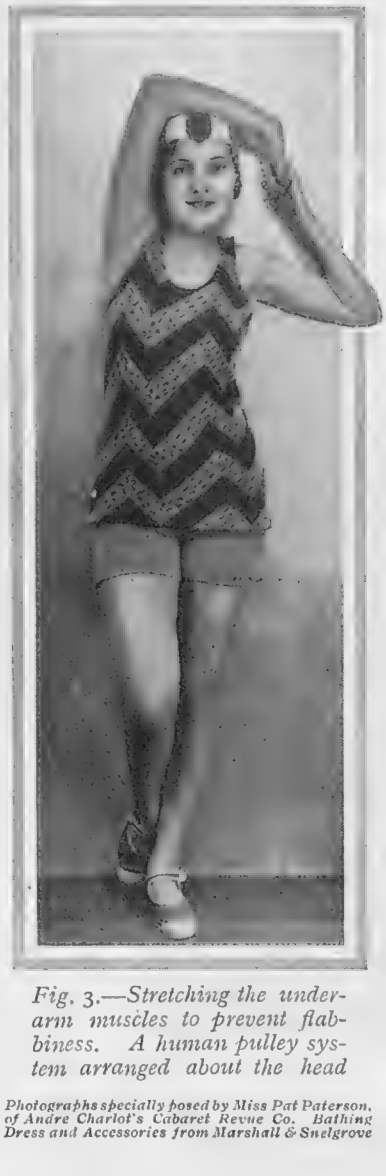


*Fig. 3.—Stretching the under-arm muscles to prevent flabbiness. A human pulley system arranged about the head*

*Photographs specially posed by Miss Pat Paterson, of Andre Charlot's Cabaret Revue Co. Bathing Dress and Accessories from Marshall & Snelgrove*

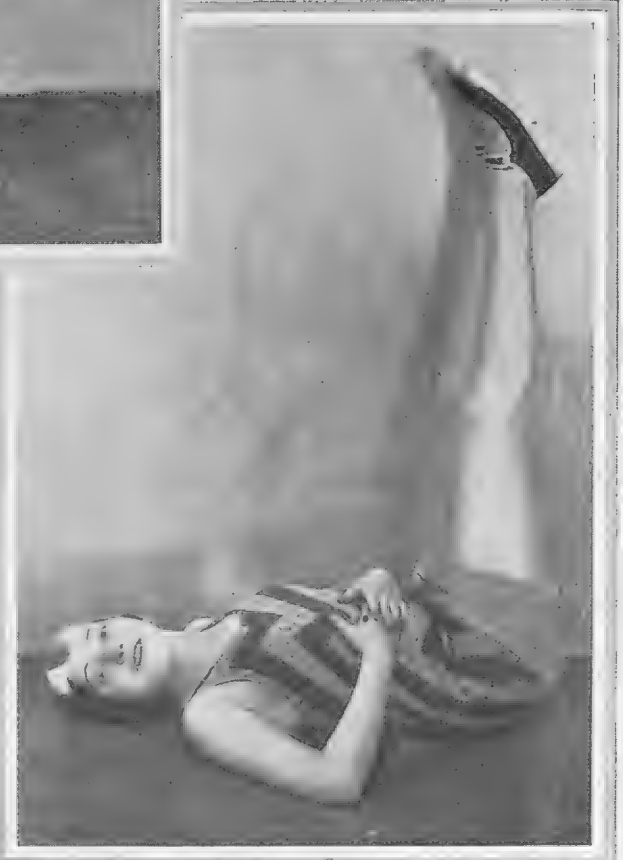


*Fig. 2.—This is done ten times without ever letting the legs touch ground, and is not so innocuous as it looks*

The second exercise looks easier than it is. Lie flat on the floor on your back. Fold the hands across the diaphragm, so that the breathing can be checked. Point the toes, and, without bending the knees, lift the legs from the hips till they are at right angles with the rest of the body, as in Fig. 2. Now beat them up and down slowly, from this position, *almost* to the floor, ten times. The whole point of the exercise is that they must never actually touch the ground. Hence the strain on the leg muscles is never for a moment relaxed while the exercise is being done. "Broom sticks" may be changed into shapely limbs by this means, while loose fat magically disappears. No matter how sore the muscles feel "next day," the exercise *must* be persisted with.

THE third and last exercise is designed to have a similar effect on the arms. Stand erect, and, extending both arms above the head, clasp the left fingers in to the right palm, in such a way that the right palm (and consequently the underside of the right arm) is turned outwards. Now pull the right arm *as hard as you can* down to the left side, bending the elbow over the head, and using the head as a sort of prop for the right upper arm. (See Fig. 3) Hold this a few seconds, pulling as hard as possible all the time, and reverse the exercise, pulling the left arm, turned in the same way, with the right. This should be done three times with each arm. After a certain amount of practice it will be found that the exercise can easily be combined with the simple "rising on the toes" one that reduces thick ankles.

# On *with the* Dance!

*It teaches you to walk well, and keep young*

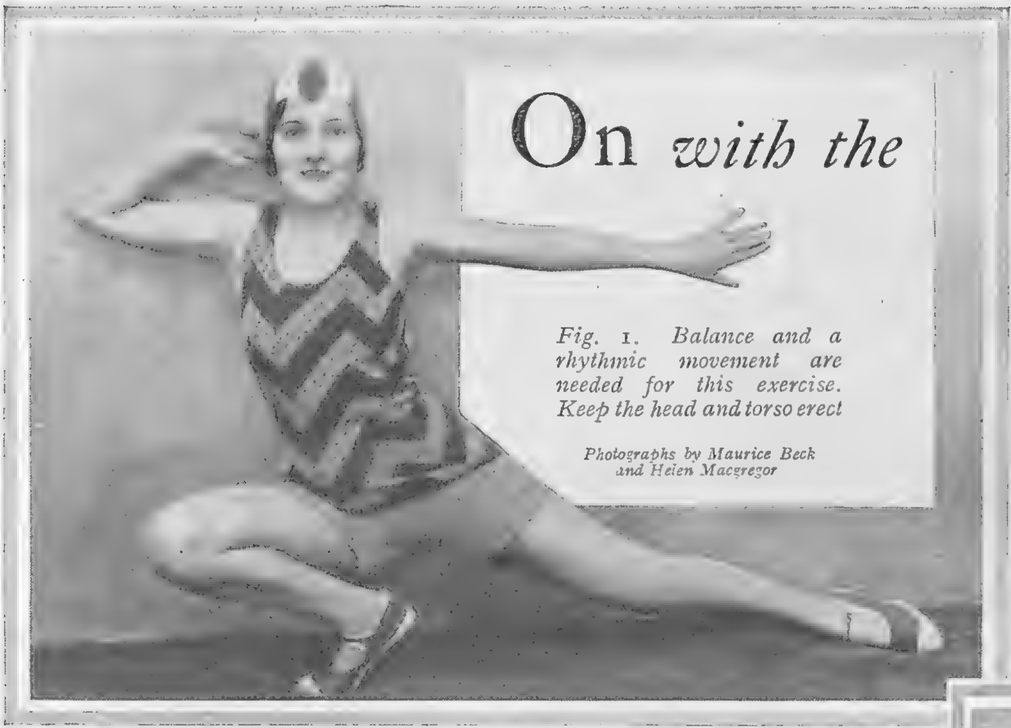


*Fig. 1. Balance and a rhythmic movement are needed for this exercise. Keep the head and torso erect*

*Photographs by Maurice Beck and Helen Macgregor*

BEARING in mind the fact that all dancing exercises must be gracefully and "easily" executed, in contrast to physical culture exercises which have been christened "jerks" because of the violence they demand if they are to be properly (and beneficially) done, cast your eyes over the illustrations on this page.

All are of moderately difficult dancing exercises, which will require a good deal of concentration at first. They are typical of the technical repertoire of the professional dancer—her bodily arpeggios and octaves. To be able to do them, and to keep on doing them moderately and for a few minutes daily, will prove an insurance against old age, for a well-exercised body keeps young!

For the first (illustrated in Fig. 1) stand easily, with the feet well apart. Shift the weight on to the right foot, and, bending the right knee, sink to a squatting position, with the left leg straight out, sideways from the hip, knee unbent, toe pointed. At the same time bend the right arm, hand behind head, and fling the left arm out, gracefully. (You will probably find that the different component parts of this exercise will have to be practised and mastered separately—but, once you have the idea of the combined movement, the arm motions definitely help balance.)

Now rise smoothly to the first position, shift the weight on to the left leg, bending that, squatting, and *repeating the whole process in reverse.*

With practice, you should be able to perform this difficult exercise (which will reduce your hips, and give you admirable control of the muscles of your whole body) in one smooth sweep, without any interruption of movement, first right, then left, then right, then left—until tired.

FIGURE 2 shows a movement to give suppleness to the back, which is also a good hip exercise. Bending over as shown, touch the left toe with the right hand, at the same time extending the left arm upwards, so as to form a nearly straight line with the right. Imagine your two arms, in fact, to be the two opposite sails of a windmill. Now, without bending either in the least, swing them up again and round, so as to touch the right toe with the left hand, and leave the right arm in the air. Repeat this revolving movement ten times.

In Fig. 3 we have an exercise stolen from the fencing school—one of the greatest factories of grace and poise ever neglected by a foolish generation.

Placing the left hand on the left hip, tap smartly on the floor with the right foot, and lunge forward on to it, as shown, at the same time thrusting forward with the right hand, as though it held a foil. Return smartly to position, drawing back the right foot, and bringing the right hand to the chest. Repeat the lunge ten times, or until the whole movement can be performed with assurance and flawless balance.

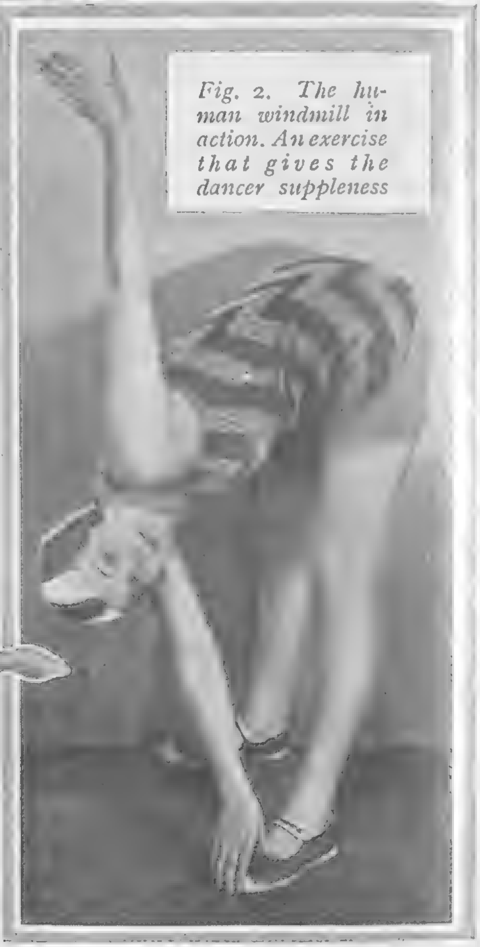


*Fig. 2. The human windmill in action. An exercise that gives the dancer suppleness*

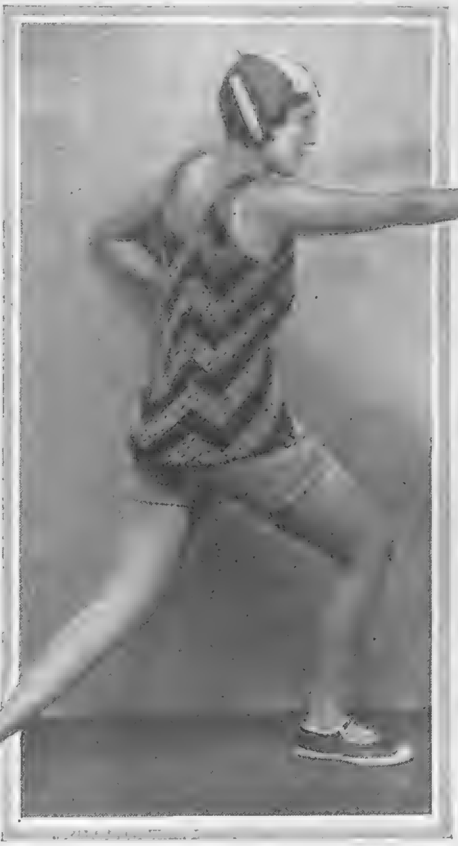


*Fig. 3. An exercise from the fencing school that will give you poise*

Then—since this is an exercise, and only make-believe fencing—reverse the process and lunge to the left, grasping the imaginary foil in your left hand.

Above all, keep the head erect, and well set back on the shoulders. No poking with the neck. A fine carriage of the head is the first essential of fencing—dancing—and (how few of us realise it) *walking*!

# "Rejuvenating the Eyes, Face and Neck"

## by Lady Maud Warrender

*Authentic photograph of a lady's eyes, after she had the loose and wrinkled skin removed from under and above them. The result is guaranteed for life.*

There is no greater tragedy for a woman, once beautiful, than losing the contour of her face and neck, and whose eyes are losing their natural expression, by the formation of loose and wrinkled skin. In the case of those who depend on their looks for their wage earning, these marks of age are fatal.

Innumerable systems of skin manipulation, appliances, and preparations, have been invented to remove such marks of age, but anyone who has tried them, sooner or later realizes how impossible the task is. I am, therefore, glad to find that the mental suffering of those women who have tried in vain to eradicate the wrinkles and signs of old age, is totally unnecessary.

They can regain their lost looks. I have just investigated the latest scientific method, practised by Mr. C. H. Willi, Fellow of the College of Physiology (London), F.R.S.A., at his consulting room, 40, Baker Street W.1., and am completely astonished at the results. I interviewed the specialist with the wonder-working hands, and he introduced to me cases actually under treatment, and also others he had treated some considerable time ago. I found that deep-seated furrows between the eyes, crowsfeet under the eyes, wrinkles on the forehead, lines from nose to mouth, and loose skin on the neck, had all been banished, and the soft rounded contours of youth restored. What surprised me equally, was that the effect is permanent. Once this glorious appearance of youth has been recaptured, it remains.

This treatment is so simple and so safe, that I can foresee the time coming soon, when a visit to Mr. Willi's consulting room will be as much a part of life, as going to the dentist, except that it is quite simple and pleasant.

*The appearance of age on the face is purely a matter of loose skin on the face and neck.*

*As soon as the looseness of the skin is adjusted, the perfect facial contour is restored.*

One thing should be noted, said the specialist: Although deep, age-old furrows are removed at any age, it is better for every woman to go at once for treatment, as soon as the skin shows the least crease or slackness. I am certain that she will be overjoyed at the result.

Maud Warrender

CRINOLINES & DUNDREARIES

Quaint, maybe, to all eyes, to some ridiculous, yet "la mode" when Wright's Coal Tar Soap was introduced; the Victorians welcomed it unreservedly, praised its kindness to delicate skins, delighted to use it in their toilet, appreciated its invigorating and refreshing qualities.

For the self-same reasons Wright's Coal Tar Soap is to-day found in homes all up and down the land; its equal has yet to be discovered.

WRIGHT'S
COAL TAR
SOAP

6d. per tablet.

Bath size 10d.

Streets 109.

# BEAUTY at HOME AND ABROAD

WE were talking about different countries, and all the various types of beauty you would see if you were lucky enough to be able to take a journey round the world. One of our party had just come back from six months' travelling in Europe, and she was kept busy answering questions about the places and people she had seen. "It's awfully difficult to say where you see the prettiest girls," she said in answer to someone. "Of course, the girls in Italy are lovely, and in Paris they are all very exquisitely turned out. But, as a matter of fact, whenever I saw a particularly pretty girl and took the trouble to find out who she was, she nearly always turned out to be an American or English visitor—nobody romantic at all.

"EXCEPT perhaps in Spain. There you really do see the loveliest women. Not our pink and white type, and not too elaborately made up, but with the most marvellous smooth skins you ever saw. We went to several balls and parties in Madrid, and there were heaps of well-dressed English and Americans there; but I thought the Spanish women looked the loveliest of all—and so *different* with their delicate skins and satiny hair, and their lovely expressive hands.

"I COULD not help asking some of the Spanish women I met how they managed to keep their skins so smooth and lovely in such a hot and dusty climate. And I found out that it's nothing new or complicated at all, but a quite simple recipe that Spanish women have been using in one form or another for hundreds of years." And then she went on to tell us how the beauty secrets of old Spain came to be made the foundation of a modern soap. Of course, you know that it was in Spain that some of the first experiments with soap were made, and soap was known and used there long before it came to this country. Indeed, the Spanish have made a fine art of soap-making, and that is why people find in Spain toilet soap of exceptional purity. But, in olden times apparently, before soap was invented, its place was taken by various scented oils and extracts. As far back as Roman days, olive oil was used to cleanse and soothe the skin, and to keep muscles firm and pliant. Later, the beauties of old Castile made it their favourite toilet preparation, and they perfumed it with a very delicate essence that they extracted themselves from the wild flowers of the Sierras. For years these oils and perfumes were used in their natural state; but at last, after much patient experiment, a way was found to blend them in a fine toilet soap. "This soap," my friend explained, "is called Gal, and it really is made from the traditional recipe of Spanish oils and flowers. It has a most intriguing perfume. Very faint, yet somehow it seems to suggest all the sunshine and scented warmth of Spain. There's something tantalising about it, something elusive. I can't explain exactly, but it's simply fragrance and freshness itself. After you've used Gal Toilet Soap you feel cool and refreshed all day.

"YOU see," she continued, "Gal isn't like an ordinary soap. The lather is much smoother and more compact—you can almost knead it between your fingers. Some Spanish women use it in this way; first they work the lather till it thickens to fluffy smoothness, almost like whipped cream. When it is firm enough to cling to the finger-tips they apply it gently to the skin. Afterwards they rinse it away quickly with warm water *gradually* cooled until it is icy. They are very careful not to apply the cold water too suddenly. They think it is better to let the pores close slowly and naturally. The whole thing only takes a few seconds, and you'd be surprised to see how effectively it soothes and cleanses the skin. I suppose the oils blended in Gal have a very strengthening and beneficial effect. Certainly they seem to brace and stimulate the skin in the most marvellous way—bringing to life all its own colour and warmth.

"OF course," she concluded, "I simply had to try it for myself at once. And I liked it so much that I laid in an enormous stock of it, in case I couldn't get it in England. But I've seen it in heaps of shops over here—and it's like getting a gleam of Spanish sunshine every time I glimpse the yellow package. I was very glad, too, for I've given away nearly all I had. People simply seized it wherever I went. It's been far the most successful of the presents I brought back with me."

GAL Toilet Soap is obtainable at all high-class chemists, hairdressers, and departmental stores. It is only one shilling per tablet or two and nine for a box of three. If you find it difficult to obtain in your district, send a post-card to Perfumeria Gal (London), Ltd. (Dept. 3), 76, Strand, W.C.2. They will put you in touch with the nearest retailer who stocks it. (ADVT.)

# "Your *very good* Health"

*The practical application of modern scientific knowledge to the maintenance of general well-being*

## *The Use and Abuse of ASPIRIN*

*The spirit of youth. Pupils of the Margaret Morris dancing school, practising in the open air of a London garden*

THE medical profession is agreed that post-mortems reveal the fact that the *majority* of people have deteriorated their insides by over-medication. Even drugs which, when used properly, in correct doses and after medical diagnosis, are proven remedies in specific cases, can become extremely dangerous when ignorantly used, too frequently, at the wrong time or in exaggerated quantities. "The Aspirin habit" is one of the dangers to modern health which the pervasion of patent, that is, public, medicines has fostered.

spirin is made from salicylic acid, derived from salicin, a crystalline substance obtained from the bark of the willow. It is a most valuable drug and has been proved to be extremely useful in the treatment of rheumatism, for the relief of fever and as a palliative of certain kinds of pain. It is also slightly narcotic in effect. This is more pronounced in some cases than in others. Some people find that aspirin is a calmant and will help to induce sleep. As in the case of other more potent narcotics, certain people have an idiosyncrasy which reverses this effect so that they react to it as to a stimulant.

MOST certainly aspirin is a valuable drug when judiciously employed, but it *is* a drug, and, in common with other drugs, constant and repeated doses call for an increase of quantity after a time before there is any appreciable reaction, and it is definitely harmful to saturate the system with any drug. Being an acid, aspirin is less well supported by anyone of a bilious disposition, and a sense of nausea will follow anything like an over-dose. It is also, for most people, a depressant. Its misuse can only do ultimate harm to the excellent and long-established firms of chemists who manufacture this medicine, while its undoubted merit, when properly prescribed and employed, obviously redounds to their credit and profit. I feel strongly that, like other drugs, valuable in themselves but dangerous when their use becomes an abuse, aspirin, other than in exceptional circumstances, should only be taken *as and when ordered by a doctor*.

The most common reason for resorting to aspirin is headache. If the pain is neuralgic or rheumatic in its origin aspirin is undoubtedly the right medicine, and would be prescribed by a physician. If the patient knows that this is so and has had previous medical advice on the subject he, or she, is, of course, justified in its use. If the headache is a preliminary symptom of a heavy cold or influenza, in which case it will probably be accompanied by fever and a sore throat, aspirin, in conjunction with a hot drink of lemon and water or whisky and water, will possibly avert or alleviate the malady, especially if the patient goes to bed and keeps very warm so as to aid the action of the drug and the hot liquid in eliminating the toxin through the pores of the skin.

But if the headache is caused by fatigue, stomachic or digestive troubles or by eye-strain, aspirin will not attack the cause but merely alleviate the pain temporarily—thus masking the symptoms. All pain is nature's warning signal that something is wrong.

IF your head aches because you are tired, rest will cure you. No social obligation or temptation should prevent you from taking it. Sometimes quite a little rest, such as that obtained by lying for ten minutes in a warm bath, will suffice. If you come home tired and headachey, take some aspirin and perhaps a stimulant to key yourself up, for fresh fatigue is madness.

If your headache is the result of eye-strain avoid, if possible, doing whatever causes that particular form of fatigue and *consult an oculist*. Correct glasses will probably entirely dissipate the tendency to headache.

What are called "nervous headaches" would probably be cured by a reasonable change in diet and mode of life and a good nerve tonic. In any case, the cause of anything like chronic headaches should be investigated with medical aid if the patient cannot recognise the symptoms, and in cases where aspirin is "indicated" it will surely be prescribed and can then, safely, be taken.

*In the Alps sunshine. Patricia and Ursula (the twin daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Patrick McGill) with their younger sister Sheila basking in the beautiful sunshine at Dent du Midi*

*Maurice Beck and Helen Macgregor*

# Beauty *in the* Box

*Portable compendiums of beauty account for the radiant complexions with which modern women arrive from the longest journey*

### By "Chrysis"

*Drive in a motor*
*Or fly o'er the lea,*
*To see a fine lady*
*Ride waves of the sea*
*White are her fingers*
*And powdered her nose.*
*She shall have Beauty*
*Wherever she goes.*

THE modern Pandora need not fear to open her precious box. All the woes and mischief have long since been spilled out, and there remains only Hope for the jaded traveller, in the form of refreshing cleansing creams and lotions and rejuvenating unguents, within the charming coloured enamel or smart leather cases, which the sophisticated woman carries with her wherever she may go.

The problem of beauty culture on a holiday and even *en voyage* has been solved by the inventiveness of the specialists. Travelling is always trying to the complexion unless especial care is taken, and the prospect of delving into a, possibly, hurriedly packed dressing-case, unwrapping a variety of anonymous packages containing, perhaps, fixing fluid, when one wants a cleansing lotion, tooth paste when face cream or powder is a necessity, may well, in the past, have deterred women from making the little toilet *en route* which will preserve not only the appearance but actually the health and well-being of the skin.

But to-day the process of "renewing" the complexion and refreshing oneself is made easy by the possession of a special little fitted case, containing every necessity and luxury of the toilet. In the past it was her jewel case, to which a woman clung desperately through every vicissitude of travel; to-day the mysterious, albeit elegant, little box from which she refuses to be parted is more likely to contain the secrets of her perpetual freshness, physical and mental (for to look well is synonymous with feeling well), than the family pearls and diamonds.

ABOVE everything, when travelling it is necessary to keep the skin *clean.* Clogged pores may mean an aftermath of skin trouble, likely to spoil a holiday even in the most idyllic circumstances. Washing is often neither practicable nor desirable. Therefore every case of beauty aids should contain a good cleansing agent which will seep into the pores and cleanse them of all impurities. One of the beauty culturists, who specialises in the fitment of these luxurious cases, includes her famous cleansing cream and the tonic lotion with which it is used. The method of application is to smooth the cream over the face, removing it again with cotton wool steeped in the tonic lotion, a fresh supply of which should then be patted in, especially round the eyes, as it tends to prevent puffiness. Softly wiped off with a tissue square, this will leave the skin completely clean, cool and soft. The case also contains an eye lotion, emollient cream for sensitive skins, and a nourishing skin food for massage

NATURALLY a woman would select from the many preparations available those that suited her particular needs. There can be added any or all of the cosmetics she requires in the colourings of her choice. And all these things are fitted into their particular places, so that there is no trouble or difficulty about packing or unpacking. The more complete and luxurious of these cases have charming enamel-topped bottles and jars and every conceivable accessory, even to manicure kit. But the little week-end case of enamelled metal also has its full complement of toilet and beauty culture necessities.

Another beauty specialist has contrived a complete outfit of her special preparations in a small and practical gilt-lined, enamel case, which is a delightful travelling companion or an orderly and charming adjunct to the toilet drawer. It includes a cleansing lotion which cleans and refines the pores, a tonic emulsion which feeds and tones up the skin, a protective and nourishing day cream of velvety texture, and there are places for other little pots and bottles of any of her specialities, such as whitening and astringent lotions, anti-wrinkle specifics, etc., according to individual requirements, since the diagnosis and special care of her clients' several idiosyncrasies is one of this specialist's particular studies.

The addition of some cotton-wool and tissue squares for cleansing make any of these cases perfect portable compendiums of beauty, without which the modern woman who has formed the habit of caring for her complexion and preserving her youth can scarcely afford to travel.

A Youthful Appearance

has never been more strenuously desired by women than it is to-day, and rightly so, since Social and Economical competition has proved the importance of a prepossessing appearance; not only for the additional happiness it confers on its owner, but also as a vital factor in the everyday struggle for existence.

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OSCAR WILDE wrote:
"The tragedy of life is not growing old, but staying young."
When one is young in mind, and heart, but old in face, this is terribly true; but is a tragedy that is nowadays avoidable.

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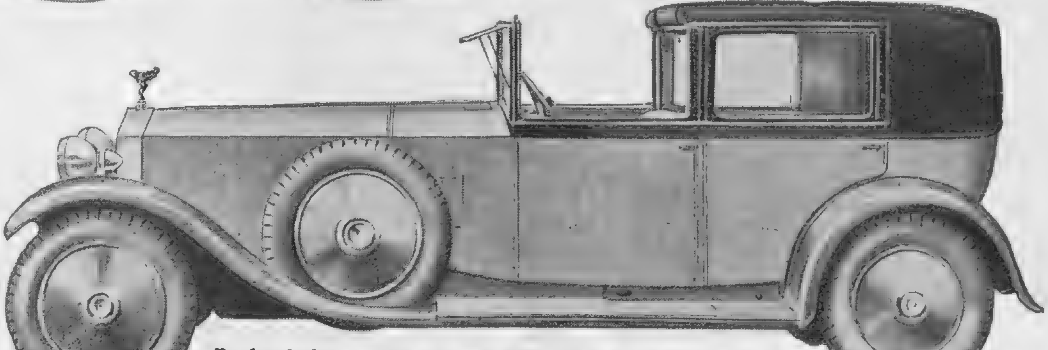

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MOTORING SECTION:

Edited by the Earl of CARDIGAN

*Bentleys filled the first four places in the 24 hours' race at Le Mans. Two of them crossing the line*

# Motor Racing

## *In England and Abroad*

AS it is understood in England, I fear that motor racing has never made any great appeal to me. To build an artificial machine and race it round an artificial track has always seemed to me a sport purely for the enthusiast, and can hardly be expected to arouse much interest in the ordinary motorist. A recent visit to France for the 24 hours' race at Le Mans, however, had the effect of opening my eyes to the possibilities of this sport as a spectacle for the man in the street and an opportunity for the practical manufacturer to show off his wares.

To me, at any rate, it was a matter of intense interest to see a standard British car—one that, if literary merit were suitably rewarded, I could purchase tomorrow from stock—covering ten miles of ordinary road at an average speed of over 80 m.p.h.! Hardly less impressive was the performance of an American machine, so little removed from the standard product that it was practically silent in its running, which lapped at high speed for a day and a night without so much as a misfire. The only thing lacking, in fact, was a big foreign car capable of making the British champions exert themselves rather more fully than they actually had to do. There are several makers who could have added some uncertainty to the race if they had cared to pit themselves against the Bentley team.

EVEN as it was, however, the event drew a large and cheerful crowd. Many people stayed up a great part of the night, alternately watching the progress of the cars and patronising the various cafés which, in the absence of any institution analogous with D.O.R.A., continued to provide refreshments until breakfast-time came round again. The good people of Le Mans must have reaped a rich harvest both before and during the event!

Why is it, I wonder, that only in England is it impossible to stage motor races of this type? Apart from the interest they arouse and their value to sporting manufacturers, the amount of money which they must bring into the district is incalculable. Everyone admits the need for additional francs and dollars being spent in this country. We have roads quite as suitable for racing as those around Le Mans, and yet the only events of the sort which are held here take place in inaccessible places like Ulster and the Isle of Man. What a course could be made if only a few miles of road on Salisbury Plain could be temporarily enclosed!

*Miss Baring, the film star, at the wheel of her two-seater*

# The Frenchman *and his* Car

## *Do foreign drivers deserve their reputation for recklessness?*

AT the same meeting I took the opportunity to study the French owner-driver, the man with a small or medium-sized family car who had driven probably from the Paris suburbs with his family to watch the race. He is rather a different type from the English light car owner, although it is not easy to say whether his driving is better or worse, safer or more dangerous. The average Frenchman probably excels the Englishman in skill, but on the other hand habitually drives as if he had just two minutes in which to catch a train. I saw some wild driving while I was abroad, but I am not sure whether the hopeless incompetence seen on our own roads on a Bank Holiday is not more annoying and every bit as dangerous. I am inclined to think that, in a tight place, I would sooner meet a rash expert than a cautious fool.

THE worst fault of the Continental driver is that he invariably drives on what I call the "border-line"—the narrow division between what is just safe and what is definitely dangerous. This is all very well so long as the car functions perfectly and the driver's nerve retains its steadiness. There is no margin at all, however, to allow for the brakes acting with a little less than their normal fierceness, or for the rear wheels gripping the road less surely than they should. The result is that, when there *is* a smash, it is usually a bad one and someone pays a heavy penalty.

The most amusing sight to be seen on the French roads, of course, is the futility of the police supervision of the traffic. In Paris the discipline is fairly well enforced, but in the provinces, when the gendarme blows his whistle and flourishes his little truncheon, the offending driver merely swears at him and passes on. I occupied five minutes watching one of the guardians of the law trying to organise the vehicles leaving Le Mans after the race to which I have alluded, and the contempt with which he was invariably treated seemed hardly credible to the well-drilled mentality of an Englishman. First one car and then another would butt him in the back, pushing his obstructing figure a little farther up the road, until at last he was propelled in this manner on to a protecting bank. There he turned his back on the proceedings and (there is no other word for it) sulked!

## *THIS MONTH'S MOTORING HINT*

### Getting Out of a Slippery Place

IT often happens during the summer that a car is parked on the grass for picnicking purposes, and that a shower falls before it is driven away. The wheels will spin, mud will be churned up, and every fresh manœuvre of the unskilled driver will render the situation more involved. Start the car in the next gear higher than that which you would normally employ. Let the clutch in gently in second gear, or even in "third" in the case of a four-speed "box." Except on frozen snow or in deep mud, I have never known these tactics fail.

*The Earl of Cardigan with a new "Straight-Eight"* (30 *h.p.*) *Lanchester Fabric Saloon at a recent race meeting*

*Miss C. P. Hunter, who won the ladies' race at the Alvis Motor Rally at Brooklands*

# The *new* "Straight-Eight" Lanchester *on test*

A NEW car, produced and vouched for by the historic firm of Lanchester, must always be of more than ordinary interest. In the first place, it is not every day that an entirely new Lanchester sees the light, for it is, generally speaking, only the makers of popular cheap cars who find it necessary to provide novelty at frequent intervals. Secondly, it is quite obvious to anyone acquainted with Lanchester tradition that the new car must represent a very real and genuine advance over its predecessors to be produced at all.

Long before I had heard any details of the new "straight-eight" I had something more than a suspicion as to the lines along which this latest advance was to be made. Some time ago I reviewed the old 40 h.p. Lanchester—the one with the epicyclic gears. Admirable though this car was in many ways, I ventured to state the opinion that a little additional "ginger" would not come amiss. A few days later Mr. Lanchester himself called upon me and said, "I read your article; there is something in what you say, but wait until next year and we will give you something with all the 'ginger' you will want." The sequel to this occurred quite recently, and I may say at once that the prediction was amply justified.

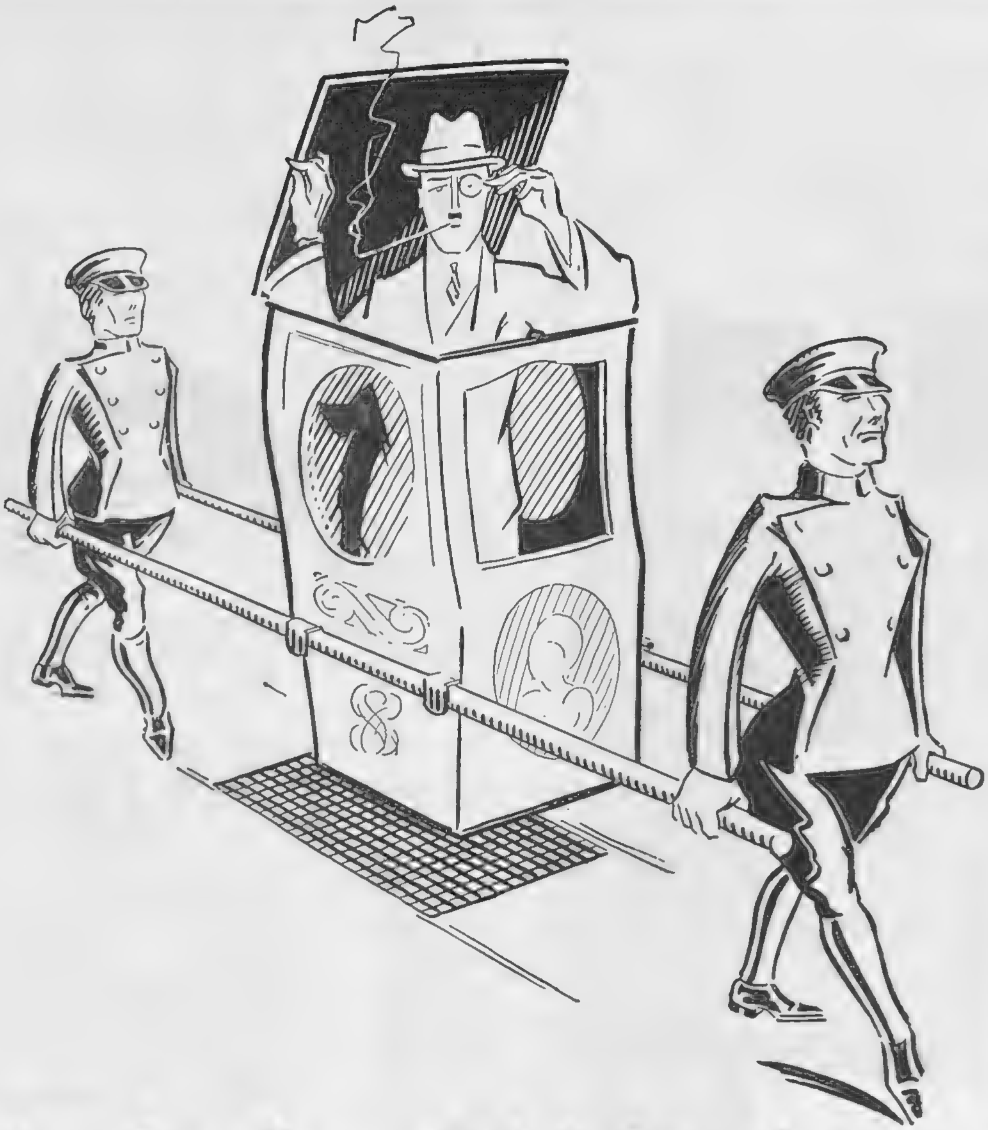
The new car is not in the ultra high-speed class, but it gives the immediate impression of being a good goer, and proves in actual practice to be capable of maintaining high average speeds with an exceptional degree of ease. The engine has, as its name implies, eight cylinders in line, and the overhead camshaft is operated, like practically every other component of the chassis, by the famous Lanchester worm gear. The effect of this is to make the power unit an exceptionally silent one, and in this respect it cannot be excelled even by the most refined town carriages.

The "straight-eight," however, is by no means a car merely for luxurious pottering. At 50 or 60 m.p.h. it is just beginning to enjoy itself, and although I never actually drove "all out," I should estimate its maximum at approximately 80 m.p.h. I was able to exceed 70 m.p.h. with a distinct margin of power in reserve, and, with an equal lack of effort, exceeded 50 m.p.h. in "third." In the latter gear, which is extremely silent, I judged that approximately 60 m.p.h. would be obtainable, and at no time was there the slightest indication that the engine was exerting itself to an undue extent.

The appearance of the saloon model which I tested was, in my opinion, admirable, and it was obvious that great attention had been paid to harmony of line. The interior was comfortable and the controls, with one exception, well placed and pleasant to handle. Only the foot-brake did not entirely meet with my approval. It was admirably effective, but, being of the Westinghouse persuasion, was too completely automatic to be agreeable.

In the main, however, the car is a particularly enjoyable one to handle, and having once familiarised myself with its solitary peculiarity, it was with feelings of real regret that I relinquished my place at the wheel.

*A peaceful street in the old-world Suffolk village of Kersey*



Don't be Old-Fashioned

Sedan Chairs are out of date, aren't they?

Yes!

Modern conditions require modern ideas, don't they?

Yes!

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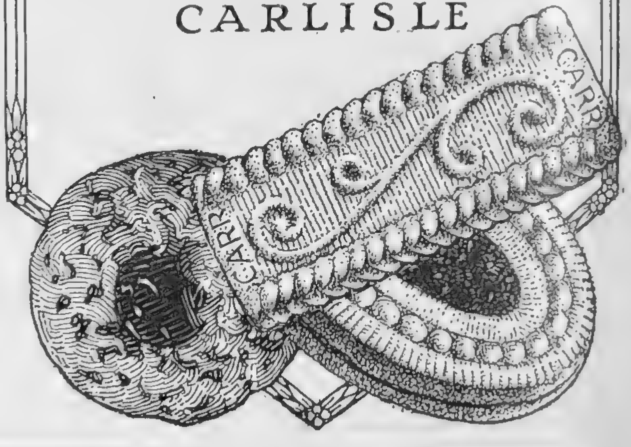

Founded by "The Gentlewoman" in 189

# *The* Children's SALON

## *and Competition Circles* (*Money Prizes*)

For GIRLS, BOYS and GROWN-UPS interested in ART, LITERATURE, NEEDLEWORK, PHOTOGRAPHY, etc.

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PATRONS:
H.R.H. The Princess Mary, Viscountess Lascelles, H.R.H. Princess Beatrice, etc.

## *NEWS of the MONTH*

THE date for the 39th Annual Competitions is now definitely fixed. They will take place at the Hyde Park Hotel, Knightsbridge, on Saturday, October 12. Further details are on page 148.

THE Thirteenth Quarterly £5 will be awarded for progress and regularity of entry in the Competitions set for August, September and October. Saloners anxious to compete for this valuable prize should therefore make a start with the competitions for August, announced to-day, and enter regularly throughout the three months.

"WHAT is this Salon Pets' Club?" asks a new member, who evidently didn't secure her copy of the May issue. The Pets' Club has been formed to enlist the help of dogs, cats, canaries, horses, donkeys, etc., belonging to Saloners and their friends, on behalf of the 13th Salon Hospital Cot, now in process of endowment in the John Madocks Home for Babies at Basing, Hants. Annual subscription 6d. per pet. Enrol your best pet now! We want 5,000 members by the end of the year. (No one is too old or too young or too naughty or too good to join this club).

OUR heartiest thanks to those ladies of the Rose who worked so determinedly on Alexandra Day. Fifty-five collecting boxes filled to the brim augurs well for that £100.

BY the time these lines are in print the sands of Littlehampton and the beach at Hastings will have been enlivened by the presence of our little Cinderellas. Two parties will have already completed a holiday at these delectable spots and others will be on their way.

SO far I have no deficit on this fund, but I am still in need of further donations to carry on the work. I am most grateful for the splendid help of Kathleen Drabble, Mrs. Kellett, Daisy Johnston-Watt, Joyce Bidder, Beatrice Long, Lady Dunbar of Dunn, Hermione Vivian, Violet McNeill-Hamilton, Jean Dewar, Peggy Dean, Elizabeth Lambton, and Beatrice Mackey.

## *Competition Results*

### Award of Prizes, May 31

#### *Graduates' Circle*

ART COMPETITION. Prize 10s. Awarded to Margaret Smith, G.C.S. 5634. Hon. Mention: G. Christabel Richens, G.C.S. 4465.

LITERATURE COMPETITION. Prize 10s. Awarded to Beatrice Long, G.C.S. 4951. Hon. Mention: Marion Randall, G.C.S. 5627; Catherine Baldwin, G.C.S. 5191.

NEEDLEWORK COMPETITION. Prize 10s. Divided between Mary Champion, G.C.S. 4772, and Amy G. Haydon, G.C.S. 4316.

#### *Members' Circle*

ART COMPETITION. Prize 10s. Awarded to G. R. H. Brabham, M.C.S. 2721. Hon. Mention: Marjorie Fisher, M.C.S. 2554.

LITERATURE COMPETITION. Prize 10s. Divided between Ian Rose, M.C.S. 2728, and Patricia Dowse-Brenan, M.C.S. 2714. Hon. Mention: D. W. Goodall, M.C.S. 2715; Phyllis White, M.C.S. 2402; Gwynedd Davies-Scourfield, M.C.S. 2750.

## *Saloners' Portrait Gallery*

*Audrey Tresidder-Wills, M.C.S. 2642, with "Kiki," the clever Manchester terrier, an earlier picture of whom first set us thinking about a Pets' Club*

*Alida Wilton, A.C.S. 881, is one of the most regular and versatile competitors in the Associates' Circle*

NEEDLEWORK COMPETITION. Prize 10s. Awarded to Margarita Boude, M.C.S. 2709. Hon. Mention: Audrey Tresidder-Wills, M.C.S. 2402; Janet Morgan, M.C.S. 2674.

#### *Associates' Circle*

ART COMPETITION. Prize 5s. Awarded to Pamela Searight, A.C.S. 1180. Hon. Mention: Diana Wilton, A.C.S. 872.

LITERATURE COMPETITION. Prize 5s. Awarded to Vera Appleberg, A.C.S. 1090. Hon. Mention: W. D. Morgan, A.C.S. 1182; Helen M. Lillie, A.C.S. 1163; Jill Erriman, A.C.S. 1073

NEEDLEWORK COMPETITION. Prize 5s. Awarded to Alida Wilton, A.C.S. 881.

HANDICRAFT COMPETITION. 1st Prize, 15s. Awarded to Sylvia Rimmer, M.C.S. 2266. 2nd Prize, 7s. 6d. Barbara Craig, A.C.S. 1058. Hon. Mention Beatrice Long, G.C.S. 4951 Doris Wickham, G.C.S. 5629; Gwendoline Dewsbury, M.C.S. 2724 Deborah Craig, A.C.S. 1060.

### Award of Prizes, June 13

#### *Graduates' Circle*

ART COMPETITION. Prize 10s. Awarded to Katinka Dabell, G.C.S. 5604. Hon. Mention: Ethel Try, G.C.S. 5608; Christabel Richens, G.C.S. 4465; H. C. Dorothy Crawley, G.C.S. 5620.

LITERATURE COMPETITION. Prize 10s. Divided between Pat Hennessy, G.C.S. 5641, and Gladys Cumpstey, G.C.S. 4573. Hon. Mention: D. Bastavala, G.C.S. 4540; B. Long, G.C.S. 4951; Kate Skinner, G.C.S. 5628; Elsye Harris, G.C.S. 4401; Hilda Guise, G.C.S. 5638; Marjorie Shillito, G.C.S. 4829.

NEEDLEWORK COMPETITION. Prize 10s. Awarded to Beatrice Bateman, G.C.S. 4537. Hon. Mention: Amy. G. Haydon, G.C.S. 4316: Marjorie Webb, G.C.S. 4578.

#### *Members' Circle*

ART COMPETITION. Prize 10s. Awarded to Yvonne Earle, M.C.S. 2719. Hon Mention: Jean Wheelhouse, M.C.S. 2738; G. R. H. Brabham, M.C.S. 2721; Josephine Peyman, M.C.S. 2755.

LITERATURE COMPETITION. Prize 10s. Divided between Muriel Malvern, M.C.S. 2691, and Gwynedd Davies-Scourfield, M.C.S. 2750. Hon. Mention: Mary A Jones, M.C.S. 2708.

#### *Associates' Circle*

ART COMPETITION. Prize 5s. Awarded to Pamela Searight, A.C.S. 1180. Hon. Mention: Vivien Belben, A.C.S. 897; Rena Recaldin, A.C.S. 1189; Peter Bowman, A.C.S. 1178.

LITERATURE COMPETITION. Prize 5s. Awarded to Diana Wilton, A.C.S. 872. Hon. Mention: Sanchia Grimsdale, A.C.S. 1072; Joan M. Hibbit, A.C.S 1172.

## *CORRESPONDENCE and CRITICISMS (May 31)*

*MARGARITA BOUDE.*—The stiff doll-jointed children need a "Piper" *en suite* to be entirely acceptable, but the grouping of figures and lettering is effective, although the author's name is too casually introduced. Sketch from life whenever possible. A well-reasoned opinion and an individual outlook distinguish the essay, but it is a little contemptuous of graceful phrasing.

*PHYLLIS WHITE.*—Very lucid and complete, but rather too clever a snapshot. As a surface picture it is excellent, but something more penetrative is necessary for complete success with such a subject.

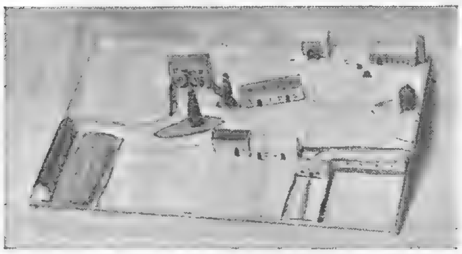
*DOROTHY PROUDFOOT.*—As far as it goes, quite good. It is, however, scarcely exhaustive enough, and a little more detail would have been welcome.

*VIOLET R. SCOTT.*—The quaint figure is prettily indicated, and its design is attractive. It is a little let down, however, by the lettering, which is old-fashioned and rather weak. Refer to some good up-to-date examples of this type of illustration.

*The Children's Salon*
COUPON
*August 13 Competitions*

# Correspondence *and* Criticisms (*continued*)

*CHRISTINE NETTLETON.*—The point of view is interesting, but a rather difficult one to tackle. One must walk very warily when inviting Romance to take a hand in the business! However, I am far from discouraging this outlook, and shall be interested to see what you do next.



*Complete with church, farm and cottages, this model village by Barbara Craig, A.C.S. 1058, captured the second prize in the May Handicraft Competition*

*D. W. GOODALL.*—Extremely well, even if a little stiffly, argued. Aim at a more supple method of expression. A very interesting paper.

*IRIS SCULLY.*—Very neat in execution, but too uncomfortable in design. For this the line of the cliff is entirely responsible. Admirable for its purpose in treatment and colour.

*HELEN M. LILLIE.*—Very well done indeed for your age. You show considerable ability for dialogue, and see that it does its work effectively. I should like to see you tackling an up-to-date story.

*MARY A. JONES.*—The clever drawing of the bunny himself is a bit negatived by so much surrounding detail. He is really sufficient in himself without any further attempts at decoration. Do not be afraid of well designed empty spaces.

*PATRICIA DOWSE-BRENAN.*—Very well set down. The gradual development of a philosophic outlook is interestingly handled. You have a well-developed talent for writing and this is advanced for your age.

*AUDREY TRESIDDER-WILLS.*—Your determination and industry are most praiseworthy. The art entry is strong in design, but not very distinguished in colour. For this the background is chiefly responsible. It competes too violently with the principal feature. The essay is a vivid little document, interesting throughout, but a little too casually set down. Your remaining entries are both painstaking, but not quite up to our prize-winning level.

*IRIS HIGGINS.*—If you had made a little more of your points this paper would have represented the subject very well. It is tackled in the right spirit and with rather more care would have been very good indeed.

*MURIEL M. MALVERN.*—An impressive point of view, but the subject demands a more comprehensive attitude, embracing all sides, if possible, of such life. However, you have done well with this particular and most important phase.

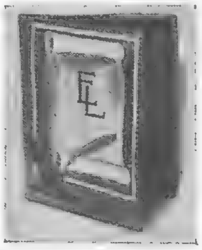
*L. GERTRUDE SINCLAIR.*—As with all your art entries, this is distinguished by its fine appreciation of colour and the use of water colour as a medium has inspired you in the right manner. The subject, however, is not one which lends itself very well to pictorial effect, although if more of the door's surroundings were shown one would probably reverse this verdict. Your needlework entry is beautifully done, and the literature interesting, but rather loosely composed.

*IAN ROSE.*—A very capable and well-argued paper. Thoughtful and yet not heavily handled. You have a very good notion of selecting the most interesting point, and then turning it to good account. Rather shorter sentences, occasionally, help long ones to be more effective, and *vice versa.*

*MORA H. ROBERTSON.*—The character of your anemones is well realised, and the colour, although a little timid, is very pleasantly indicated. The vase in perspective has bothered you a good deal, but as a whole this is a charming and very artistic study.

*DIANA WILTON.*—The grouping of the flowers is not very happy, but you have rendered them splendidly. This is a most truthful and capable sketch, well drawn, and accurate in colour and tone. Presently you can adopt a freer and more dashing style, but this is a sound and most useful method at the moment.

*In the same competition this pretty raffia bag by Gwendoline Dewsbury, M.C.S. 2724, received an hon. mention*



*And Beatrice Long, G.C.S. 4991, came very near to securing a prize with this cleverly executed blotter in leather*

*JILL H. ERRIMAN.*—Only experience is lacking to make this a very charming tale. It is attractive in idea, and well composed, and suggests that later you will do interesting work.

*C. M. BALDWIN.*—A brief but vivid summary, giving the required point to your argument. A very good paper.

*BEATRICE LONG.*—Admirably set down. The paper is a little short, but that is its only fault. In your handicraft entry you show considerable progress, but I think anything of your own design would have been better than this. The inkpot and pen are very well handled. The tooled dots are the weak point in my opinion—they do not help the design. Much love.

*MARGARET SMITH.*—Charming impression — a little vague in drawing of foliage compared with sharpness of buildings, good tone, light and air. Free style, but should be more balanced in effect.

*G. CHRISTABEL RICHENS.*—Pleasing colour and good effect. Shadows suggest bluebells but are otherwise rather forced. In composition, the pale tree rather on picture line. Good, swift sketch.

*G. R. H. BRABHAM.*—Striking design; would be improved were the black shadows in colour—they concentrate the eye but don't explain themselves in a naturalistic effect. Daring and interesting.

*MARJORIE FROBER.*—Well composed and effective. Would be still more so had the outlining been of even strength—a design worth more help from research and study Very promising.

*PAMELA SEARIGHT.*—An extremely interesting study, with passages of remarkable ability, but not quite grasped as a whole. You should start on better surface; this is only good for pencil work and your brushwork suffers. Most interesting and promising work, with unusual ability.

*JOSEPHINE E. PEYMAN.*—A careful, well-drawn study, with real observation of colour and effect. Highly promising work on excellent lines on slightly unresponsive paper. Excellent.

*W. D. MORGAN.*—Well imagined and set down, but I doubt if the scholarship could be handed over in that fashion. Nevertheless, a bright story showing a decided gift for narrative.

*JOAN M. HIBBIT.*—It is not easy to sustain the interest in work of this fantastic type, but you have succeeded remarkably well. The handling is a little weak towards the finish. You should polish this to get a better climax.

*HILDA BARROW.*—Little slips from true grace in the matter of English just spoil an interesting paper. It is largely a matter of careful revision. Your facile pen runs away with you at times.

*LILY SOSNOE.*—As a tiny glimpse of the book praised this is very well, but it is rather too much of a fragment to rank as a competition entry. Very well done as far as it goes.

*MARIAN G. RANDALL.*—Remarkably well handled except just at the last. The paper was worthy of a better finish. Some quotation is always useful in a study of this type.

*SHEILA M. APTED.*—A most interesting and amusing little story, a great advance on the one you first submitted. I hope you enjoy "Fun Fair."

*M. CHAMPION.*—I have nothing but praise for this beautiful piece of work. Thank you so much.

*SYLVIA RIMMER.*—Both items are most interesting, and beautifully made. A very attractive entry.

*BARBARA CRAIG.*—The size relation one item bears to another is a very important matter in a model. Thus your grave stones are much too large. But this is a thoroughly novel entry, and on the whole is most entertaining and successfully carried through. Real flowers should have been chosen, but this is daintily sketched. The vase is rather large for the table, don't you think?

*PRISCILLA BELBEN.*—A most artistic sketch. The solid qualities of these flowers should, however, have been indicated by masses of colour. Unfortunately, your handicraft entry was much broken on arrival. This work needs very careful packing.

*AMY G. HAYDON.*—A characteristic and charming piece of work which has only just missed the prize

*DORIS WICKHAM.*—It was very nice to encounter something from your clever fingers again. The flowers are well made and skilfully put together, but mixed posies are rather more attractive and generally preferred. Send in again soon

*VERA APPLEBERG.*—Although inexperienced in many places, as is only natural, this is particularly mature work for an Associate. I shall be much interested to see other efforts from your pen. A most promising entry.

*Salon "Rose-day" sellers resting for a photographer's fraction of a second before renewing their strenuous campaign. Fifty-five boxes were filled by four p.m.!*

## Cats *and* Dogs

### Two New Members of the SALON PETS' CLUB

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*"Robbie" has very balanced views about food, and believes in many meals a day. Owner, Gwynedd Davies-Scourfield, M.C.S. 2750*

**Enrolment Form**

*Please enrol me as a* Graduate / Member / Associate *of The Children's Salon Competition Circle.* (*Strike out words which do not apply.*)

*Signature* ..............................................................

*Address* ..............................................................

.......... ........................ ............ *Age, if under* 20.............

*Cut out and post to "Levana," The Children's Salon, Inveresk House, Strand, W.C.2, with P.O. for 6d., being the Annual Subscription to the Salon. Please say if you would like to become a Fairy Godmother (see May issue).*

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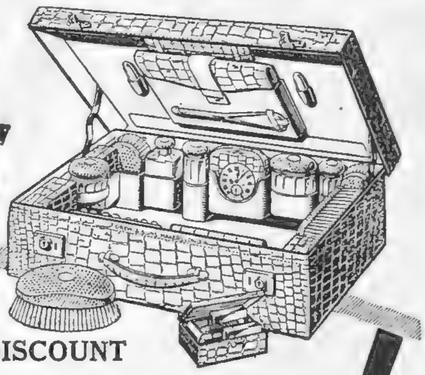

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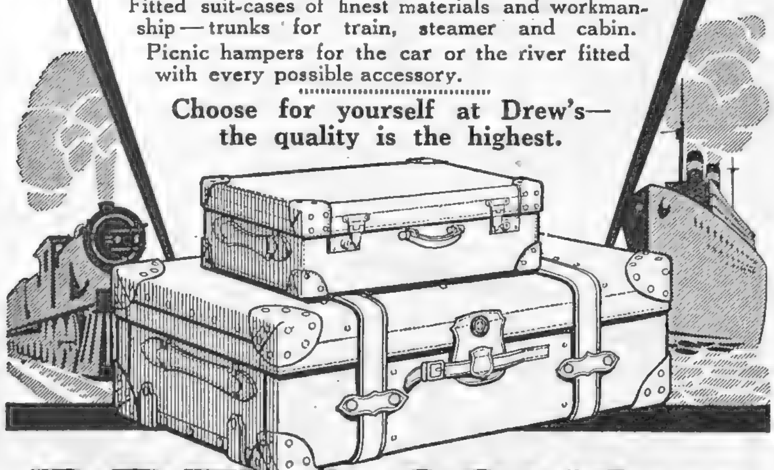

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CONLOWE LTD., CONGLETON.

# *CORRESPONDENCE and CRITICISMS (May 31)*

*(continued)*

*JACK GAMBRILL.*—A very ingenious idea. When you have learnt to get better drawing into your figures you should do some interesting work along these lines.

*DEBORAH CRAIG.*—Pretty in colouring and not at all bad for your age. Constant practice is necessary to get really expert, so keep up the work so well begun.

*ALIDA WILTON.*—Very nicely made. I hope you like needlework better than Diana does! I would never have guessed she hated it so much. Rather more variation in their niceties of colour would have made the quince leaves more interesting; the blossom is quite well handled. Don't get your paint too thick.

*VIVIEN BELBEN.*—The failure to deal with the surface reflections of your vase give a heavy look to the sketch, but the flowers are admirably realised.

*SANCHIA GRIMSDALE.*—This is not a short story, but as a piece of writing it is quite effective, and very good for your tender years. Try something with a "plot" to it another time.

*GWYNEDD DAVIES-SCOURFIELD.*—A remarkably comprehensive survey. You have taken a very great deal of trouble and the result repays you. The personal pronoun in the subject set is a little thrust into the background, but I admire the whole-hearted manner in which you have tackled the matter.

*K. F. OSBORN.*—Brightly and skilfully written, particularly in the latter half, and an interesting choice. "To encounter," etc., would have been a better opening. A first sentence is very important.

*JANET MORGAN.*—Very dainty in style and not at all bad in execution, but a finer needle would have greatly assisted you.

*GWENDOLINE DEWSBURY.*—Expert work for your age, cleverly handled, and the colours boldly and strikingly arranged. It has only just failed to secure a prize.

## Correspondence and Criticisms, June 13

*R. R. CREASEY.*—Well constructed; but for a poem of this type very correct metres are a necessity; also, a rhyme must be found for "George." I believe "forge" used in the go-ahead sense could be fitted in. The poster is interesting, but is not sufficiently considered from the commercial angle.

*PAT HENNESSY.*—Clearly you possess the power to write, and this is excellent. In view of the title, however, the "mystery" should have come first, and the rest linked up after.

*DINOO S. BASTAVALA.*—"Chaos" is undeniably clever, almost too much so! A little more restraint would increase the "bite." Still, very entertaining and original. The book will be judged for the June 28 competition. Many thanks for letter.

*LILIAN PRESTON.*—A charming poem with a weak last verse, particularly the last line of it. There is also some redundancy of thought which should be avoided.

*DAISY C. JOHNSTON-WATT.*—Full of vivid imagination, but a little long for the theme, which would gain immensely if more succinctly stated. You have been splendidly generous to the Holiday Fund. My heartiest thanks.

*H. C. DOROTHY CRAWLEY.*—Amusing, and not at all badly suggested; but the lettering is too much on the top of the design. A much finer effect would result if more wall space were allowed above the figure. Study lettering carefully. Your poem is very pretty, but the end is not so good as the rest.

*PETER BOWMAN.*—Quite remarkable for your age. I have never had an entry from so young an associate before, and I am most interested in this. Send in again soon.

*KATINKA DABELL.*—Graceful in line and mass, and charming in colour. The drapery should have been carried further, as it greatly assists the design. The lettering is well placed, but too careless.

*PAMELA SEARIGHT.*—As far as it goes—splendid. Continue to sketch in this fine manner, endeavouring to get beyond the impressionistic stage without sacrifice of breadth. You show the greatest promise.

*VIVIEN BELBEN.*—In spite of many inaccuracies, your sketch attracts by its bold handling. Compare one thing with another continually. Your chimney has a girth excelling that of the big tree!

*MARION RANDALL.*—The syntax of the last line needs attention. Otherwise this is a graceful poem, but more original themes are better exercises as a rule

*MORA HOPE ROBERTSON.*—Faithful in colour, but the vast unexplained white foreground is a little puzzling. Some suggestion of detail is necessary here to assist elucidation. Not at all a bad method of beginning a sketch.

*BETTY BEAZLEY.*—Sensitive work, with a particularly good sky. Don't exaggerate defects in a building. I suspect your windows are a bit more crooked than the originals?

*RENA RECALDIN.*—This ambitious effort is treated in rather too decorative a manner for the subject given, the lack of atmosphere giving it a somewhat unreal appearance. However, it is a very interesting entry, and I shall look forward to your next.

*G. M. CUMPSTEY.*—Quite good, but a little crude, due probably to its brevity. As it is so very short I should expand it to play for half an hour at least. The asides and soliloquies are old fashioned. Try to avoid them. Many thanks for letter. So glad you are coming up presently.

*KATE SKINNER.*—If you were to re-write this in more up-to-date fashion you would have a very interesting story to your credit. Paragraphs are essential. It is well worth re-casting.

*ELSYE HARRIS.*—Very many thanks for your interesting latter, and also the charming snap, which I hope to use shortly. What about "Fluff" for the Pets' Club? I agree entirely with your criticism; but readers are not the only people who matter!!! An interesting paper, well argued.

*MARJORIE SHILLITO.*—A rather difficult theme, capably and interestingly tackled. The writing is polished, but a crisper style would be useful. A "staccato" note now and again is a foil to smoother passages.

*C. M. BALDWIN.*—Terse and bright, but scarcely "solid" enough in achievement for a competition entry Otherwise quite good.

*BEATRICE LONG.*—Admirably put. You do a paper of this sort exceedingly well. There is nothing to criticise except that it is, of course, too slight, and leaves off too soon. Very many thanks for this most kind donation. It is ample, and in the circumstances you must not think of a second. Much love.

*DEIRDRE PATRICK-WILSON.*—There are some charming passages of paint in this sketch, and the lady is particularly good; but as a whole it doesn't quite hang together. See your work whole, not in individual "bits."

*JOSEPHINE PEYMAN.*—The background is somewhat disturbing and the group not too happily composed; but the bold, swift style is excellent, and the whole sketch is full of promise.

*MARGARET WHEELDON.*—Attractive in colour and very pleasant in tone. The modelling of the fruit is the weak point, and there is a tendency to flatness in the jug as well. Correct this fault; your work is otherwise charming.

*DORIS SETH-SMITH.*—A very pretty child's poem, with one little slip in the fourth verse, where "bells" is set down to rhyme with dell. This can easily be avoided.

*HILDA BARROW.*—With your natural gift for melody, you should, I think, now attempt something on more ambitious lines. I feel you do these too easily, and will get no further unless you strike out a bit.

*JOAN M. HIBBIT*—Sensitive, charming work; a little over-imaginative, but that is a fault in the right direction. The first three lines of the last verse are particularly good.

*HILDA GUISE.*—Exactly the right way in which to treat such a subject. You could have developed the various excellent ideas a little more, to have increased the effect; but even as it is, it is quite good.

*SANCHIA GRIMSDALE.*—A most entertaining and clever little poem. Avoid using the same word too much; "flashing" would be better than "fiery" in the sixth line, as you already have "fire" in the first. Most promising.

*G. CHRISTABEL RICHENS.*—The "hurry" has been responsible for a most jolly and spontaneous effort, excellent both in its dash and character. Masses are well balanced and the direct appeal is precisely what is wanted.

*DIANA V. WILTON.*—Strong original work. First-hand observation straightforwardly chronicled, will never be dull. Stick to this method. The last four lines are scarcely necessary, and "cheerful" should be your last word.

*HELEN MARY LILLIE.*—A dainty little poem, but showing some signs of strain to secure fitting rhymes. The poet must endeavour always to conceal any effort made in this direction. It isn't easy!

*STELLA BULL.*—Sincere work; but a very difficult subject with which to deal. Send in again soon.

*AUDREY TRESIDDER-WILLS.*—A quaint, amusing group, needing more force of effect and complementary shadow colour. You would find a less textured surface better for nearby study. Make your greys. The literature entry is a good deal better than usual, but it would be better without the last five words. It crosses "ts" a little too vigorously!

*HELEN FERNIE*—The effect is splendid, the use of words understood, but at some risk of inappropriate meaning. Curb this talent for dramatic expression just enough to secure correct sequency and accurate thinking. Your melody is very interesting.

*MARJORIE FISHER.*—A telling impression, well drawn and put together, bright and interesting in colour, but surface too soft for hog-hair brush. Extremely good as swift effect, needing the quality which a responsive ground would give.

*JANET MORGAN.*—An excellent sketch; too much in the air for solidity; well worth more completeness of projection to supply substance and weight. Pleasant colour.

*G. R. H. BRABHAM.*—An amusing two-colour design smart and effective decoration rather than still-life. Successful in a stylistic manner.

*YVONNE EARLE.*—Delightful in colour and method. First-rate aquarelle style, a charming bit of handling The rotundity of the bottle does not quite come off; otherwise brilliant work.

*MURIEL MALVERN.*—A thoroughly sound and interesting piece of writing, showing marked talent. The ideas are fresh and well arranged. You are, however, a little astray, I think, in your last sentence.

*CATHERINE GROOM.*—You begin very well indeed, and it would have been better to have continued the method of the opening paragraph all through. Personal experiences are always more interesting than references to facts already known. Promising work.

*JEAN WHEELHOUSE.*—A wonderful bit of detail, beautifully drawn, but not quite related in effect. You were probably too near to grasp the whole at a glance. Still, remarkable work, full of real power.

*MARY A. JONES.*—An impossible surface for delicate detail; but, in spite of this handicap, full of sound work, rather too traditional for frankness and freshness of effect. A very good literature entry: sincere, observant and well expressed.

*LILY SOSNOE.*—The "Diaghileff" paper is the better of the two. A more analytical survey would increase the interest; but the paper is well written and the method attractive.

*Several criticisms are held over owing to lack of space.*

### *Competition Rules*

*1. The name and number of competitor must be written on all Art, Literature, and Snapshot entries, and firmly attached in the case of those of Needlework and Handicraft.*

*2. The work submitted must be the unaided effort of the competitor.*

*3. No professionals may compete, and all work must be original unless the competition specifies otherwise.*

*4. Art and Handicraft entries will be returned if required, provided labels and postage are sent. Except where specially requested, Needlework entries are retained by the Salon for sale on behalf of the Cots Endowment Fund.*

*5. Competitions and correspondence must be addressed to "Levana," The Children's Salon, Inveresk House, Strand, W.C.2.*

# Competitions for August

## Graduates' Circle (over 20)

ART COMPETITIONS. Prizes 10s. No. I. Closing date, August 13th. *Subject:* A Still Life Study. No. II. Closing date, August 31st. *Subject:* Do-As-You-Like.

LITERATURE COMPETITIONS. Prizes 10s. No. I. Closing date, August 13th. *Subject:* A Sonnet. No. II. Closing date, August 31st. *Subject:* A Letter to a Friend Who Wants a List of Six Suitable Books for Holiday Reading.

NEEDLEWORK COMPETITIONS. Prizes 10s. No. I. Closing date, August 13th. *Subject:* Anything Embroidered. No. II. Closing date, August 31st *Subject:* Do-As-You-Like.

## Members' Circle (over 15)

ART COMPETITIONS. Prizes 10s. No. I. Closing date, August 13th. *Subject:* Do-As-You-Like. No. II. Closing date, August 31st. *Subject:* A Poster Advertising Lemon Squash.

LITERATURE COMPETITIONS. Prizes 10s. No. I. Closing date, August 13th. *Subject:* Do-As-You-Like. No. II. Closing date, August 31st. *Subject:* Select a Passage from Shakespeare Suitable for Inscription on the Walls of a Library.

NEEDLEWORK COMPETITION. Prize 10s Closing date, August 31st. *Subject:* Anything in Wool

## Associates' Circle (under 15)

ART COMPETITIONS. Prizes 5s: No. I. Closing date, August 13th. *Subject:* Something Taken from BRITANNIA AND EVE and Coloured. No. II. Closing date, August 31st. *Subject:* A Garden Sketch.

LITERATURE COMPETITIONS. Prizes 5s. No. I. Closing date, August 13th. *Subject:* A Short Story. No. II. Closing date, August 31st. *Subject:* Do-As-You-Like.

## Open to all: Age taken specially into account

SNAPSHOT COMPETITION. Closing date, August 31st. *Subject:* Trees in a Landscape. First Prize, 10s. Second Prize, 5s.

HANDICRAFT COMPETITION. Closing date, August 31st. Subject left to competitor First Prize, 15s. Second Prize, 7s. 6d.

## Special Monthly Competition for Boys:

## Closing date, August 31

Make a Flat Model of a Ship with Cardboard or Paper on Cardboard.

Prize for August, 15s.

# Competitions for September *(First half of the month)*

## Graduates' Circle (over 20)

ART COMPETITION. I. Prize 10s. Closing date, September 5th. *Subject:* A Book Jacket.

LITERATURE COMPETITION. I. Prize, 10s. Closing date, September 5th. *Subject:* A short synopsis of a Plot for a Play in Two Acts.

NEEDLEWORK COMPETITION. I. Prize 10s. Closing date, September 5th. Anything embroidered

## Members' Circle (over 15)

ART COMPETITION. I. Prize 10s. Closing date, September 5th. *Subject:* A design for a cretonne.

LITERATURE COMPETITION. I. Prize 10s. A poem entitled "Autumn Days."

## Associates' Circle (under 15)

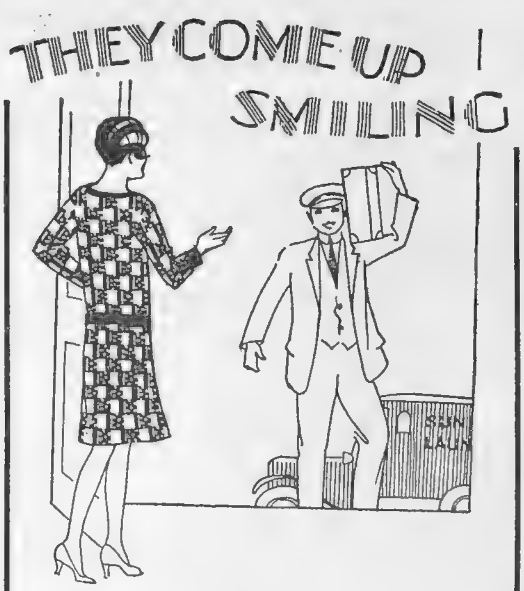
ART COMPETITION. I. Prize 5s. Closing date, September 5th. Draw or paint the view from your window.

LITERATURE COMPETITION. I. Prize 5s. Closing date, September 5th. A paper entitled "What I would do with £5."

*The Children's Salon*

COUPON

*August 31 Competitions*



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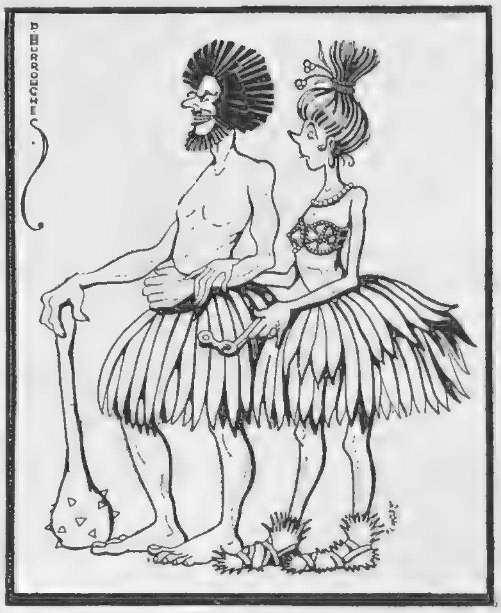
# Social Etiquette

*A monthly feature of "Britannia & Eve" in which various matters of Taste and Manners are lightly discussed by*

### The Hon. Mrs. Dowdall

ABOUT forty years ago it was the custom in many households to apologise for small accidental clumsinesses by saying, "Excuse my country manners." I wish this pretty admission of a fault had not been allowed to lapse into a feeble joke, for never was it more needed than at present when rural, urban, and suburban Britain form a trio of Graces at every gathering. The town mouse and the country mouse, separated as they used to be by the discomforts of transport, visited each other only for periods just long enough to provoke mutual weariness and not long enough to acclimatise.

The credit for achieving a bridge between these extremes of social experience is surely due to the inhabitants of widely spreading suburbs outside the metropolis and the big towns. The city toiler has learned his first steps to squirearchy during evenings and week-ends spent at the bungalow; the rubes of the hamlet have taken advantage of the shops and the varied opportunities for making a name beyond the village pump of their forefathers.



"The original Woads of Woadshire"

THIS is all very nice, but what puzzles the onlooker at these improvements is this:

Which of these ancient and honourable groups of mice is responsible for the behaviour of a hybrid race that has spread over the old rural districts and sought shelter for its natural crudities under a code of manners that is supposed to be a prerogative of the "County Family"?

Historians seem to know little about the oldest inhabitants of the British Isles, except that such and such races of invaders "came down" or "overran the country" on different occasions. Are these assumed county (not country) manners, for which no apology is now offered, supposed to be a tribute to some distinguished foreign ancestor who landed in the wake of a great tin rush, or is the idea meant to suggest a pedigree back to the original Woads of Woadshire, or what else, in the name of fortune, do the code followers mean by behaving as if they are the future officials destined to separate the sheep from the goats at the sound of the Great Trump? This so-called "county" manner has been a literary joke for centuries, directed against landowners who took themselves too seriously in that capacity, forgetting that pride of civilised ancestry implies no personal compliment to the descendants, its chief value being to provide a check on juvenile reversion to the habits of the cave man

DO tell me, now that we are all here quietly reading to each other and no names mentioned, what the Blank family thinks it is doing to improve its reputation as gentlefolk by being so careful how it moves its arms, and its legs, and its nose, as if it were what our village calls "all-dressed-up-as-a-Chocolate Box" (or a Restless Night, or Faith-Hope-and-Charity or Mary, Queen of Scots) for the Fancy Dress Competition?

"What is the matter with Uncle Marmaduke, Mother?" a little one may well be moved to ask.

"Hush, dear, don't point. He's all-dressed-up-as-a County Family, that's all. I think he looks very nice, don't you?"

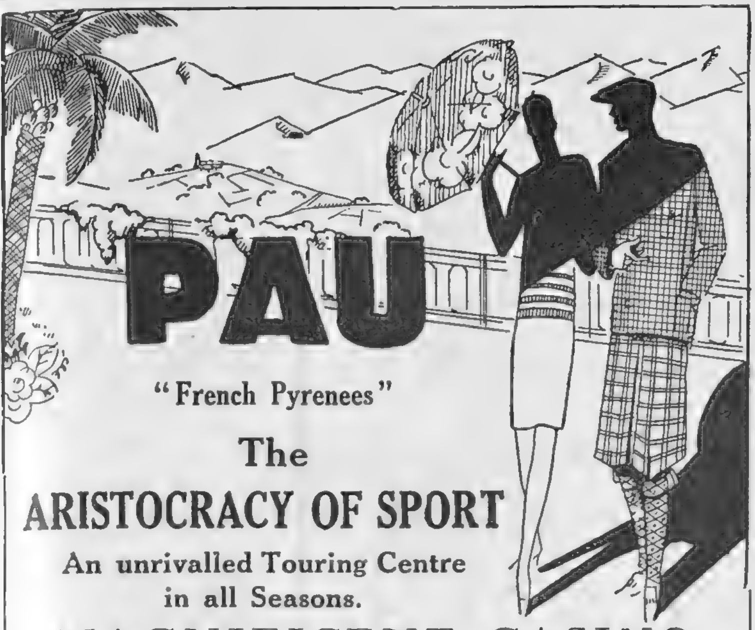
". . . And what is Aunt Sarah talking like that for, Ma? It sounds as if she were saying, 'Burdle-durdle-curdle-wordle, doodle-poodle-boodle-toodle, bingle-shingle-dingle, tingle——'"

"For goodness sake, Willie, don't go on like that! She's telling Lady Trundle all about her new house, I expect; and Lady Trundle talks like that just the same—can't you hear her?"

"Yes, but then she always did, Ma. Don't you remember when she used to come to the Flower Show every year she always asked something that sounded like 'A pomberobble oofal totto shear'? and you said it meant she hoped you'd take the prize again for your early potatoes?"

"Well, never mind, Willie. I'm sure Auntie Sarah has got her tone ever so well, and her gardener grows much nicer potatoes than we ever did; they're all under artificial sunlight . . ."

IT is a funny position that the country bumpkin finds himself in since the invasion of the county dumpkin from the cities of the world. The poor bumpkin hardly knows whether the invasion is, as Nell Gwyn said to the monarch, a compliment or an insult. Imitation is, we know, the sincerest form of flattery, but to have one's gaucheries imitated—not in mockery, which is soon forgotten, but as the means to found a cult of misfortune



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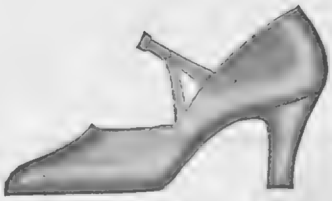

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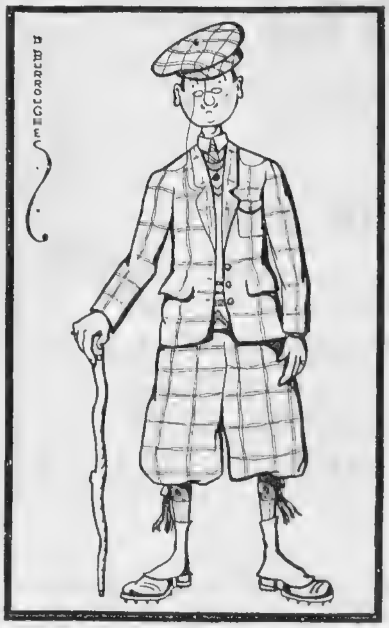
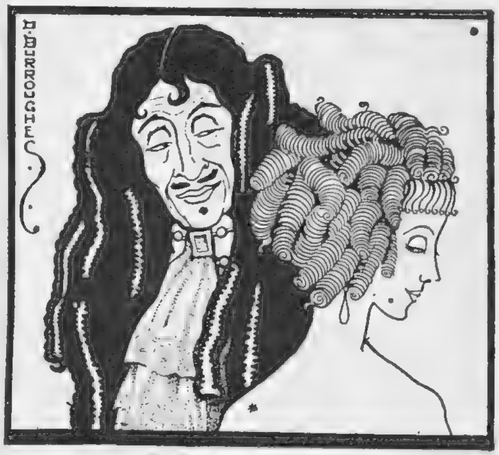
—is hard to bear. Where we used to blush and stammer excuses for our country manners the dumpkin from the town now abandons, without excuse, his courtly behaviour that used to set us all gaping in admiration, and deliberately exploits, for his own profit, the habits of our gobbling old nobility who clung so innocently to the woad and mistletoe of the Druids' social despotism.

WE have already tried in previous articles to guard readers from the imaginary anxieties that haunt the misty uplands of a social ascent. The bogey most generally feared by students of etiquette who seek recognition as "county people" is The Unwritten Law. The Ten Commandments and the laws of the land may be kept or broken after due mastery of the consequences, but a code which no one can quote from, which none of its guardians can remember being taught in words, and for the breaking of which there is no punishment and no forgiveness, is a bad kind of apparition to run into in a fog. But he has no need to fear unless he shows himself to be vaguely trespassing on enclosed premises. The Unwritten Law is always amenable to *bona fide* travellers who can state their destination without blushing.



*"Uncle Marmaduke . . . all-dressed-up-as-a County Family"*

THE *de haut en bas* business and the too visible fear of not being quite right must be done away with. Remember that you are trying to convey an impression that your forbears were accustomed, as part of their duty to the Sovereign's service, to command without regard as to whether they were doing it nicely or not, and you will need a touch of both self-discipline and independence to carry out this idea. Independence of judgment in acknowledging associations of former days and in forming new intimacies will not, as you fear, lower your position among country gentlefolk, for even the most secluded of them are no longer confined to the society of their immediate neighbours, and are rapidly developing the taste for incorporating the educational advantages of the outside world while keeping the independence of judgment that their assured position in old days allowed them to practise.



*. . . As Nell Gwyn said to the monarch, "Is it a compliment or an insult?"*

THE country bumpkin or old county autocrat does, of course, frequently disgrace himself in the rawest way through sheer lack of sensibility. He has, sometimes, no discrimination, no tact that might save him from the impudence of innocent egotism, and he is no longer taught to apologise for his simple errors of behaviour. But the touching part of these mistakes, that bring heartburnings and unhappiness to spoil the pleasure of life in the country, is that they are not made because the bumpkins or the dumpkins mean anything at all. They are only trying to hold an untenable position. The old fortresses have been stormed for better or worse. The invaders mount the battlements and wildly begin shooting, at whom?—only at the remainder of their own crowd left behind outside the walls, for all is quiet and comfortable within. Those who have arrived first and shut the drawbridge behind them peer over the edge and call to their less successful companions, "The De Courts and I are getting on splendidly. They say they don't want you up here, so just all go home and boil yourselves. I'm going out with the Master of the Horse and the Honourable Violet to see what it will cost to do up the stables, and then we're going to get up a tournament. There'll be tickets for you if you want to come and see us ride, but take care Bill Noggins and his lot don't get in." The ancient châtelaine pokes her head over her shoulder and says to the crowd below, "Now you must all go away, please, until another day. We didn't ask your friend, Mr. Whatsisname up here, but he seems very clever and is going to advise us what is best to be done. And now I'm sure you've all got very nice homes . . . your dear wives will be waiting . . ."

SO that is that: and now, please, do not let us hear any more nonsense about what is done in the county and what is not. Nothing is done if you leave it alone, and you will find, also, that most of the old bumpkins are much more easily amused than the dumpkins who are not yet sure enough of their foothold on the battlements to decide whether this or that is quite the thing for county people to laugh at. Just give a little cough now and then, if you are not sure, and say "Excuse my county manners," and you'll find everything will come right in the end.

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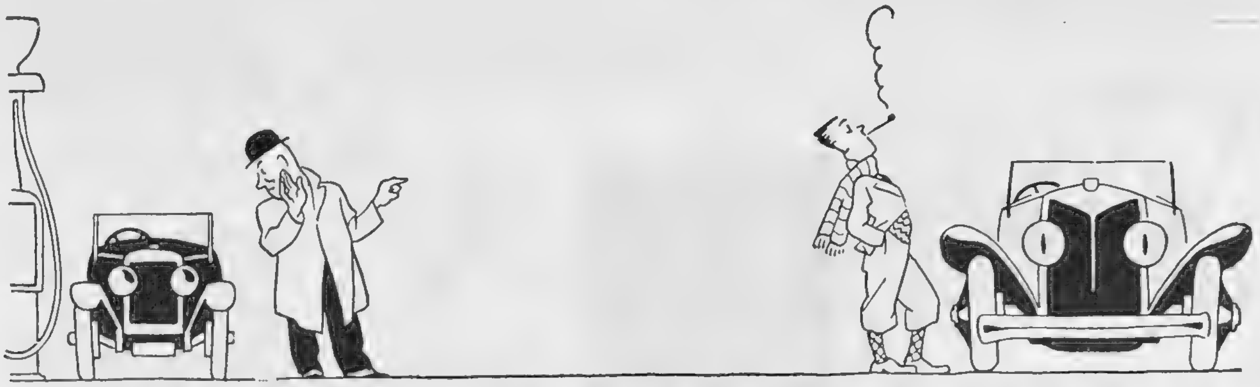

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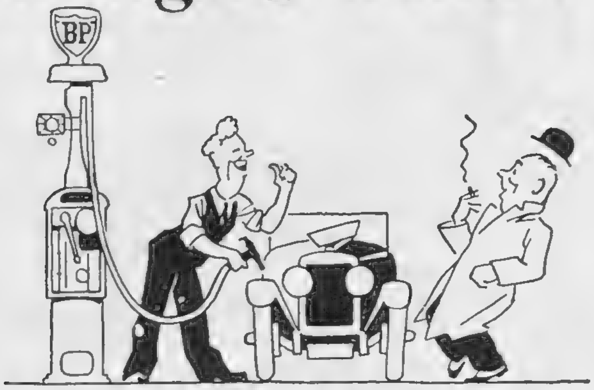

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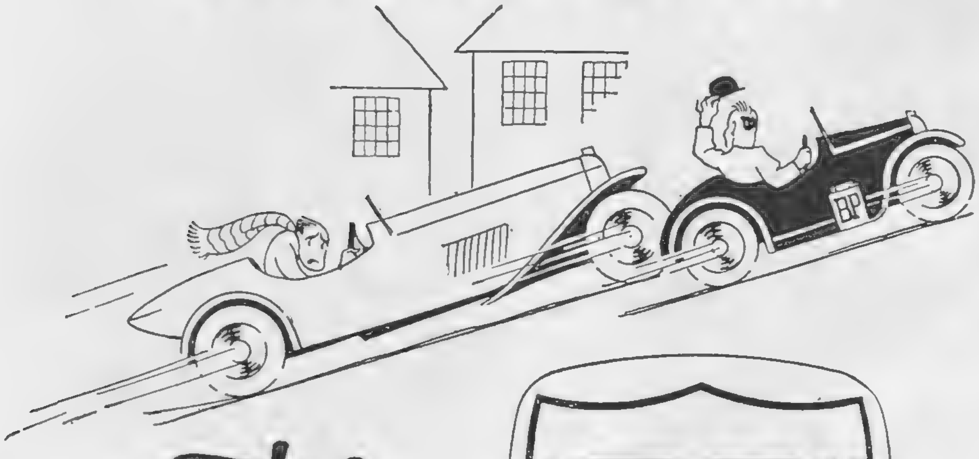

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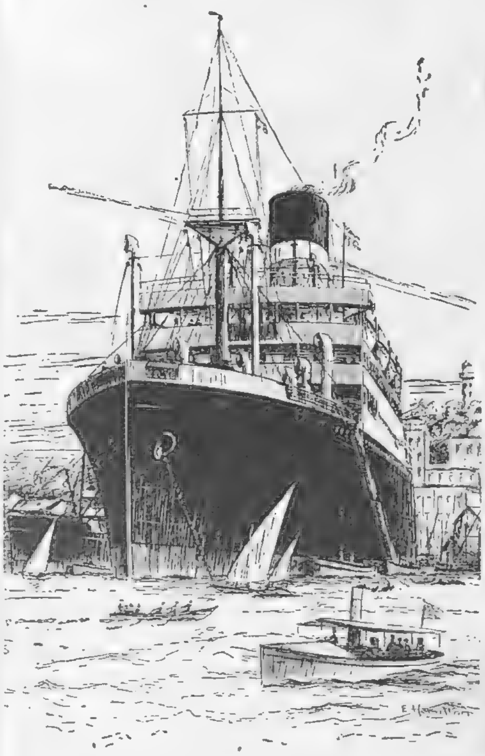

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# *The NEWEST RECORDS*

## *My Month on the Gramophone*

*Mr. James Agate.*

*By*

JAMES AGATE

I HAVE discovered that the proper way to listen to gramophone records is that alleged to be adopted by Miss May Sinclair when she listens to music. The following is an account of Miss Sinclair given by Mrs. Muriel Draper, a very intense American lady, in her book entitled, "Music at Midnight":—

> "May Sinclair turned up at Edith Grove once or twice that season. A neat demure little figure in a Sunday-black broadcloth suit bound with braid, a toque trimmed with calmly folded wings of what looked like a very domestic bird and a dotted lace veil holding it and her hair in place. She never spoke a single word to me except 'Thank you' and 'Good-bye,' but you did not conceive of her as an uncommunicative person. She walked carefully across the room and, choosing the biggest, most luxurious floor cushion of all, pulled it out with determination into the middle of the floor, and sat in the middle of it, feet and legs tucked modestly under her black broadcloth skirt, veil still tightly tied about her head. There she sat, through the night, listening and watching. At one moment, after Alfred Cortot had finished playing César Franck's *Prelude, Chorale* and *Fugue*, on the piano, she got up nimbly and taking off her coat, turned it inside out, carefully folded it so that a cheery satin lining gleamed in the light, and placed it reverently over the back of a chair. Then she returned to her Bacchic cushion, where she remained seated the rest of the evening. At supper she lifted her veil just above her lips to sip a glass of champagne, then pulled it down again."

That seems to me to be a perfect portrait of Miss Sinclair. But I would give the price of the whole book for a description by Miss Sinclair of Mrs. Draper's ecstatic demands upon M. Cortot that he should play just one little thing more.

I TRIED this method of listening on the Gluck-Mottl *Ballet Suite* (H.M.V.). That is to say, I took off the golf jacket in which I am accustomed to listen to the more recondite composers and pitched it irreverently into a far corner of the room, in order, as M. Jourdain has remarked, to hear better. But the thing did not work. Let me confess that the composer, Christopher Willibald von Gluck, has always affected me as Mr. Ervine's Jane Clegg affected her spouse; in other words, he makes me feel mean. I know that he is as pure as scrubbed marble, and Berlioz has told us all the noble qualities we ought to see and hear in the chaste scores Gluck set to those impassioned libretti. The Berlin State Opera Orchestra gives us as much of the essence of Gluck as the warmer-blooded can reasonably desire. That less aloof composer, Tchaikovsky, has never seemed to me to be better, at least in minor works, than in the *Capriccio Italien*, pleasantly recorded by the same orchestra for the same company. The pedantic complain that this is the forced gaiety of a man with a permanent headache. I do not agree, and, anyhow, any Tchaikovsky is better than that overplayed *Casse-Noisette* Suite, that constant bugbear of pier-head and theatre-orchestra, second only to those overworked dithyrambs of Sir Edward German. *Finlandia*, played on a Columbia disc by the New Queen's Hall Orchestra, is stark and impressive as ever; and *The Pines of Rome*, on three ten-inch Columbia records, is a brilliant rendering by the Milan Symphony Orchestra of the effervescent Respighi's latest piece of musical topography. No composer since Meyerbeer can have had so much justice done to him in his own time. Let us hope that justice is not entirely exhausted and that the era of injustice will not dawn with the nineteen-thirties.

CAN it be that Grieg is not "wearing well," that he has fallen out of the modern rush—he used to be cited as a pioneer of daring harmonies!—and has failed to clamber into his permanent niche? The C Minor Violin Sonata, magnificently done for H.M.V. by Kreisler and Rachmaninoff, has long been recognised as one of the enduring works. Critics have isolated it with the Piano Concerto, the *Peer Gynt* music, and the beautiful songs, as of definite permanence and far above the innumerable trifles which Debussy so felicitously likened to "pink bons-bons filled with snow." But, if I may encroach into the purely musical critic's sphere, that famous short-windedness of phrase which characterises the major as well as the minor works of Greig is now less a charm than a weakness. That comparatively staggering "nationalist," Chopin, is, on the other hand, just beginning to come into his own in the matter of major works. Thinness of orchestration is too thin an excuse for the abominable neglect of his two entrancing piano concertos. The best of the ballades, impromptus and scherzos —the fourth, third, and fourth respectively—have been almost totally ignored by recitalists. And it has long been a fashion with fashionable pianists to set down the Barcarolle on their programmes and substitute anything else at the last moment. It is indubitably the Barcarolle, however, which is played on a Parlophone record by Alfred Höhn. Perhaps this artist does not loosen all the scent and sleepiness which lie in this work. But there, a major work of Chopin has been recorded and it is good manners to be grateful!

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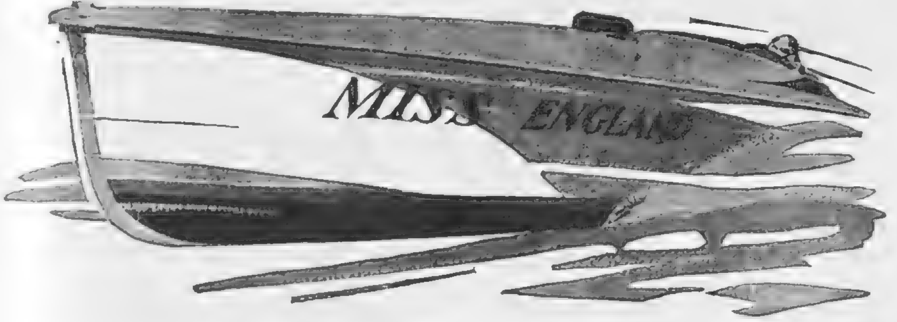

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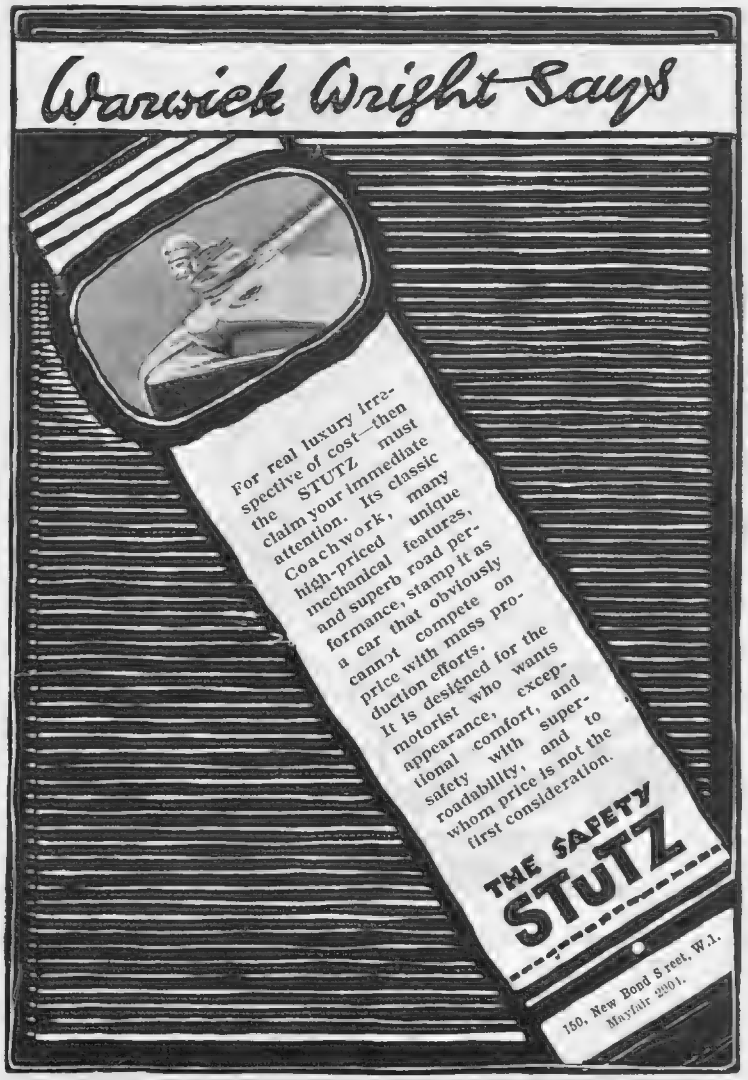

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capital portrait of the initial activities of that exceptionally tireless and altogether German heroine, so much more harassing than harassed. I should enormously like to see the comedy which a French dramatist such as Brieux would make out of the permanent union of two lovers whose mutual tumult would hardly have stood a fortnight's strain much less a lifetime's. It has always seemed to me that Tristan's demise saved him from having, as the vulgar put it, "too much on his plate." An excellent relief is provided by the same company in Mme. Rosa Ponselle's singing of *Casta Diva* from "Norma." Everybody should hear this record once, if only to note how the observations of this fatiguing heroine are immediately followed by a tune which to-day could be interpolated into "The Gondoliers" without remark. What a clever composer Bellini would have been if he had had the sense to play the fool seriously! In giving us *La Kermesse* and the *Soldier's Chorus* from "Faust," Columbia once more show us how determined they are to have as little as possible to do with the Garden Scene. This company also seems to stick to the notion that the only quartette in the world is that in "Rigoletto." As this over-famous piece was the first record I ever heard on the gramophone, I must confess to being a little tired of it.

PARLOPHONE give us the *Bird Song* from "Pagliacci," suitably sung by Gitta Alpar, but the enthusiast who expects to find anything from "Cavalleria" on the other side will be mistaken. Instead he will be entertained by the sobrieties of *Voi che sapete*. But "Cavalleria," like the Sitwells, is never long out of the news, and Parlophone weighs in with yet another dollop of it, the *Siciliana*, sung by Costa Milord. By way of a change, Parlophone give us on the other side something from Bizet's "The Pearl Fishers," which might be an old London street cry of somebody selling fish. *Old Time Songs* (H.M.V.) by Jack Hylton and his orchestra, is an example of what I suggest is the perfect way not to do it. Mr. Hylton makes great use of what I take to be the Wurlitzer organ, which appears to have only one stop, that of the Vox Humana, and also demands that his orchestra shall pull out the same stop. Now I submit that orchestral players should remain dumb, like the brute creation. I state more emphatically that *They Didn't Believe Me* has too many grave associations to be used as a spirited and martial coda. I hope Mr. Hylton will not take offence at this. I have the honour to be a friend of his, and gladly take this opportunity of stating that his normal work is one of the joys of my existence. But I implore him to believe that this time he has got it all wrong.

With the exception of the pleasant *All Alone in Lover's Lane*, which brings back the anæmic nostalgia of the night club when nearly everybody has gone, the fox-trots of the month seem to me to possess none of the properties of merit.

# The Advance *of the* English Girl.

*By* ELINOR GLYN.

*(Continued from page 17)*

are four women to every man now. So naturally nature and necessity suggest to the girl that she must make herself as attractive as possible to give her a better chance of securing a mate—and, failing that, she bravely goes out to work alone, taking joy in achievement. Books are so much cheaper and more abundant than they used to be, and girls very rapidly begin to use their critical faculties about them. I do not know if there is the rage for biographies here as there is in America. Lives of famous people are devoured there. For instance, last year every working girl was talking with what to a foreigner would have sounded like erudition about Gengis Khan, whose name she had never heard of before. A fascinating life of him had appeared! The year previous to this all were reading the *Story of Philosophy*. They obtained an idea from it what philosophy meant in life. And even if all this is superficial it starts the imagination working and awakens the desire for deeper study. So I hope the English girls are reading biography and history too—as a pleasure, not a task.

ENGLAND is a man's country, not a woman's, and since it is a tiny island ruling vast areas overseas, it is just as well that this should be so. America is a woman's country. Woman is supremely powerful there. So it is doubly to the credit of the British girl that she makes such a good show, seeing that she is only the secondary interest.

And now I would like to send a message to you, girls of England! And that is, keep going ahead as you are going now. Necessity has made you invade the realm of man in his work, and if you are clever you will not antagonise him, but cultivate more strongly than ever your feminine charm, so that as your minds and abilities advance and perhaps surpass the male, your manners will remain gentle and alluring—and your bodies will become more attractively womanly. Then man, too, will advance to keep up with your intelligence, and will still find himself enthralled by your grace.

A ridiculous spectacle in life is to see women endeavouring to be men, and men endeavouring to be women—biologically impossible of attainment—fortunately! I congratulate you upon your rise into the determination to be well dressed and attractive—no longer allowing yourselves to be snubbed into down-trodden drabness.

Do not believe elderly people who preach to you that you are vain to think so much of your appearance. You are not vain, you are merely showing self-respect and appreciation of your gift of youth and comeliness. Never forget that the first impression is upon the eye—and to please the eye of employers, male or female, makes the next step easier.

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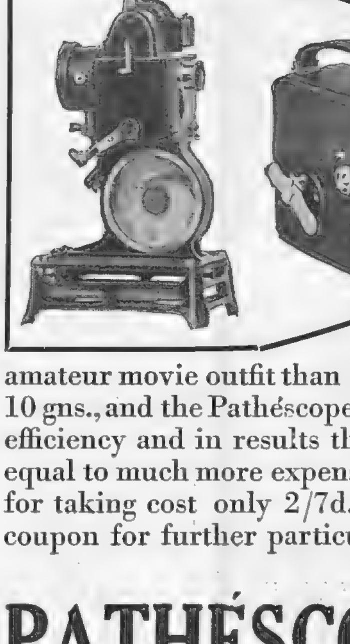

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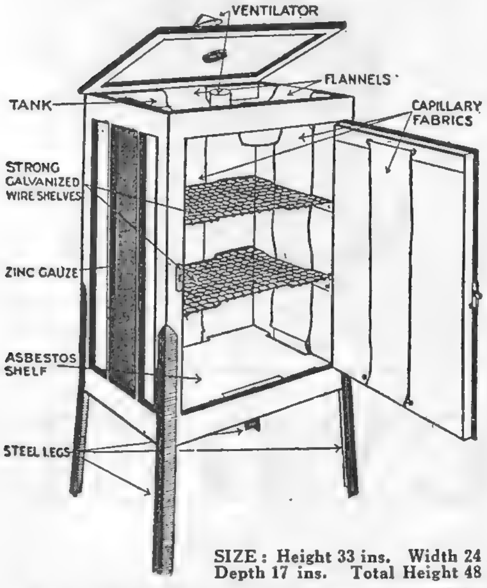

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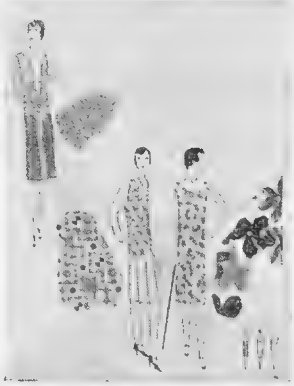
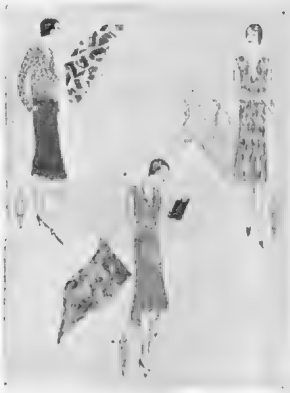
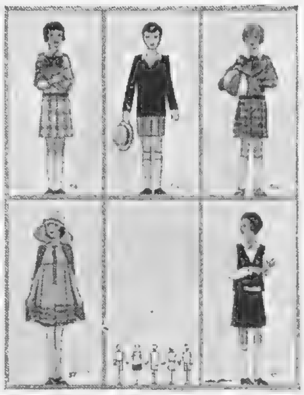
*BRITANNIA and EVE'S*





# Better Paper Pattern Service



August! The month, when we are in mid-Channel, so far as summer is concerned, with the greater part of the crossing to come. In other words, June and July have already taken toll of our wardrobes, and the holiday season is still in full swing. Many of us, indeed, are only just beginning to look forward to invigorating moorland air, or to long, lazy days by the sea-side or on the river.

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The range includes six sizes: Four stock sizes, with 34 in., 36 in., 38 in., and 40 in. bust measurements. Also, by special request, two small sizes, 30 in. and 32 in. (normally corresponding to the ages of sixteen and eighteen respectively), that will meet the needs of the small woman. Children's sizes are stocked in a very wide range, covering, according to style, the ages from two to ten years.

Will our readers please note that of the models, depicted each month in our eight-page Colour Gravure Fashion Section, paper patterns are available only of those which bear a series number. Also that our Better Paper Pattern Service Department, bearing in mind La Modes "quick changes," will only stock patterns published during the last six months—that is to say, the patterns illustrated in this issue (August) will only be available up to January, those published in September until February, and so on.

## OUR PRICES

*Paper patterns, hand-cut in Paris, price 1s. 3d. each. Children's paper patterns, price 1/- each. Post free all over the world*

No extra charge to Overseas Readers

## OUR SIZES

*Four stock sizes, viz.: 34, 36, 38, and 40-inch bust measurements, with 36, 38, 40, and 42-inch hip measurements respectively. And 30 and 32-inch bust sizes for ages 16 to 18. These will also meet the needs of the small woman.*

*Children's patterns are stocked in a wide range of sizes, covering, according to style, ages from 2 to 10 years.*

Please remit to BRITANNIA & EVE'S PATTERN SERVICE DEPARTMENT, Inveresk House, Strand, London, W.C.2.

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(in Capitals)

ADDRESS ........................................

*Brit. and Eve,*
*August*, 1929. ........................................

**The John Hassall Correspondence Art School,**
**Dept. H 9/1, St. Albans.**

# Through *the* Jungle *By* W. Somerset Maugham

*(Continued from page 90).*

legs of my bed to keep the ants away, and I went back to bed and slept. But the door of the temple looked due East, and the dawn woke me, and I saw a huge expanse of rose and purple. Then a little novice came in with a platter on which were four or five cakes of rice. He went down on his heels, a tiny little figure in yellow, with large black eyes, and uttered a brief invocation, and then left the platter before the images. He had hardly gone before a pariah dog, evidently on the watch, slipped in quickly, seized one of the cakes in his mouth and ran out again.

I TRAVELLED leisurely down Siam. The country was pleasant, open and smiling, scattered with neat little villages, each surrounded with a fence, and fruit trees and areca palms growing in the compounds gave them an attractive air of modest prosperity. There was a good deal of traffic on the roads, but it was carried not, as in the little inhabited Shan States, by mules, but by bullock-carts. Where the country was flat, rice was cultivated, but where it undulated teak forests grew.

During this part of my journey I came across but one white man, and this was a Frenchman on his way north, who came into the bungalow in which I had settled myself for the night. It belonged to a French teak company, of which he was a servant, and he seemed to look upon it as very natural that I, a stranger, should have made myself at home in it.

We shared our dinner. He was a man of robust build, with a warm voice, that seemed to wrap his fluent words in a soft rich fabric of sound. He had just come from short leave in Bangkok, and with the Frenchman's ingenuous belief that you are any more impressed by the number of his amours than by the number of his hats, talked much of the sexual experiences he had had there. He was a coarse fellow, ill-bred and stupid. But he caught sight of a torn, paper-bound book that was lying on the table.

"*Tiens*, where did you get hold of this?"

I told him that I had found it in the bungalow and had been glancing through it. It was that selection of Verlaine's poems which had as a frontispiece Carrière's misty, but not uninteresting, portrait of him.

"I wonder who the devil can have left it here," he said.

He took up the volume and idly fingered the pages. Then his eyes caught a line that he knew and he began to read.

"*Voici des fruits, des fleurs, des feuilles et des branches*
*Et puis voici mon coeur qui ne bat que pour vous.*

And as he read his voice broke, and tears ran down his face.

"*Ah, merde,*" he cried, "*Ca me fait pleurer comme un veau.*"

He flung the book down and laughed and gave a little sob. I poured him out a drink of whisky, for there is nothing better than alcohol to still or at least to enable one to endure that particular heartache from which at the moment he was suffering. Then we played piquet. He went to bed early, and by the time I got up he was gone. I did not see him again.

BUT as I rode along in the sunshine I thought of him. I reflected that men are more interesting than books, but have this defect that you cannot skip them; you have at least to skim the whole volume in order to find the good page. And you cannot put them on a shelf and take them down when you feel inclined; you must read them when the chance offers, and you may not be in the mood for them then, or it may be that in your hurry you miss the only thing they had to give you.

And now the plain spread out with a noble spaciousness. The rice fields were no longer little patches laboriously wrested from the jungle, but broad acres. The days followed one another with a monotony in which there was withal something impressive. In the life of cities we are conscious but of fragments of days; we begin them when they are already well on their way, and continue them without regard to their natural end.

But here they had completeness, and one watched them unroll themselves with stately majesty from dawn to dusk.

I suppose that little by little, as one uneventful day followed another, the character of the scene had been changing, but it had been so gradual that I had scarcely noticed it, and I drew a deep breath of delight when, riding into a village one noon, I was met, as by an unexpected friend, with the savour of the harsh, the impetuous, the flamboyant South. The depth of colour, the hot touch of the air on one's cheek, the dazzling yet strangely veiled light, the different walk of the people, the lazy breadth of their gestures, the silence, the solemnity, the dust—this was the real thing and my jaded spirits rose.

The village street was bordered by tamarinds. In the compounds grew plantains, regal and bedraggled, and the crotons flaunted the riches of their sepulchral hues. The coconut trees with their dishevelled heads, were like long lean old men suddenly risen from a sound sleep. In the monastery was a grove of areca palms, and they stood, immensely tall and slender, with the gaunt precision and the bare, precise, and intellectual nakedness of a collection of apothegms. It was the south.

WE had now to get the day's journey over as early as possible, and we started just as the first grey light stole into the Eastern sky. The sun rose and it was pleasantly warm on one's back, but in a little while it grew fierce and by ten it was overwhelming. It seemed to me that I had been riding along that broad white road since the beginning of time, and still it stretched interminably before me. Then we arrived at a handsome village, where the township officer, a neat Siamese, smiling and polite, offered to put me up in his own spacious house, and when he took me into his compound I saw waiting for me, shaded by palm trees and diapered by the sun, red, substantial, reliable but unassuming—a Ford car. My journey was over.

It ended without any flourish of trumpets, quietly, like the anti-climax of a play; and next morning, in the chilly dawn, leaving my mules and ponies with Kyuzaw, I started.

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| P.M. | SLEEPING CAR |
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| 10.25 | "The Night Scotsman." Glasgow, Dundee, Aberdeen, Perth. |
| 10.35 | Edinburgh, Glasgow. |
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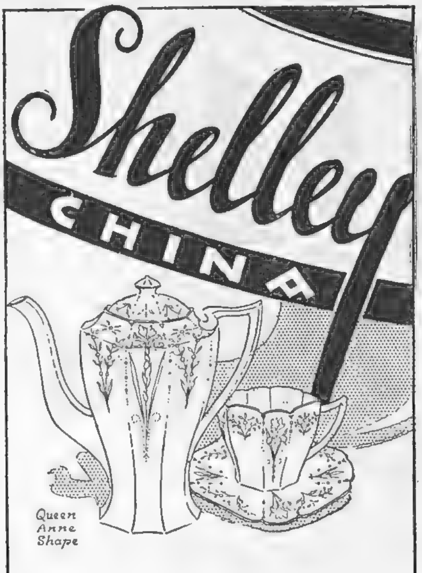

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# Famous Women of History

(*Continued from page* 40)

of the great Greek world, who can say that the gospel of the carpenter's son would have proved a tree whose branches have covered the whole earth? There are some hard things in the New Testament said about the Pharisees, as there have been hard things all through history said about the Jews. But the Pharisees had not always been hypocrites, mistaking the letter for the spirit. It was they who elaborated the cycle of Daniel and nerved the sword arm of Judas Maccabeus. They arose to defend and to propagate the ancient doctrine that the Jews are a peculiar people. "No compromise with Hellenism, no scruples in defence of the Law of Moses." These were their two cries, and with them they went straight to the common people of Judæa. Seeing the supreme need for numbers, they took the line that much can be forgiven to him who fights hard: they ceased to worry about racial integrity and welcomed converts from anywhere. It was their champions, the Maccabean kings, who conquered Galilee and welcomed its inhabitants, Jews or Gentiles by birth as they might happen to be, provided they accepted the Law. In that great chaos of the Hellenistic world where everything flourished except blind devotion to an ideal, except the instinct of self-sacrifice for a cause, they kept alive that devotion and that instinct. They put their spirit into the commonplace, courageous words which were all Susanna had to say when the elders rose up and ran unto her, alone and forsaken in the garden:—

"I am straitened on every side: for if I do this thing, it is death unto me, and if I do it not I cannot escape your hands. It is better for me to fall into your hands, and not do it, than to sin in the sight of the Lord."

---

# The Children's Salon: 39th ANNUAL COMPETITIONS

At The Hyde Park Hotel, October 12th, 1929

30 Prizes in Singing, Dancing, Reciting, Pianoforte, Art, Literature, French and Needlework

*Entry Fee for each Competition—One Shilling*

*SINGING.—Prize A. Associates: A Song for Associates. Prize B. Members: A Song for Members. Prize C. Graduates: A Song for Graduates.*

Competitors may choose their own song, which must be short, and they must bring their own accompanists.

*PIANOFORTE.—Prize F. Associates. Prize G. Members. Prize H. Graduates.*

Competitors may choose their own piece, which must be short.

*RECITATION.—Prize I. Associates. Sections A, B, and C. Prize J. Members. Prize K. Graduates.*

Competitors may choose their own piece to recite, which must be short.

*DANCING.*—No one who is a professional may enter for these Competitions. *Prize L. Associates' Sections A, B, and C. Prize M. Members. The Competitors may adopt any style of Dance or Costume.*

(Time allowed for dance will not exceed two minutes.)

*ART.—Prize N. Associates. Prize O. Members. Prize P. Graduates. Sketch from subject given by the Judges—Figure, Landscape or Decoration.*

Competitors must bring own materials. Competitions by post. (See Rules below.)

*LITERATURE.—Prize Q. Associates. Prize R. Members. Prize S. Graduates. The Judges will set a subject on the day for a short Essay.*

Competitions by post. (See Rules below.)

*FRENCH.—Prize T. Associates. Prize U. Members. Prize V. Graduates. A Short Paper will be set in French, to be translated into English, and English into French.*

Competitions by post. (See Rules below.)

*NEEDLEWORK COMPETITIONS BY POST.—Prize W. Associates. Prize X. Members. Prize Y. Graduates. Any piece of work made entirely by Competitors.*

*BRITANNIA AND EVE'S SPECIAL LITERARY PRIZE.*—Members of Britannia and Eve's Literary Competition Circle can compete for the above prize, the subjects for which will be set later. Applications for entry forms can be made now.

*RULES.*—Competitors are allowed to enter for one prize only, except in respect of Needlework, which may be taken in addition to the other subject chosen, and must compete in the Section their ages place them in, whether they are attending personally or sending entries by post.

*Annual Competitions by Post.*—(*a*) Saloners living within twenty-five miles of London are not eligible to compete by post.

(*b*) Competitors are put upon their honour to complete their competitions in the Art, Literature and French Sections within the time limit stated on the Special Entry Forms, and not to obtain any outside assistance from books or otherwise.

(*c*) Any piece of work done entirely by the competitor in the Needlework Section must be posted to Levana on or before September 21st. All needlework entered will be sold at the Annual Competitions for the benefit of our charities.

Salon Members residing abroad are asked to return their entry forms immediately in order that there shall be ample time to compete.

Associates are under 15; Members between 15 and 20, and Graduates over 20 years of age. Graduates, Members and Associates who have won a prize in any section at previous Annual Competitions may not compete again in the same section within three years. but may compete in another subject.

Graduates', Members' and Associates' admission tickets, in addition to the entry fee, are 1s. each. (Those wearing Salon Badges will be admitted free. Badges may be bought for 2s. 6d., which are available every year.)

Friends' admission tickets, which must be purchased beforehand, are 2s. each.

Admission on the day will be 2s. 6d. for everybody except those wearing Badges.

*Write without delay for Special Entry Forms to "Levana," "Britannia and Eve," Inveresk House, Strand, W.C.2.*

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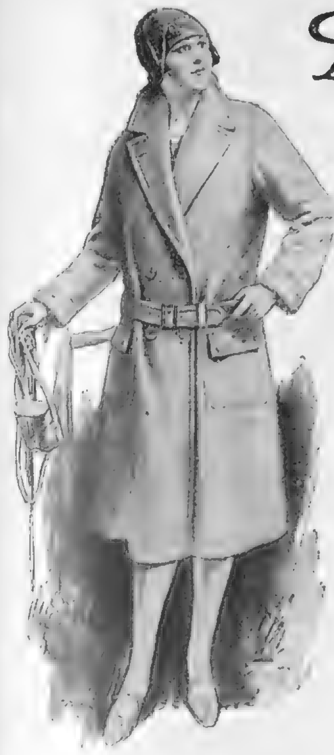
All that "Ranee" requires is (1) a specimen of your handwriting: (2) your name and address in full: (3) the day and month of your birth: (4) the colour of your eyes and hair.

Write these down on a piece of paper, address your envelope to "Ranee," c/o "Britannia & Eve," Inveresk House, 346, Strand, W.C.2, and enclose an open postal order to the value of One Shilling and *a stamped addressed envelope for reply.*

In due course "Ranee" will send you a typewritten delineation of your character.



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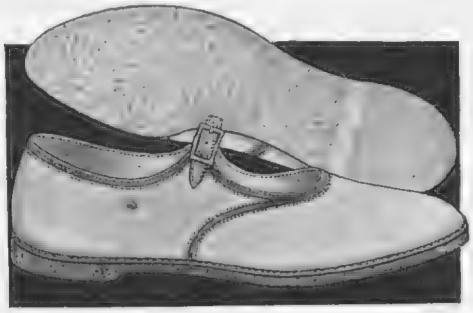

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B

## BRITANNIA & EVE'S

# Literary *Competition* Circle

COMPETITIONS, principally of a literary character, are set monthly in this page. The Competition Circle is an offshoot of The Children's Salon, and has been formed primarily to enable those members of the Salon whose amateur status has been lost by acceptance of their work professionally to continue to enter for competitions of this type.

*These Competitions are open to anyone outside the Salon, of either sex,* who cares to join the Competition Circle, membership of which is secured on the payment of 1s. annually (to be sent with first entry), which will go to the Hospital Cots Fund of the Salon.

*All entries should be addressed to LEVANA, The Competition Circle, "BRITANNIA & EVE," Inveresk House, 346, Strand, W.C.2.*

### RULES

1. The Competition Coupons herewith must be attached to entries, members being allowed to enter for all the competitions, if they please, with the one coupon.

2. A pseudonym can be used, but members' names and addresses must be written on each separate entry.

### SIXTY-FOURTH SERIES

*Entries for the following competitions must reach the offices of "Britannia and Eve" not later than the first post Tuesday, August 13th.*

COMPETITION I.—A prize of one guinea for a sonnet on any aspect of Flight.

COMPETITION II.—A prize of half-a-guinea for a description of a garden.

Literary Competition Circle
COUPON—AUGUST 13

### SIXTY-FIFTH SERIES

*Entries for the following competitions must reach the offices of "Britannia and Eve" not later than the first post Saturday, August 31st.*

COMPETITION I.—A prize of one guinea for a short poem.

COMPETITION II.—A prize of half-a-guinea for a nonsense verse.

Literary Competition Circle
COUPON—AUGUST 31

## *Results of 59th Series.*

### COMPETITION I.

A prize of one guinea for the best short story.

*Awarded to Evelyn Joyce.*

In short story competitions I would be grateful if entrants would confine themselves to a single effort under 5,000 words. The winner receives her prize for much the most interesting and original story submitted, to the big theme of which, however, she scarcely does sufficient justice. Admittedly it is a difficult one. Other good material for which honourable mentions are awarded was received from :—K. M. Willans, Maud Higgins, "Isis," N. Stephenson-Browne, "Nae Luck Ava," A. Trotter, I. E. Osborne, Esther Home, Muriel Muschamp, "Fiona," Shirley Carew, Mary Mack, Mary Redmayne, Gertrude Pitt and "G. G."

### COMPETITION II.

A prize of half-a-guinea for the best short poem on a topical subject.

*Awarded to May Belben.*

A fresh point of view is never to be passed over lightly. The word "work" in the third verse of the winning entry seems a little obscure, but the rest of the little poem voices a more interestingly tolerant outlook on a modern grievance than most of us are prone to. Hon. Mention : "Phyl M. L.," Mary Redmayne (who only misses the prize because of her weak last couplet), V. Dale, Dorothy Jefferis, "Anne Raine," "G.G.," and M. R. Bone.

The Winning Entry.

If flowers could speak what would they say
About this keeping folk away
From wild flowers in the woods to-day?

However well-behaved are we,
Motives however good they be,
These horrid notice boards we see

Forbidding harmless people in
Who break no rules and make no din,
And for their work should merit win.

For flowers themselves I know would say
"Take us, and giving us away
Bring joy to sad and sick to-day."

MAY BELBEN.

## *Results of 60th Series.*

### COMPETITION I.

A prize of one guinea for the best poem on any seaside matter.

*Awarded to Muriel Muschamp.*

Nothing, I suppose, needs more careful revision than poetry, yet, it would seem, this is just what it fails to attract! Several good efforts have been marred this fortnight by small faults which their authors should never have passed. Honourably mentioned: Doremy Olland, Margaret R. M. Bone, E. Stopford-Brooke, Doris Seth-Smith, "G.G.," Mabel Asher, Joyce E. Boyd, G. M. Hudson, Mary Redmayne, Margaret Huxtable, Marjoram Hobbs and A. Huggins.

The Winning Entry.

I sat on the rocks by the lonely shore
And gazed away o'er the sea.
The salt wind blew and ruffled my hair;
The clouds sailed over me.

I watched alone on the desolate shore;
The clouds sailed over me;
And ships came slowly climbing the world,
Came climbing over the sea.

On shadowless sands not an atom stirred;
I was alone on the shore.
The ships return that descend the seas;
But you will return no more . . .

MURIEL MUSCHAMP

### COMPETITION II.

A prize of half-a-guinea for the best post-election parody of Hamlet's "To be or not to be" soliloquy.

*Awarded to Margaret R. M. Bone.*

Nobody seized the wholesale advantage offered by the language of the original to get an easy parallel, except by too close a copy of it. This fault is, it is true, conspicuous in the winner's effort, but others who began well failed to sustain the parody at all after the first few lines, and thus necessarily disqualified themselves. Honourable mention is due, nevertheless, to "Firelight," Mabel Asher, "G.G.," and Margaret Huxtable.

The Winning Entry.

BALDWIN-HAMLET SPEAKS.
AFTER THE ELECTION.

To hope, or not to hope? Is there a question?
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And by opposing end them? To die—to sleep—
No more; and by a sleep, to say we end
The heartache, and the thousand natural shocks
That power is heir to—'tis a consummation
That only cowards would wish. To die, to sleep?
To sleep while others dream; ay, there's the rub;
For in their frenzied sleep what dreams may come,
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil
Must give us pause; there's the respect
That makes calamity of too long life;
For who would bear the scorn of time and Whips,
The insurgent's wrong, the press man's contumely,
The pangs of despised love, the law's delay,
The incubus of office, and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
If he himself might his quietus make
With an inked goosequill? Who would fardels bear
To grunt and sweat under a weary life
But that the dread to see his country's death
Wisp-lured to chaos, from whose quaggy bourne
Scarce any may return, strengthens the will,
And makes us rather bear those ills we have
Than fly to others that we know not of?
Thus conscience does make heroes of us all
And spur the flagging steed of resolution,
Giving new forage to reviving thought
Though enterprises of great pith and moment
Have for the time their currents turned awry
And lost the name of action—Soft you now;
The fair Elector—Nymph, by the chivalrous
Are all thy faults forgotten.

MARGARET R. M. BONE.

# Technique: *by* May Edginton

(*Continued from page 12.*)

moment came? Did she even dream of wanting to wrest Bernard from his wife?

A million times no.

THE captain had a round dinner-table; a half-dozen pleasant people Bernard was later than she. That looked well. Before he came in, the rest of them were settled; herself, another woman—elderly and distinguished; and a couple of men. One of the men looked at her swiftly, and his glance stayed, as she drifted up to them, and sat down. An aloof, pale woman in black, with a subtle perfume wafting from her person. . . . And as she unfolded her napkin—with the reserved half-smile of a stranger greeting strangers—she was attracted by his regard. She looked across at him.

The last five years had held few hesitations for her. Her senses always spoke to her instantly and certainly of their desires, and she never now pretended to misunderstand them. She was one of the rare women who understood herself and did not flinch from what she understood. She savoured, revelled in it She saw a heavy burly man in good dinner clothes, with an air of power. She knew: "What a lover!"

Curious. Ever fascinating and curious and delicious, these sudden encounters! She sat formal, reserved, dignified, detached. She knew that he, for his part, knew what she knew—that this, all at once, was one of those encounters. . . Then Bernard, with the Captain, was approaching the table

She smiled formally to Bernard.

The other man was introduced to her by the Captain:

"May I introduce your opposite neighbour, Lady Duske? . . . Sir Simon Valley."

She left the table rather early. She was seen in the lounge, writing a letter; and then she went down to her cabin, and undressed slowly and luxuriously; and lay waiting, just lit dimly by one shaded lamp above her bed.

FLIRTATIONS began here and there on the ship next morning. Quite flagrant, really. Lady Duske lay in her steamer chair, reading *The Letters of Queen Victoria*. The officer with the intensely black hair came by, his steps hovered; she looked up and he saluted her. She looked down, and he went on. Bernard, in flannels, passed, bowed, and strode on. She did not even look after him, to note his excellent shoulders, his high bare head with the crisping brown hair, as other women were stealthily doing. She knew it all; all of him! She read on. Bernard passed again, called: "Are you quite fit this morning, Lady Duske? Did you sleep well?" She replied politely. "Splendidly, thank you; and you?"

Life was fun; full of such jokes; full of deep excitements.

Someone stood beside her.

It was Sir Simon Valley.

She looked up, as if reluctantly, from her book.

"Good morning, Lady Duske."

"Oh . . ." she said faintly, as if trying to remember him, "good morning."

"Are you quite fit this morning? Sleep well?"

"Excellently, thank you."

"A good sailor?"

"Quite."

"May I take this chair next you? Unless, of course, I'm interrupting your reading?"

She made a polite little sound, and he sat down.

"You disappeared early last night"

"I—I am afraid I am one of those very unfriendly travellers, Sir Simon. Ships bore me."

"They do? Do you know anyone on board? Oh, of course, you know that chap at our table—chap in the Diplomatic, I'm told."

She demurred: "Very slightly.' And the formula: "He knows friends of mine"

"Ah, then. . . . Won't you walk?"

"No, thank you."

"May I stay awhile? If I'm really not interrupting your reading?"

She made again the kind, faint disclaimer.

What a lot they knew about each other, she and this burly, discreet, experienced man, before the morning was out! And yet they had said nothing beyond: "Do you do any flying?" And: "Oh! Geneva! . Did you meet the So-and-So's out there?" And "Is that Victoria book any good?" And so on.

BERNARD liked her black opal!—that she seldom took off. Bernard loved her; and she loved him—just enough; not enough to be hurt. He hated the impending parting more than she did. "What a waste of us and our love, Amy! What a waste, darling! And you—going back to that starvation life, when you should have this love all the time! When I've gone to Washington, and then right away to Tokio, what'll you do, darling? What'll you do?"

"Oh, darling, darling, what'll I do?"

"It isn't as if you weren't *you*, sweetheart. Some women console themselves—not you! You're a one-man woman, aren't you, Amy, and that man's me? Your husband never meant anything to you, dear. I feel it. You were just a girl when I woke you up—just a girl."

And he would murmur: "If only I'd met you first. If only things didn't come too late!"

* * * *

IT was the last night before reaching New York that Valley made a definite move. She had been thinking about Valley quite a good deal. Between her and Bernard was the chill of the shadow of their impending parting. He did not feel the chill; she did. The impending parting only made him the more ardent, but with her it was different, because there was Valley.

She had doused the flame that indubitably Valley awoke in her, all that week; but now, soon Bernard would leave her, the final consuming kiss would be kissed between them, and he would be gone. This last evening. . . .

Bernard had never been at all jealous of Valley; had never even surmised a necessity. That had been due to her quiet aloofness that had held Valley off time after time, day after day. But here was the last evening. . . .

He followed her out from dinner, stayed by her side; somehow had her up upon the boat deck under the stars.

It was almost deserted, and they leaned close together on the rail. He began to feast his eyes upon her, undisguised, in the starlight half-dusk; he took her hand fast in his. She stayed quite quiet, knowing that here and now would be made some . . . arrangement; and yet, what arrangement was possible, since she had in a pocket of her travelling hand-bag a cablegram signed "Norton"?

She stayed quiet, but there was a flame in her hand, running to Valley's. He said: "You aren't as calm as you seem."

She did not answer. It was her frequent habit to use silence instead of words.

He said: "Your name is Amy; I've found that out. Pretty soft name. I'll use it. Amy, why haven't you let me know you better? Why have you kept me at arm's length? That first night I thought——"

She sighed. The sigh was better than words.

He said: "Dine with me to-morrow in New York."

How could she, with those so minutely schemed weeks ahead of her; weeks planned for the maximum of pleasure and the minimum of risk and exposure, and with that cablegram in her bag, signed "Norton"? Again she sighed; her lips parted. She murmured:

"Engagements . . . appointments. . . ."

"Oh yes!" he said rapidly, impatiently—this man used to power. "I know you're not staying in New York. You're off to give some little lectures here and there. I have to stay in New York. Darling, one evening! Give me one evening, Amy. Don't you know how much I want to know you better? I'm crazy for you, my dear."

She shook her head slowly, thinking.

"It's impossible now." She invented: "Friends expect me. . . . I . . . it's impossible *now*. . . ."

A BRIEF silence hung between them. She was waiting, breathless, for him to take her in his arms, for his kiss. Suddenly it came. And after the kiss, he whispered: "Can't you feel, child? We're made for each other! Are you really so inaccessible, dear? Tell me the truth." She murmured and murmured words, fragments, details for him to seize on. He seized. "Then when are you sailing back?' She murmured. "On this ship! Hang . . I can't make it anyhow! Listen! I'll come back on the next boat. I'll be in London on September the nineteenth. If I've got to wait I'll wait Darling, dine with me in London on September the 19th."

She yielded herself up to him in a passionate kiss of promise. He held her, and said: "You know you're only a girl, Amy. Just a girl No man has ever really waked you up before. You don't know yourself yet, you know. Perhaps I'm going to show you yourself, sweetheart. You're the kind of woman who could be very, very wonderful just to one man, aren't you ? Am I that man ? You aloof little sweetheart, thinking herself so cold ! And still you're half afraid of me, aren't you ? Living as you've described your life to me—you don't know what living is ! My dear, I could love you so ! . . . Why does one always meet a wonderful woman when it is too late ! "

His hand caught the black opal swinging below her breast. " This opal, so mysterious, it seems a part of you, Amy. Do you always wear it ? "

" Nearly always."

" . . . Always ? "

She made one of her murmurs.

" Are you a prude, dear ? " smiled Valley. " If you are, how I shall adore you for it. . . . Amy, kiss me again ; and remember."

So, September the nineteenth.

## IV.

THE little lectures had been given, to audiences of the most serious women, bent—just as was dear Lady Duske, widow of Sir Ralph Duske—on improving and cultivating and uplifting the world, even by such modest means as discourse on : " Secret Psychology of the Immature," or, more gravely disturbing and important : " Is Sex Life Significant ? " It was understood that Sir Ralph—who had been a high, refined type—had thought not.

The short lecture tour that Mr. Merriam—through some agency or other—had arranged for her on receipt of her letter from England, " I want to escape again "—was mainly in very small towns, six of them, a hundred dollars a time and expenses. And now the comic month of lecturing was over and she was travelling through Idaho towards Norton. She had had sweet letters from Bernard, but he was behind her. Norton was in the foreground of the picture. Merriam, the instigator of all this, was, curiously enough, not in it at all. Merriam—that had happened four years ago ; it had been amazing ; a fiery, exultant experience ; he was a man of vast affairs in a whirl of theatrical and artistic enterprises always. He had said : " Let me know if you want to escape again from the old ladies and all you tell me of. It's been good, hasn't it ? Good-bye, sweet girl. Good-bye. Good-bye."

No sign of life from him on this trip, though. Well, of course, it was all over. She did not even know at this moment where he was ; in Chicago, perhaps, trying out a new play for the fall, or trying one out at Buffalo or Philadelphia.

AS she travelled towards Norton in the dusty, commodious Pullman, she closed her eyes and remembered Merriam ; wondered enjoyably how many people looked below the exterior—" queer little man "—past the striking head with its red hair, the pale, swift eyes, and the mellow voice, to get the panther-strength of his shoulders, the whole virility of him. She could still see him. But it was over. Over. She registered a decision to write and thank him, before she left, for the arrangements she had found so nicely made ; and Norton's face rose before her, fresh, adoring.

At Yellowstone Norton was to meet her with his car, sweep her to his summer camp away up among the terrestrial mountains, the lakes, the vast gorges that she imagined, the pine forests, the rivers with their torrential falls. She had his cable still in her handbag.

He was there, big sunburnt boy, not so long down from Yale A glow came into her eyes as she looked at him, but nothing like the glow that lit his. He had a battered Packard to receive her and her suitcases. They did not embrace on the station ; he was in love with her, but also in awe of her, because she was so cool, so dainty, so fastidious, and so aloof from all men except himself. He thrilled all through to the mightiness of his conquest and his privileges, and tried to throttle himself down. It was evening. " Let's have dinner at a place you'd like, not so far away—Old Faithful Inn," he murmured reverently, " and then drive right on into the night. We'll have to, if you won't be tired."

" Tired ! "

" Well, you're my delicate lady."

Presently the Packard was rushing through the Madison Canyon. Behind Tobacco Root Range the sun was setting in mighty colours. The sun went, and the moonlight came ; moon and stars ; hot air, windless except for the wind of their going ; soft as silk. The mountains and the forests thrust up into the sky.

HONEYMOON. There in his summer camp of three log cabins—two of which stayed empty ; he hadn't brought any servant, " . . . because I know how you feel about all this, delicate lady ; even an old guide isn't to know anything of this "—he waited on her himself. No one but this unofficial bridegroom saw her in her silk shirt and her shorts looking so adorable and so vital ; or saw her swimming beside him in the lake beside which his camp was built. It was a small lake ; insignificant to fishermen and hunters ; his camp had been built there from a desire for solitude ; they were gloriously alone.

The harvest moon would rise over the heads of the rocky Tetans, and the lake would shimmer before them, a great mirror of silver with dark shadows as clearly painted upon it as if some giant had wielded a black brush. It would be :

" I can't realise I've got you. That other time—it's so long ago that I never believed it could happen again."

" But I've written, boy."

" I've nearly come over to your country to—just to see how you looked."

" Listen ! You mustn't."

" I couldn't. Hadn't the dollars. My dad keeps me on pretty short tether. What do dollars matter ? I'm rich—with you ! "

How young ! How sweet !

It would be :

" I don't see," doggedly, " why we can't marry. I haven't made much yet. But then you're so simple, you wouldn't care. I don't see——"

She had a perfect answer to that always, sad and tender : " I'm too old for you, dear boy. Yes, I'm thirty-two. Too old."

" Oh, gosh ! Age ! Shucks ! You're a girl—just a girl. I'm more grown-up than you. I know far more."

How young ! How sweet !

" You've told me all about your quiet life with those old ladies ; that sump of a husband too old for you. No real man at all in your life till I came along ! Are you going to quit with men altogether then, honey ? "

" Except you, boy dear. Except you." And then she would croon . " And never, never again, even with you."

His quick sensitive alarm : " Oh, you aren't sorry ? You don't regret ? I'd rather kill myself than give you one regret——"

How young ! How sweet ! And he meant it. She loved being with him, so young and sweet and anxious, and passionate—the big, bronzed baby—by this lake, under this moon, walled high by those peaks, those armies of pines.

" I . . . shan't . . . regret."

He looked at her almost with awe. " I guess it surely takes courage for a woman to do what you've done ; to come out here alone with me even though I love you enough to keep a mile away from you, if you want me to."

" But I didn't come here to live a mile away from you."

That moon ! And even if she wore the masculinity of shirt and shorts, he knew intriguingly that there was that great opal sleeping against her white body under the shirt.

" Aw ! gosh ! Honey ! Darling ! Baby ! . . ."

They experienced a great storm together—lovely, exultant storm—but she did not tell him so, because she divined that he wanted to play Big-Protector. So young and sweet! The storm appeared slowly in degrees from a clear blue sky. Snowy clouds drifted over, and all the pines sighed. The mirror of the lake was rippled. The mountains drummed with thunder. The sage brush in the meadows bowed and twisted. There came a wondrous lightning flash against a grey-black peak. The lightning crackled and struck. A tree smoked. The lake tossed in white wave-crests all lashed by the onslaughts of wind. An enormous downpour of rain drenched the earth. The resin smell of wet sage-brush rose sweetly afterwards. All the clouds lifted and edged away, hurrying to leave the sky clear for the effects of sunset. And the wind sank and the lake was still, lying as if spent, a ruby pool under the red gorgeousness of the sky.

PASSION ! Passion of earth and sky. Passion of the boy who hugged her in his arms through the storm. Passion in herself. Passion. How she ate and drank it ! Lying against the Big-Protector breast—ah ! how dear of him !—she seemed to hear, hazily, a voice, saying something again : " Life," said the voice, " is made up of sensations." Merriam had instructed her thus four years ago. It was true. She put up a hand, felt for the back of Norton's head, dragged it down, kissed him. " Norton. Life is just sensations." Earth and sky were quiet while they lived through a storm of their own.

The day must come when it was over, when the suitcases were packed, when the tweed frock was on once more, when the Packard was ready—outside Honeymoon Cabin.

" I can't believe we're going ; *you're* going—from me." How fiercely he held her ! " Yes ! yes ! I know I've promised. I'm not going to follow, nor write to you much. If you say it's over, it's over. I don't want you to have one little teeny regret. But kiss me again, Baby. Baby, I—I—I—I just must come to New York and see you off. Yes! They won't expect me home from this vacation yet—not back at dad's office yet. So, see Baby. You're such a lonely girl—only got me. I'm coming."

### V.

WHY not?

She travelled back to New York just in time to catch the boat, and Norton was with her.

Reserved and quiet, she stepped on board.

The boy was in an agony of parting; an agony which, she insisted, for her sake he should hide! Poor darling! Only, with her cool, clear look into the common sense of things, she knew that it wouldn't last; that when the ship slid from the pier most of his agony would slide from him too

There was very little time for good-byes, anyway. That was always best But:

"We'll dream again" Who had said that? She thought back. Why, that was "little queer man" Merriam, too.

Suddenly, as she stood with Norton against the bulwark, watching the west-bound passengers—a sparse number this time of year—coming aboard, she saw, hurrying up the gangway, a burly man, with an air of power. Simon Valley was not losing sight of her so easily! Simon Valley also had come to see her off—to ratify that September the nineteenth appointment

"What is it?" Norton murmured jealously. "A friend?"

"Just an acquaintance who—who knows friends of mine. *Quite* unexpected! Darling boy, play up!"

Then, just before Valley reached her, someone else came bounding up the companion from a search of the deck below, saw her, saw Norton, checked a rush of motion and a rush of speech, said easily: "Ah, Lady Duske, here you are. I happened to be in New York and remembered you were sailing to-day."

BERNARD had come up from Washington to say "good-bye."

But Norton was with her; and now Simon Valley, saying in his powerful voice, looking at the other two men with his speculative eyes: "Ah, Lady Duske, I was quite afraid I wouldn't be in time. You remember that I told you I should see you off if I was in New York, and I am a tiresome fellow who always keeps his word." He gave Bernard a nod of recognition: "Here *you* are, too."

She introduced Norton to them both.

"Play up!" she had said to the boy. And he remarked: "I'm only just back from camping right out in the middle of Idaho, and my Aunt Jane told me I'd got to hare away at once and see a charming lady off on this ship."

His "Aunt Jane"! The lamb!

She stood easy and poised, chatting without a qualm. Men were nice. Men were very nice. Trust them. They were wonderful. Listen to them all playing up! "I'm really in New York, meeting my wife, who is landing to-morrow, and we're going through to Japan. Yes. Tokio for the next year for us." And Valley, with his polite concern: "I wish I could have had the pleasure of seeing you while you were over here, Lady Duske. But you're a busy lecturing lady I understand." And the boy addressing her as a charming stranger met rather too late!

"Shan't we go down and sit in my stateroom?"

SHE went down with her three cavaliers. The same stateroom.

And then Bernard inquired politely: "Were you on this deck before?"

And each man was thinking with a secret satisfaction: "If either of these fellows had the slightest idea of how wonderful she can be! . . . But thank God for fools!" And each man was playing up.

Ah, men were nice. Men were chivalrous; disciplined admirably; well behaved.

"Someone has sent me some cigarettes," she said, unwrapping a package on her dressing-table, "that is *very* kind of someone." It would be Norton. "That must be your Aunt Jane. Shall we smoke?"

Big, unmistakable flower-boxes lay on her bed. She touched them. Neither Valley nor Bernard batted an eyelash. "Isn't that lovely?" she said with feeling. "Those will be from those dear women I lectured to."

THERE was a sudden appearance in the open door of her stateroom. Here was an erect, broad-shouldered short man, with pale swift eyes, red hair on a striking head, a clever look, a melodious voice.

He stood there, arrested for a lightning survey of the stateroom.

Lady Duske put down the cigarette box she was handing, smiled her well-bred smile, moved forward:—

"Why, Mr. Merriam!"

"My dear Lady Duske. Their hands met. "I had your kind note of unnecessary thanks, and I really felt I must get at least one glimpse of you before you sailed back. I have been *too* remiss"

She introduced him. His pale, swift eyes played over the others.

"I have the great honour to arrange Lady Duske's lecture tours," he explained to them genially.

Now they were all playing up; each man playing his hand beautifully, each man guarding her fair fame with all his discretion; each man keeping his charming secret, and hers

And the bells began ringing furiously for all visitors to leave the ship, and stewards hurried down all gangways, calling: "All visitors off the ship, please!"

"You'll forgive me if I don't come up?" She was shaking hands with all of them, smiling her thanks "It's been too kind of you all to come down and wish me *bon voyage*. So unexpected. I thought I'd be quite alone! Good-bye. Good-bye. Good-bye."

For a full minute she sat in the basket chair by her dressing-table, alone. The curtain was dropped over her doorway. She could hear all the people about to leave hastening along the gangway outside. She looked towards the long flower-boxes on the bed. Bernard's would be his usual white roses; the bigger box would be Valley's . . . The curtain over her doorway lifted and dropped. She sat very still. Merriam darted in.

She looked up and sighed sharply. She was suddenly tensed all over. She had forgotten him, put him aside, thought "that is over." But here he was. He seized her shoulders, and kissed her in the way she remembered; the way that, after four years, could remind her in a flash of that first lovely savage breaking of all the damned codes that had been imposed upon her—yes, and upon all women. All women!

HE was like a calm, ordered, resistless whirlwind; shutting the door, wheeling back upon her; saying: "Stand up!" She stood up so that he could crush her into his arms.

"You thought I'd let you go like that! What if I was in Chicago? Couldn't you have come to me? Written earlier? Too proud, eh, too proud? Was the reason why you made no sign just because you were too proud?"

Her silences were effectual answers, it seemed, even to so clever a man. He coaxed: "Little fool to be so proud. And so you were actually going to all the mothers' meetings, and then going, starved, away, were you? Were you then?"

But again her pale, pouting silence did very well.

"My dear, when I came in just now—saw you with those sumps—I could have laughed. I could laugh when I think how no one knows you but I. No one but I, you white, proud woman! Not one of those fellows ever guessed—ever dreamed . . . Thank God for fools! I've often said that. Listen; there's only a moment to spare now. So listen. I'm horribly, devastatingly busy, but I'll breathe again around Christmas. About Christmas I'm coming to Europe—I'll be in Paris. You'll have to join me in Paris. Leave the old ladies for a week. Live again. Live!"

His swift eyes questioned her. She nodded with a little gasp; a half-smile. He smiled too. He had a wonderful fascination, this little short man with the strong panther shoulders. "Au' voir, then, darling . . . I shall cable you when I'm coming."

The stewards sang monotonously without: "All visitors off the ship, please."

HE was gone.

She looked at her face in the glass; smooth, unmarked; a laugh lurked on it, and she subdued that instantly. She powdered her face, and went up on deck. There below on the pier stood Valley, Bernard and Norton, all looking up, questing for her; and Merriam was hastening down the gangway to join them He was the last across the gangway. It was pulled in Then the four of them stood among the jostling throng, with faces turned upwards.

Lady Duske leaned over the bulwarks, waved and nodded, smiling her sweet friendly smile of farewell.

The ship slid slowly, almost imperceptibly at first; then, gaining definite purpose, from the pier. The tugs were pulling her out into the harbour. The pier and the throng of upturned faces, waving hats and handkerchiefs, receded. Lady Duske still stood leaning on the bulwarks, looking at the busy tugs, the purposeful ferries, and then back at the high glittering peaks of New York against a brazen blue sky. Good-bye; adventure, good-bye; good-bye. But—

"We'll dream again."

LADY DUSKE turned to go below; the flower-boxes awaited her. But, first, she felt her eyes drawn by someone standing near. Raising her look slowly she saw gold stripes on a uniform sleeve, intensely black hair under a peaked cap. The second officer saluted her, tentatively. Her mind was curiously busy for the two seconds before she smiled at him.

"Good-day."

"Good-day, Lady Duske." So he had her name, as well as remembering her personality. "You are crossing back with us, then. You made a very short stay in the States."

She smiled: "Yes."

"I hope we shall have pleasant weather for you again this trip."

"It was delightful coming over."

"I hope you have good accommodation."

"I booked the same stateroom. That's nice, I think."

He said quietly: "B.50."

There was a very brief pause. She said: "It's comfortable to have a room on a deck this weather; one's window open all the time."

"Very nice. Yes. You will be able to keep your window open, I think."

"Of course a deck is a little noisy, perhaps. People will sit out late!"

"Not this trip, very much, I think. People look rather old; quiet. Not many people on board. It's late in the season to be going this way."

A brief pause; her ungloved hand held and caressed the opal that hung as usual from its infinitesimally slender chain.

"I think you will find your deck quiet at night," he said.

And he said: "I'm on night watch, now. It's really beautiful this hot weather with the stars out."

SHE smiled again, not looking at him. But as she moved away she glanced back and he was standing, looking after her. She went below. Bernard's box held, as she had guessed, long-stemmed pure white roses. Valley's was opulent with a sheaf of orchids She arranged them in vases with a sensitive precision . . . How densely black that young man's hair was; how discreet his talk, how direct his eyes!

A quiet ship; yes; and she the quietest passenger of them all. When he came off watch at midnight, or at four in the September dawn, how blind the little world of the ship would be! How obliviously the ship would be sleeping!

## VI.

THE old chauffeur drew the old car up sedately on the gravelled drive before the big prim villa, and Lady Duske roused herself.

The old ladies were both on the doorstep, trying obviously to control a great twitter, for Miss Annie's dry old cheekbones were hectic, and Miss Elizabeth's garden hat sat askew upon her head.

They drew her in, two pairs of hands upon her.

"Dear Amy."

"Tch! tch! We've missed you. We would have come to Southampton to meet you in the car, but that something really dreadful has happened—"

"We can let Amy get her things off, Annie, before—"

"Tch! tch! I didn't mean—but I'm so upset! How well you look, Amy."

"Those pale cheeks are pink! We've kept tea back. Well! well! we shan't let you leave us again in a hurry!"

"No! No! You'll stay with your aunties now! Not any more business about poor dear Ralph's lectures, is there?"

Paris was four months away; but:

"No, dears, no! I'm settling down at home here with you. There's only——I've had the most awful toothache, and I wrote to my dentist from the ship and suggested I ought to run up to London to see him—about the nineteenth—"

"Dear, dear! dear, dear, dear! Still, you're right to attend to your teeth."

"She is always right."

"We've kept tea back, and unless you would like to take off your things—"

"If she's going upstairs, we'd better tell her what's happened You'll be very shocked, Amy love, at what's happened—"

"Miss Ring—"

"Is upstairs packing this very minute."

"Ah, my dears!" said Lady Duske in deep concern.

"I'll tell her, Annie. You do agitate yourself so. Your Aunt Annie is quite ill. She's made herself quite ill. Miss Ring, as you know, love, promised us that she would end that dreadful, wicked affair with that man. Well, Amy—"

"It didn't end!" cried Aunt Annie, quivering

"Annie. I will tell Amy. It broke out again, Amy. Unknown to us, of course, they must have been meeting—"

"Although we watched No one can say that your Aunt Elizabeth and I—"

"Annie. You do agitate yourself so The day before yesterday, Amy, *they were seen kissing*—"

"Just as it was getting dusk—"

"*Annie.* Just as it was getting dusk, Amy. We had sent her to match some wool, and she must have stolen off to meet this man. It was seen. And this morning the vicar's wife called to tell me."

MISS Annie was unable to restrain herself: "By which time it was all over Hexton. The man's poor wife had been told about it. But she must be a good woman, for she forgave him at once on condition that he—"

"Repudiated Miss Ring."

"Which he did, of course. Naturally."

"We decided at once we could not keep her. That, at least, we owe to the town. The General came in this morning, too, and he agreed that it was our only possible course."

"We appealed to him as a man of the world."

"And that is what he said."

"I am very, very sorry, darlings," said Lady Duske, in a voice almost fatigued with distress, "very, very sorry indeed."

"Sit down, Annie. You are making yourself ill. If you would care to take your things off before tea, dear Amy, pray do."

"We are longing to hear all about your t-t-travels—"

"There, Annie, your teeth are chattering Let Amy take her things off before tea"

Lady Duske went quietly up the ugly staircase and she stood again between the flower-patterned walls of her bedroom, looking about her at the water-colours and the text. She removed her coat, took her keys to unlock her suitcases.

But then, through the half-open door, came a sound, a sound to be expected this afternoon in this house, yet which people might have demanded that the culprit should control. It was a sob. And Lady Duske looked up, and saw the companion hovering on the threshold, a little blowsy; red-faced with shame and grief; and, between their tear-swollen lids, look at her eyes!

Lady Duske looked full into the living, reddened, famished eyes of Miss Ring, but her look was so brief that it was no embarrassment to either of them.

The excuse:

"I—I came to see if I could help you unpack."

LADY DUSKE emitted one of her little sympathetic sounds; negative.

"I heard you arrive, Lady Duske," said the companion in a voice hoarse from tears. "And I was glad I hadn't gone before you came. You've heard downstairs all about me?"

"Poor dear Miss Ring!"

"I've loved him! I've loved him so! I love him!"

"Miss Ring . . ."

"Your voice sounds so sweet and kind, so sorry for me. Oh! you are sorry! Thank you for your kindness, Lady Duske Because of your kindness and goodness I want you to believe the best of me. Yes, please, Lady Duske! There was never anything—anything—really more than just that kiss between us. Nothing more. It had gone no further. Those walks and talks, and that kiss—"

"My poor Miss Ring."

"Because you are a woman I admire so much, I want you to believe me."

"I believe you, God help you," said Lady Duske.

"Oh, if God will help me! Perhaps He will. . . . I have something here for you, Lady Duske, if you will accept it It is an embroidered linen cover for the cushion in your armchair there."

The companion laid a small parcel upon the bed.

"Thank you. Thank you, dear Miss Ring."

THE companion stood now again on the threshold of the room, withdrawing, her eyes looking in a last dim look of admiration upon the other who stood there so superior—superior—to the sordid storms of life; yes, superior.

"That is how I always think of you, Lady Duske, looking so remote, so calm, so wise; just—just with your fingers playing round your beautiful opal as they are playing now. Your beautiful, beautiful opal."

Lady Duske made a movement forward

"Miss Ring. I want you, too, to take a little parting gift from me. A souvenir, poor dear Miss Ring."

The opal hung from its slender chain about the blowsy, astounded woman's neck.

"Oh, but Lady Duske! Oh, Lady Duske! The thing you've worn yourself—a part of you—to give it to me! Oh Lady Duske, perhaps it will make me more as I ought to be; more like you."

"Dear Miss Ring!" said Lady Duske, deprecatingly, "if you hope so, I am sure I hope so too."

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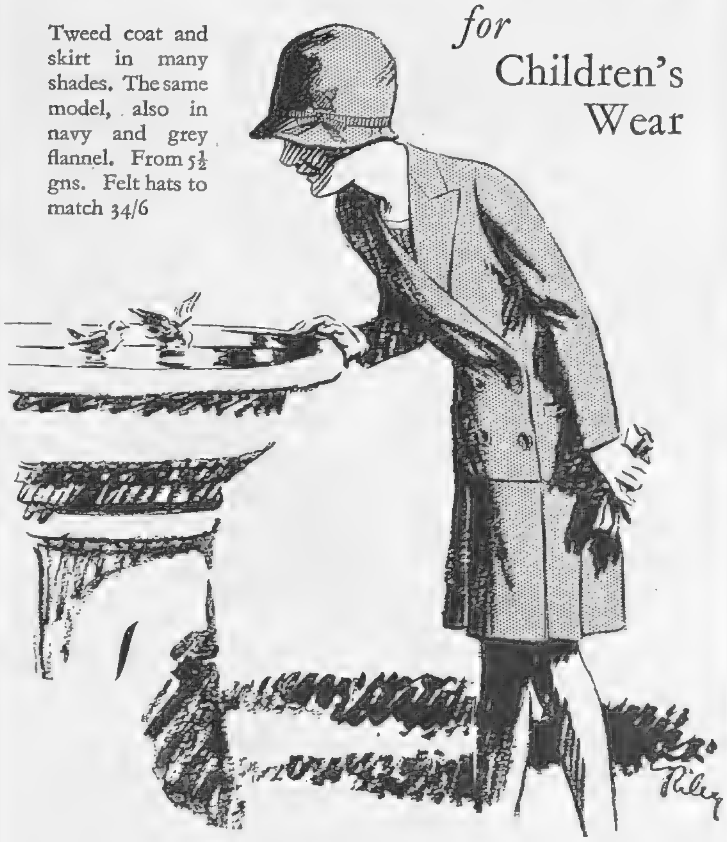

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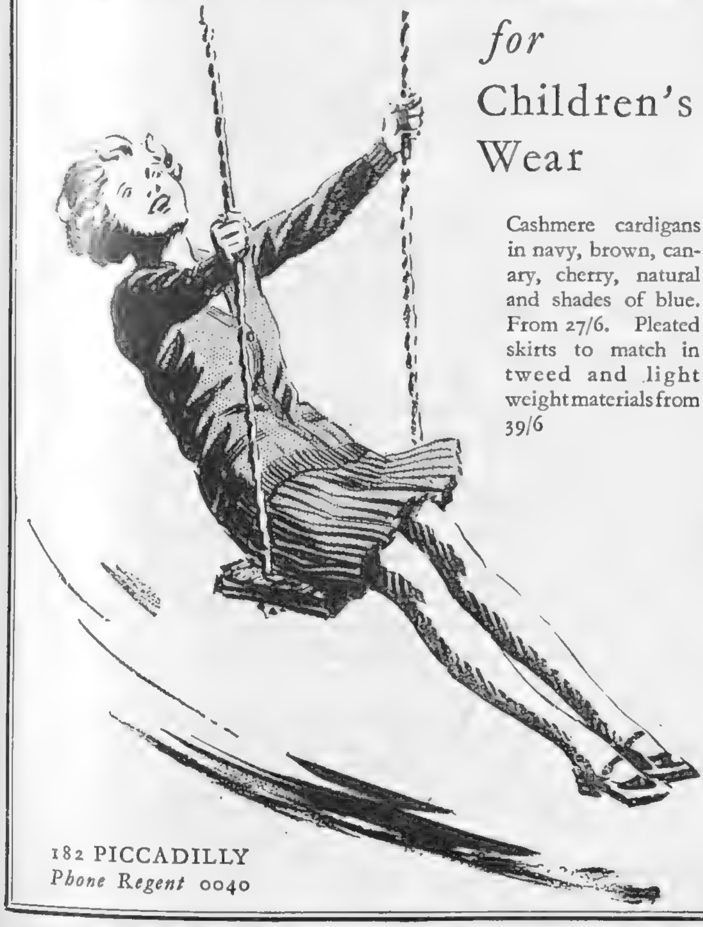

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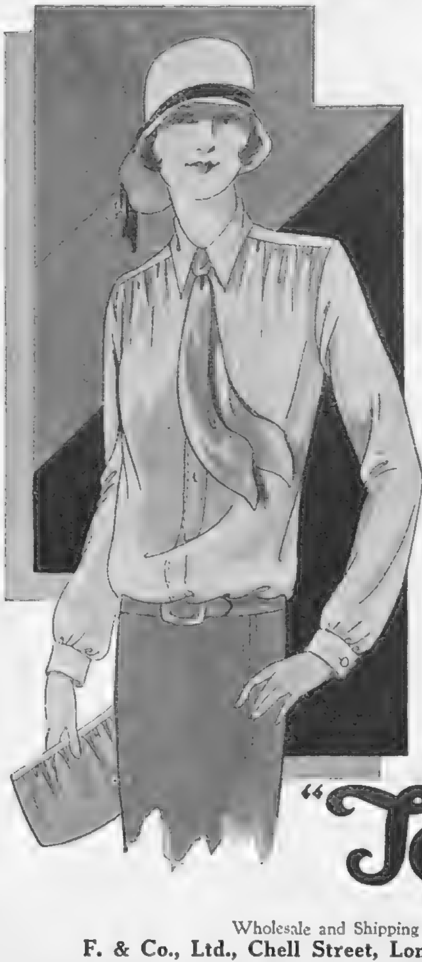

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*Causton.*

# Under the Baobabs: By ANTHONY PARSONS

(*Continued from page* 31)

He got up suddenly, and went across to the furthest corner of the verandah. 'And now look at it!' he flung over his shoulder. 'Everything different, everything gone. *Everything*—even her! Do you call that fair? Do you call that justice?'

' It was on the tip of my tongue to say 'No, it's war!' but I held my peace. The thing was over and done with. I saw no point in starting a discussion upon the rights and wrongs of dealing with enemy property.

"But if that outburst did nothing else, it certainly did have the effect of breaking the ice between us. I've no doubt he'd had that on his mind for years, and I think he must have sensed my sympathy.

"THUS it was that I came to hear about Ludwig.

"Now Ludwig, it appeared, had once owned the sisal estate which young Grimshaw owns to-day; and Ludwig had been Von Hultz's greatest friend. The pair had come out together as boys, and had stuck together right up to that moment when Von Hultz had married his Hilda and thereby compelled Ludwig to clear out and buy the sisal estate next door. Ludwig, I gathered, had been a very handsome man; bigger and broader than Von Hultz—who was a bit on the squat side—but apparently without his steadfastness of purpose. I got the impression, from listening to Von Hultz's talk, that Ludwig had been a bit of a philanderer, that it was he who had done all the work and Ludwig all the dreaming. And one other thing I gathered—and I want you to remember this because I believe it supplies the key to the whole mystery—as well as being a dreamer, Ludwig had all the average dreamer's objection to physical pain. It was Von Hultz who went into danger first, with Ludwig a poor second owing to his shoe lace having come undone at the critical moment—you know the kind of man I mean? Something always prevents him from reaching the firing line until the greatest danger has passed! But I'll say no more about that now, lest you should accuse me of using my subsequent knowledge to bolster up my powers of deduction.

"AT any rate, Von Hultz's marriage made little or no difference to Ludwig. He still continued to be a daily visitor at the Von Hultz establishment, and the good relations existing between his wife and his former stable companion was a constant source of delight to Von Hultz. Indeed, it seemed to me that some of his dearest memories were of the musical evenings those three had spent together on the verandah of the Von Hultz house; evenings that Ludwig had played on his 'cello and Hilda on her violin.

"'She could make the thing laugh or cry,' he told me once. 'She could make it respond to her every mood. She was wonderful!'

"And so, in this way and that, gradually—as an old-time gleaner gathered his sheaf—so was I able to gather together the incidents that had gone to make the full tale of his life. And just as the skill of an operator enables him to sharpen a blurred and distorted picture on the screen, so did my intuition and knowledge of men enable me to understand the inner meaning of much that would otherwise have been mere talk. And thus it was that, right from the very beginning, one thing stood out a mile. One thing was so obvious that it became the lens through which I viewed his whole life.

"And that—his unbounded admiration for the woman he'd married.

"That admiration—pride—call it what you will—was like a torch, illuminating the darkest corners of his mind. It was like a stage limelight, colouring everything he remembered and everything he told me. And in his fear lest I should not share in his admiration, he went into such vivid detail that when, on the fifth day of his stay with me, he suddenly produced his wife's photograph, I was able at once to recognise her.

"JUST as he had so carefully described and my fancy had pictured her, so was Hilda Von Hultz in that photograph. The wide-open steady grey eyes, the great width of brow, the small but full-lipped mouth, the daintily upturned nose—everything was there exactly as I had pictured it in my mind. It was the face of a woman of courage.

"And looking at that picture it was not at all difficult to appreciate the Hun's unbounded admiration of her. A woman like that could scarcely have helped taking a leading part in any community, much less that of a few planters. She'd be a stormy petrel among any collection of men, I thought.

"Well, to get back to the Hun again, the first week was an absolute blank as far as locating that grave went. Von Hultz worked like a navvy—he might have been digging for hidden treasure instead of what he actually was. He used to come home at night with his hands blistered and torn by the unaccustomed and arduous labour under the broiling sun. And as the days passed by, that look of strain about his eyes deepened to something very akin to sheer agony. He was possessed of a fiendish desire to get it over. He couldn't let it alone. He could rest neither sleeping nor waking. He couldn't even stop to eat. He'd waited ten weary years to repossess himself of what lay buried somewhere in that critical patch of earth. He'd travelled six thousand miles to fetch home the remains of the woman he'd worshipped. And the thought of failure was steadily driving him mad.

"AND it was in those last few days that he lost even the bit that still remained to him of his natural Teutonic reserve. He talked unrestrainedly, emotionally even, as first the climate and then the country began to wrap themselves round his heart and tug hard at the strings of his memory. A lizard clambering about the whitewashed wall was enough to bring out a story of how he and Hilda had once tried to tame one; while the mournful wail of a "bush-baby," one night brought him sweating to his feet with a tale of how Ludwig had very nearly killed himself in his efforts to catch one for Hilda to hold.

"'You see she thought it was a *real* baby!" he cried hysterically, his voice perilously close to tears.

"'You never had any children?' I asked him thoughtlessly. But the next moment I could have bitten my tongue off, for he stiffened up and looked at me for all the world as though I'd stabbed him in the back.

"'No!' he got out from between twisted lips. 'The same lion that robbed me of her, robbed me of him, too!' And without another word, he got to his feet and stumbled into the darkness outside.

"'Heavens,' I thought to myself as I sat there listening to the uneven crunch of his boots across the compound, 'if any man in this world ever met it, you surely have!'

"THE poor fellow was still perambulating the compound when I got up to go to bed. And when I woke up the next morning, it was only to be informed that he had already gone out to dig. He came back that night looking pretty desperate, and I saw that if something didn't happen very soon—*I* should be digging a grave for *him*!

"'The trouble with you is that you're working too hard,' I warned him. 'You'll break down altogether if you're not very careful. Why don't you lay off for a day or two?'

"But that was something he couldn't do—he couldn't lay off! As I've said before, the urge was on him and he was powerless to resist it. He was simply a man possessed, fated to go on until he dropped.

"And that night—I don't know why unless it was that he felt himself to be nearing the end of his tether—he suddenly began to talk about *her*. Previously he had been content to tell me little odds and ends, trifles that occurred to him or were suggested to him by association. But now he plunged into her history chapter and verse. He began by telling me how everybody in Lewali had worshipped her. How she had reigned in the township very much as the Empress herself must have reigned. He told me that every man in the place had been as dust beneath her tiny shoes—and as he warmed up to his subject, out flared the pride in his voice until every word he uttered was a veritable song of praise. He told me how this one and that one had been caught up in the flame of her beauty. How this one had got his wings singed, and how that one had been burned.

"YOU and I would have hesitated before telling such things, fearful lest they should be misunderstood and ourselves made to look foolish in the eyes of our friends. But not the Hun. No such fears appeared to worry him! For throughout the whole, extraordinary recital, eternally and inevitably and inexorably, she was his Hilda and he was her man—and the rest was less than nothing. As he said it, it was simply colossal—almost terrifying, in a way. I'd never imagined a man could have such faith. I'd never dreamt such faith existed.

"VON HULTZ *knew*! And that was all there was to it!

"And coming to the actual tragedy, he told me of how she and Ludwig had gone out with the idea of shooting some guinea fowl for the pot. Ludwig had come over early that day. He'd come over shortly after mid-day, instead of his usual six o'clock, and Von Hultz remembered that he remarked the fact that Ludwig was not looking particularly well.

"Anyhow, Hilda and Ludwig went off into the jungle, Ludwig marching in front with the light sporting gun and Hilda trotting in his wake. They took one boy with them, and him they sent back with the first bird they shot. That boy arrived home just after four o'clock—and then came tragedy.

"Five o'clock struck, and then six—but still there was no sign of Hilda and Ludwig. Von Hultz, anxiously pacing the verandah, imagined they must have wandered further afield than they'd realised and were having difficulty in getting back. Dusk fell, darkness followed dusk, seven o'clock struck, and then just when Von Hultz was well-nigh frantic with anxiety, a dazed and bewildered Ludwig—more dead than alive—stumbled out of the darkness with the appalling news that Hilda had been snatched off the path by a lion.

THE sweat was pouring off poor Von Hultz's face as he told me the pitiful rest. Breathlessly he jerked out the details of how he had snatched his rifle and how, followed by every boy he possessed (for even the natives had worshipped their Dona) he and Ludwig had raved through the jungle like a pair of demented madmen. Up this alley and down that. Falling and stumbling in the darkness. Shouting and crying her name. You can imagine what it must have been like.

"All that night they searched, lighting grass torches when there was any grass to light and stumbling on in the darkness when there wasn't. Dawn came and found them still searching. Midday came and went, and at night they were still flying hither and thither—but now, however. Not a trace of her had they found. Not a rag. Not even a little shoe. Nothing just blank and complete nothing! For three whole days and nights they kept it up, Von Hultz eating nothing at all, but using what little strength he had left to maintain a steady stream of the most awful blasphemies directed against the God who had seen fit to let this thing happen.

"And then, it was in the dawning of the fourth day, a hollow-eyed and wan Ludwig brought them upon all that was left of Hilda von Hultz. There was her dress, all blood-stained and torn to shreds. A few whitening bones—and one tiny, torn-up shoe. . . .

"There's no need to go into details. Crying like a child, weak from lack of food and the long hours he had spent upon the rack of uncertainty, Von Hultz was taken back to his empty house. But once there, and with all her things about him, he pulled himself together and announced that nobody should touch anything but himself. It was his last privilege, he said. His last act of homage to the woman he'd worshipped. No hand but his had touched her in life, and no hand but his should touch her now that she was dead.

"AND so, with his own hands, he set about fashioning a casket for her—'hammering,' as he himself expressed it, 'far more tears into the wood than ever he hammered nails.' All his heart went into that casket, he told me. All his hopes and all his dreams. And he buried her in a grave of his own making, hollowed

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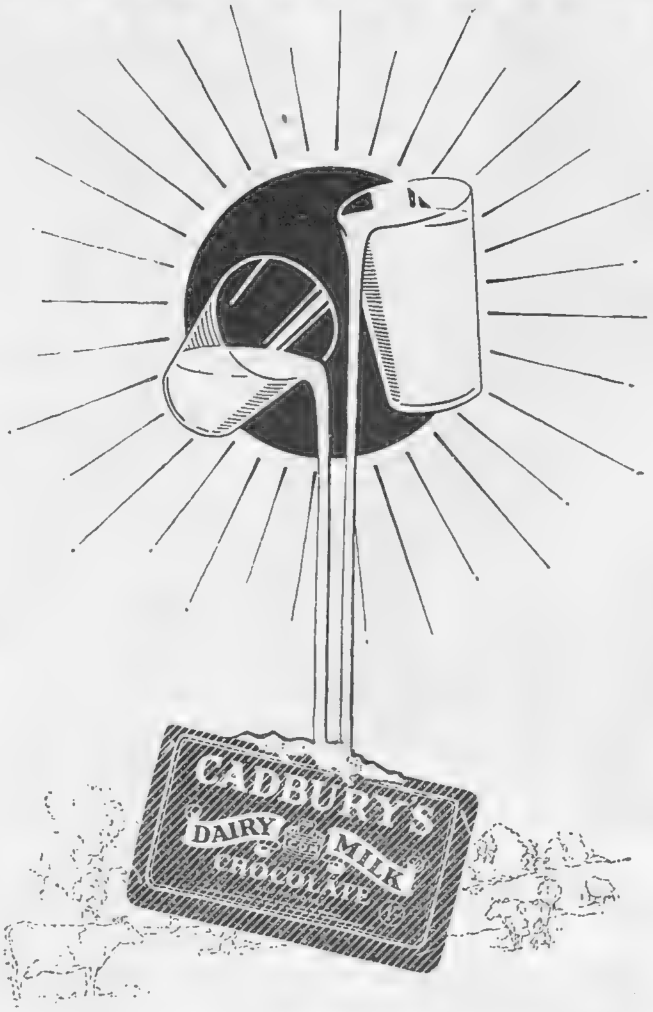

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out just at the foot of those baobab trees whose fantastic shapes she had always loved.

"Ludwig attended the simple funeral. Since the moment when he had broken into the house with his awful news, Von Hultz had spoken no single word to him. In silence Ludwig stood beside the grave. In silence he watched Von Hultz fill in the earth. But when he would have followed his old friend back to his house, Von Hultz turned.

"'Ludwig,' he said, 'only God in Heaven knows just how much I would like to strangle you with my bare hands—but for her sake I'll do no murder. For her sake you can go in peace. But as long as you remain upon this earth, never let me see you again!'

"And Ludwig went. And Von Hultz never did see him again, for shortly afterwards the war broke out and Von Hultz,—glad to turn his back upon the now hateful plantation—at once shouldered his rifle and went off to join the down-country forces.

"'Maybe Ludwig died fighting,' he told me quite simply. 'Or maybe he crept away into some distant and uninhabited corner of the country. But this I do know—that wherever he is, whether alive or dead, he is still paying for his carelessness of that day. For looking back I can see that he, too, must have loved her—and it is a terrible fate to have killed the woman one loves. . . .'"

LASHINGTON paused for so long that I began to think he'd reached the end of his story.

"But look here," Gregory said at last, "I thought you said something about saving the Hun's reason. You did say that, didn't you?"

"Yes," Lashington nodded, "and I'm coming to that bit, now. You see we found that grave, eventually, and we also found the casket. And everything was in that casket just as Von Hultz had described—right down to the blood-stained dress and that tiny, torn-up shoe."

And speaking so quickly that we had the utmost difficulty in following him—

"But they were nigger bones in that casket," he ripped out. "Nigger bones! Good enough to deceive a layman like the Hun, but not good enough to deceive a doctor like me. He's taken the things back to Germany with him. I hadn't the heart to tell him the truth. I hadn't the heart to break a wonderful faith like his. Let him bury the things again. What's it matter? It's true that he'll spend the rest of his life putting flowers on a nigger's grave—and not even a nigger woman's, either, for the bones were the bones of a full-grown man—but what's it matter? At least he'll have kept his faith!"

"Yes, but—but what faith?" insisted Gregory. "I don't quite follow you. You say that his wife wasn't in that casket at all?"

"Just that!"

"You mean they'd collected the wrong bones?"

Lashington was silent for a moment.

"Yes," he said then, his voice strangely grim. "But not the wrong blood-stained dress, or the wrong tiny, torn-up shoe!"

"Good God!" I ejaculated suddenly. "You mean——?"

"Exactly!" he agreed. "The whole thing was a merciless plant. The woman was never caught by a lion at all. And the reason of it all—ask Ludwig. Find Ludwig, and you'll find Hilda von Hultz."

"But I'll tell you what," he went on a second later. "There's going to be a special and awful brand of hell for women like her—you mark my words!"

[END.]

# Palms and the Girl: *By* LADY CYNTHIA ASQUITH

(*Continued from page 34*)

Nature of stinginess in the matter of our endowment. Had we been born stupid, no one could justly reproach us, but we greatly prefer to be blamed for not making use of naturally good faculties! You cannot tell people they are ugly or dull, but you may tell them that they are lazy or unobliging.

I'm sure palmists are wise enough to know that their clients enjoy being blamed for their shortcomings, just because they would rather be thought gifted and indolent than meritoriously plodding.

"You are not making the best of yourself." Are not these words music in all our ears?

ANOTHER phrase which brings balm to hurt minds is: "No one really understands you." How soothingly flattering to be told we are not fully appreciated; to be reminded that no prophet is ever a prophet in his own country.

To be told that our present conditions are unfavourable is also agreeable to our pride. Hope flares up at any indictment of our, possibly, ideal circumstances, and how gladly do we put our trust in change, which is little wiser than to put it in princes!

Yes, the woman who tickles our palms is in reality tickling our vanity. She is the skilled waitress at a banquet of egotism. To have vanity repaired, self-love renewed, hope rekindled; for this, surely, no woman should grudge a guinea. Many think it a small sum to give for a hat, and what is one new hat compared with a whole new set of good opinions about yourself? Long live the palmist!

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## THE POTTER CIRCLE.

In the June issue of BRITANNIA AND EVE (on page 29) we reproduced a picture described, owing to a printer's error, as "The Totter Circle." This should have been described as "The Potter Circle," including as it does a group headed by the Rev. J. W. Potter, a well-known London Spiritualist. The medium of this Circle is Mr. Potter's son; as the phrase in our caption, which stated that the curtain in front of the medium "conceals some of his activities," might possibly be misconstrued, we wish to state that no reflection on the conduct of the Circle or of Mr. Potter, junior, was in any way intended. For any annoyance our description may have caused the Rev. J. W. Potter and his associates, the Editor herewith tenders his sincere apologies.

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# Other People's Houses

(*Continued from page 55*).

keeping with the rest of the old house, but with the interior a break away has been made from tradition and an entirely different style adopted. The most striking thing in the room is the magnificent chimneypiece, architecturally the finest thing in the house. It is of finely carved polished pine, late XVII Italian in origin and was removed from an old house in Great Pulteney Street. Carved caryatids support the nine foot high mantelpiece which is decorated with a broad moulding of acanthus leaves. The walls and domed ceiling of this beautifully proportioned room are decoratively painted on stretched canvas after the manner of the famous painted room in Garrick's Villa. In this room is a Chinese cabinet containing many historical and family relics of great interest. Chief among them are Cromwell's gloves, which he left behind after his stay at Knaresborough, and a garter worn by a follower of Prince Charlie with the following words woven with the Stewart tartan into its texture: "Let Tories guard their king while Whigs in halters swing." There is also a tin will-case dated 1610 which was found in a chimney. Another item of great interest is a document bearing the seal of James I. who gave an exemption from tithes to the Roundell of the day who was a juror at the Presentment before the king's Court at Knaresborough. The Manor House, Knaresborough, mentioned as the family seat of the Roundells (which it still is) in the first edition of Shirley—a book compiled as a roll of families possessed of land in the reign of Henry VII.

THERE are many bedrooms a Shawford with fine panelling an carved stone chimneypieces, but of thes space does not permit a detailed description. In two bedrooms there are interesting raised plaster friezes and in Mrs Roundell's room a fine chimneypiece of carved slate.

Two only are illustrated in this article—one showing a delightful view of the "Minnow" bedroom. It is a charming room, magnificently panelled in Jacobean oak, with fabrics and furniture that are essentially in keeping with its characteristic simplicity. Over the fireplace is a most unusual feature, consisting of a delicately carved panel let into a "mirror-frame." The other bedroom illustrated is the "John Dory" room. Here is seen a good example of the raised plaster frieze, in this case, in a grape design.

An exquisite piece of Florentine needlework forms another uncommon panel over the fireplace, which stands out particularly well against the white background.

Shawford is a house where there are facilities for sport of all kinds and where the comforts of life are studied to a high degree. It is surrounded by beauty—the simple beauty of the English countryside—of green pastureland and winding streams; of stately trees and unexpected lanes. Through centuries it has played its part in our island history, until to-day, when it stands as a happy memory of the glorious past.

These facts—the antiquity and beauty of the place and its historical interest—make it a representative English gentleman's country house of the finest type.

# Home versus Hotel

*By* Warwick Deeping

*(Continued from page 35)*

There are the people who grumble, and whose waiter is the worst sort of sloven ever born. There are the old gentlemen who smoke and drink too freely. There are fat men who snore.

HOW often has one returned to one's home after exile in hotels, and stood in one's garden or sat by the favourite window, and given thanks for the blessed silence. Here is peace, that tranquillity, which, to the brain-worker, is so essential and so sacred. Here, too, are one's possessions, one's books, the familiar things ready to your hand, the shaving mirror just where it should be, your pipes laid out. You can come and go as you please. Your home is not a glorified parrot house. You can open your own doors and close them. There is no garrulous person at your elbow.

You are alone with yourself and your mate. And you divine in her a contentment, a spiritual purring like that of a cat when the fire is lit and the tuffet unoccupied. She, too, has returned to the beloved and familiar things, her bits of china, her pictures, her piano, to that essential something which is her. Her wisdom has made the place good to live in. Even in the domestic quarters there is peace. Those who serve have welcomed her back. They are not wenches, but valued friends.

It seems to me that a house is for the happy, the hotel for the unhappy. Even a working girl when she marries can appreciate the preciousness of a detached cottage. "We sha'n't hear so-and-so coming home drunk on Saturday nights." There are moments when we ask to possess our souls in silence. We do not desire to camp even in the most spacious of railway stations.

THERE may be those who contend that the separativeness of home life is selfish, that it makes for narrowness, and for a self-centred complacency. I do not agree. It provides life with a centre of gravity. It is the very antithesis of the hotel where life is an amorphous splurge, a passing from nowhere to nowhere. Moreover, as things are, the modern hotel has become the refuge of the discontented and the disgruntled.

I know a man who lives much in hotels, and one of his most precious possessions was a toy bird that had been presented to him at some gala dinner. When you compressed the bird's stand the creature cried—" Cuckoo—cuckoo."

My friend kept this toy on the table beside his bed, and if his neighbours aired their domestic differences, or grew sarcastic over their mutual play at " bridge," he would reach out a hand for the bird.

" Where the devil did you pack the soap ? " or

" What on earth made you go three no trumps on "—etc.

A little pressure, and the bird sang mockingly and sweetly—" Cuckoo, cuckoo." And suddenly the night would grow still.

I asked my friend whether he had ever made the bird sing in a house, and he looked at me slily.

" Not in a house where the woman understands her job. I never stay in houses when she doesn't." O, wise fellow !

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# P.N. 40—*and* Love : *By* S. FOWLER WRIGHT

(*Continued from page* 48)

help seeing—really." And then, with a sudden honesty of laughter: "I didn't try either."

She looked down silently, but without sign of resentment, and he was emboldened to add: "I would have found you, anyway, if I'd had to search the world."

She gave him her eyes then for a moment, and thrilled deliciously at what she saw in his.

"It's no use," she said, "no use. You know it's useless. I can't think why you came."

"Of course, it's of use, if you'll come. We've only got to wait for a bad night."

"Come where?" she said, with a direct brevity which is as commendable as it is rare in the mouths of women.

"To the forest reservation in Brazil," he answered with equal directness but an inward terror as to how his suggestion would be received.

"Of course I'd come," she said. "Rather! But how could we? If we got there, we should certainly be traced."

"I don't think so," he answered, with a stubborn determination to smother the doubt in his own mind. Then in abrupt and eager phrases he told her of the plan which he had formed for her abduction.

If she could join him at the boundary of the aerodrome, thirteen miles away, on a night of cloud and storm—the worse the better for his purpose, and, fortunately, the coming nights would be moonless—he did not doubt that they could escape unseen and unfollowed. He supposed, foolishly enough, that even the M.I. would be unlikely to have its attention concentrated upon them at such a time.

Nor did she think much of the danger of the flight itself, though she had a greater fear and a greater knowledge of the powers that ruled them. She thought of the flashing speed of *Condor* 5—they would escape in the night unnoticed, and who should follow? They would be almost there in the morning!

"I'm afraid," he said with his irrepressible truthfulness, "it won't be as easy as you think. We shall have to try it in a *Kestrel*."

"*In a Kestrel!*" There was good cause for her protest.

Everyone knew the *Kestrels*. They were the only form of 'plane which everyone was trained to handle. They were fool-proof and simple; built for short flights on the afternoon of a summer day; but they were forbidden to go over any considerable stretch of water. Their speed and direction were controlled by a degree of muscular exertion that made a prolonged flight an arduous enterprise.

Yet there was no other way. 48 V.C. had judged coolly enough that, even could he descend in his own machine, and take the girl unobserved, its disappearance would lead to a world search and an almost certain finding. He must make excuse to put up *Condor* 5 for repairs, and while on the free leave which would result, he could easily have one of the very numerous *Kestrels* so placed that it could start unnoticed in the night. He intended his plan to succeed by its incredibility. If the flight were known, and the disappearance of the *Kestrel* discovered, no one would dream of looking for them more than a hundred miles away.

Yet it was with natural doubt that he looked at P.N.40 as he confessed his plan. But she did not hesitate. Perhaps she did not realise the utter madness of the project as clearly as she would have done had she had a wider experience of the air.

"Oh, yes; if you think a *Kestrel's* best. You ought to know," she answered easily. "But you'd better go now, or we'll neither of us go anywhere. The disc has changed colour twice already."

She pointed to the signal which had twice reminded her of her remissness in going to the breakfast-room—a remissness of which she had not been guilty in a score of previous years, and which could not continue for many seconds longer.

48 V.C. turned reluctantly. He wanted to make clearer arrangements for meeting. He wanted permission to come again, if the chance should offer; he wanted—— But the girl had no mind for a needless peril.

"Come again? Of course not. Are you quite mad? Of course I shall find it. I'm not a fool, really. The first night the indicator shows below two-seven I shall be there at half-past three. You needn't look for me earlier. If the nights are fine till the twenty-eighth, I'll come then anyway. . . . You'd better go while the sky's clear."

He did not want to go. He wanted to say good-bye, but, lacking practice, he was not sure how to begin. A night-passage to Brazil seemed a less formidable enterprise.

He looked uncertainly at the empty sky, and back into the room, and found it empty also.

Then he went.

Bravely enough P.N.40 entered the breakfast hall, though she was conscious of the puzzled wonder of a hundred pairs of eyes that were directed upon her.

She was three minutes late, in a world in which unpunctuality was as obsolete as burglary.

There had been a period of many centuries during which men had learnt to rely upon mechanical instruments for notifying them of the passage of time, and had become, consequently, almost insensitive of its duration. Then a country schoolmaster, a Mr. Alfred Borton, had immortalised himself and revolutionised the organisation of society, by observing that if he established a habit of feeding his flock of geese at seven minutes to four, they would appear at his back-door at that time, neither before nor after, with an exact punctuality. He had reflected that what is possible to a goose should not be impossible to a man. He had first experimented with one of his own family, a child of three years, who had learnt that it must leave its nursery at exact periods, of which no indication was given, for an adjoining meal-room, if it were to obtain food. It was found that children so trained could achieve automatic habits, which would not vary more than from seven to thirteen seconds from exact punctuality. They would observe the regularities of an ordered household with no more conscious thought than they would give to the separate movements of the limbs that bore them to the waiting table.

It was natural, therefore, that Instructress 90 should have been alarmed and puzzled as three successive minutes passed, at the end of each of which she had given the signal which should have been so needless, and which she knew must have discoloured and agitated the warning disc which was fitted to every bedroom to deal with such an emergency, before P.N. 40 approached the table, unaware of how successfully she was concealing the perturbation of her secret mind.

The Instructress was a lady of seventy, wearing the white dress of widowhood. The glance which she gave to the approaching girl was shrewd but kindly.

"What has happened?" she asked, as P.N. 40 lifted her chin courteously, and seated herself at her right hand.

"I was thinking . . . I forgot."

The Instructress considered this impossible answer.

"I trust it was not done deliberately?"

"Oh, no, Instructress. I am very sorry. It won't happen again."

There was an evident sincerity in the voice that answered. A sincerity of regret that was unmistakable. And the tone was more satisfactory than had been usual from P.N. 40. The matter must be reported. It was too serious for a mere reprimand to condone it. But it might be less so than she had feared. Perhaps an instinct of rebellion had culminated in this breach of etiquette, and had produced a natural reaction. The Instructress said no more.

The days passed without any disturbing incident, but also without the break of weather for which P.N.40 was watching with a concealed anxiety, until the 25th of April, when the skies clouded heavily, and a cold tempestuous wind, veering unsteadily from one point of the compass to another, resulted in the air-warning which brought all the pleasure-planes to the crowded landings, and caused the freight-planes to descend to the lower levels which the pleasure-planes had vacated.

That morning *Condor* 5 descended to the aerodrome, reporting a strain in the hinge-expander of the falling-tail, which would take two days to repair.

At 11.45 that night, when, for three-quarters of an hour, the long lines of the sleeping bungalows had been dark and silent, P.N.40, bare-headed but clothed in a suit of water-proofs, and with her most precious possessions slung from her shoulders in an oilskin satchel, opened her bedroom window, and stepped quietly out into the blackness of the driving rain. Her only guidance was the red lights of the landing-platforms of the aerodrome she was seeking.

This aerodrome was, in fact, no more than a depot for pleasure *Kestrels*, and a government repairing shed for 'planes of the lighter patterns.

Yet, however small in comparison with the major ports, the aerodrome was of sufficient extent to make the place of appointment somewhat vague, even had there been some light to aid her, and she dare not advertise her presence. Secrecy was vital.

Should she call aloud, and perhaps bring the discovery which would be ruin?

She could not wait here for ever. Had he forgotten his promise?

So her thoughts warred, while she stood, patient and resolute, in the storm.

Lightning flickered, and a dark shape showed not fifty yards over the boundary. Surely a *Kestrel*; and *Kestrels* are not left out in such positions without reason through a night of storm.

She had been a fool after all.

But why had he given no signal?

She must have approached so silently that he supposed that she had not come.

So they must have waited, each for the other, not fifty yards apart.

And the vital moments were passing.

Thinking thus, she went confidently forward.

She came to the dim bulk of the *Kestrel*. She had been right so far.

"*Forty-eight*," she whispered, but there was no answer.

Fearful, and trembling with an anxiety which she could control no longer, she felt for the lighting-switch, and illuminated the interior of the car.

It was rain-soaked and empty.

She heard the beat of the balance-wings as *Condor* 5 came to the ground beside her. It came down with no pretence of concealment. Its landing-lights shone through the rain. She was aware of the wail of the signal-sirens, and of long arms of light that rose, stabbing the storm.

"Quick," said the voice of 48 V.C., "heave these things in. We've got two minutes, with luck."

IN the ninety-third year of the Second Eugenic Era Professor Pilphit (66 A.T.) held the office of Premier. He was so conscious of the importance of racial improvement in which he had specialised very brilliantly, that he had himself taken charge of the Physical and Selection Departments, and the aeroplane escapade in which P.N.40 had been involved had come before him.

The apparatus of the Ministry of Insight at this period had reached a point of excellence of which it was difficult to take the fullest advantage.

It was no longer obstructed by intervening walls, nor dependent upon visible light-rays for the photographs which it obtained. In theory it could, and did, record every incident of the lives of every individual in the country. But the very extent of this success produced its own difficulty. How could so vast an accumulation of records be stored, tabulated, developed? The result was that the records actually retained related to events of national importance, to specimen histories of selected lives, and to periodic photography of the interiors of the bodies of the nation, this census being taken at intervals of about seven years, but without public knowledge of the time of its incidence.

THE demand for the exposure of the actions of P.N.40, on the occasion of her unpunctuality was made within seven minutes of the circumstance coming to the Premier's knowledge, and within twenty-four hours of its occurrence. Everything possible was done to supply his requirements, but the result was necessarily incomplete.

The picture of P.N.40's room itself had faded into a dim scene of two figures, which did not appear to move about

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more than a little, or to approach very closely. Nothing could be recovered of speech, or even of expression or gesture. But there was a clear record of 48 V.C. leaving the window and making his covert return to the aerodrome.

Considering this sinister episode Professor Pilphit gave instructions that a special photograph of P.N.40 be taken, and being satisfied therefrom that she had, at least, preserved her physical integrity, he decided to do nothing further for the moment but to watch the delinquents very closely, until the girl should have passed into the care of her selected husband.

The reports he received were satisfactory, until the morning of April 25th. 48 V.C. was occupied on his patrol, and had shown no disposition to descend to the aerodrome, nor consciousness of the existence of P.N.40. There had certainly been no communication between them.

WHEN, on the morning of the 25th, Professor Pilphit heard that 48 V.C. had descended with a report of damage to his machine, he was cautious but not alarmed. He inquired as to the nature of the alleged damage, and learned that it might render landing dangerous in a rough wind. 48 V.C. had been right to report it. But the Premier took no risks. He ordered a police officer to remain in the company of 48 V.C. until he should return to the air, and to report telepathically to his private instrument to avoid the delay of communicating through the Ministry of Insight, should any suspicious incident require it.

It is to his lasting honour that the possibility did not enter his mind that P.N.40 could be so shameless as to go out into the night to seek her lover.

It followed that when 48 V.C. strolled into the messroom, having already arranged, on some plausible pretext, for a carefully selected *Kestrel* to be left near the boundary of the aerodrome, he found a certain police inspector, 17 T.P., with whom he already had some acquaintance, had developed a friendliness which he was very disinclined to welcome, but which he found it impossible to shake off.

AFTER some hours of abortive fencing, when the necessity for obtaining supplies for the *Kestrel* was becoming desperately urgent, he attacked his persecutor with a direct inquiry.

"You seem very fond of me to-day, Inspector. Have you been detailed to watch me?"

"Yes," said the Inspector.

"Why?" asked 48 V.C.

"I don't know."

"Are you reporting everything I do?"

"Yes."

"Everything I say?"

"No."

"Well, that's something. If you've got to come around with me, you might lend me a hand. I'm going to load up *Condor* 5 ready to fly as soon as the repair is finished."

"She'd fly all right now, if you wanted to get away from me," said the Inspector.

"Yes, but I don't," said 48 V.C.

He commenced, with his companion's help, to load the well of the *Condor* with an unusually well assorted store of food and water. He thought of tools, and many miscellaneous things which might be useful in the air. He explained that he never knew what accidents he might have to succour or in what distant places.

"Are you reporting all this?" he asked pleasantly.

"Yes," said the Inspector.

"You might tell them that it looks as though I mean to disappear altogether."

"You couldn't do that," said the Inspector. "Not in a *Condor*, anyway."

"I suppose not," said 48 V.C. laughing. "I'd better alter my plans."

THE Inspector laughed also. They both knew that in the chart-room of the Ministry of the Air the location of every machine with a metallically-responsive hull could be told at any moment, within half-a-mile in either altitude or direction. Only the *Kestrels* were built of the commoner metals, and their little flutterings were outside the knowledge, as they were beneath the notice, of the chart-room records.

It was after 3 a.m. when 48 V.C. rose from his berth in the dormitory and commenced dressing.

"What's the game?" enquired the Inspector, rising with an equal alertness.

"It's the weather," said 48 V.C., "I think the things in the *Condor* may need moving."

"Are you gone crazy?" asked the Inspector. He began to understand why he had been detailed to watch this young pilot, in whom insanity was developing so rapidly. He followed him out into the storm.

"Inspector," said 48 V.C., from his seat in the *Condor*, "it's a bad night for flying. You weren't told to come with me, were you? You'd better go back, and report."

"I can report without going back," said the Inspector grimly. He wiped the rain from his eyes, to watch the *Condor* as it rose abruptly into the air, and circled back to the further side of the aerodrome. The next moment his whistle shrilled through the darkness. The last news he had sent had closely followed an alarm from Instructress 90 that the room of P.N.40 was empty, and orders had come to arrest them both by any method, regardless of the lives of the fugitives.

THERE were running feet within ten yards as the *Kestrel* felt the impulse of the release, and rose clear of the hands that clutched in vain for the mooring-ropes, which they guessed that she must be trailing behind her.

"Won't they follow?" she asked, as he switched off the car-light and the darkness closed them. Harshly, through the noises of the storm, there came the useless barking of an Elston gun.

"Not in *Condor* 5," he answered. "I've seen to that. They may in others, but they won't have them out for five minutes yet, and how will they find us then?"

He laughed excitedly and then became tense and cool as he saw a streak of light that searched the sky turn from white to orange-red as he watched it. The *Kestrel* swerved to his steering, so that the girl was thrown against the side of the car in the darkness.

"What's the matter?" she said, laughing at the mishap, in contempt of a bruised shoulder, "do you usually steer like that?"

"I may do it worse than that," he answered. "Don't talk now. Get the straps on quickly. Don't switch the light."

SHE knew that it was no time for talking, as she groped in the dark for the first strap she could find which would serve to hold her in the swaying 'plane.

Overhead the red light moved incessantly, probing the night.

Flying low, with frantic dashes right or left as the blind search pursued them, the *Kestrel* dodged like a snipe, till, perilously low, it passed over the great circle of the sleeping bungalows and the public halls which they surrounded, with the lighted tower in the centre.

P.N.40 spoke at last, with a natural question.

"Did it matter so much if they saw us? They knew we were there." She was puzzled, realising that they must have circled round, when they might have been fifty miles away.

He answered, "I didn't think they'd have done that. We're safe now, if we fly low for a time, but I had to get the rise of the land between us. No, the searchlight wouldn't have mattered. Not while it was white. But the orange-red is meant to kill. We should have shrivelled up like a cinder if it had once settled upon us. . . . Do you mind?"

She did not answer in words, but he had switched on the car-lights, and her eyes spoke clearly

"We shall be steadier now, for a time," he said, "if the wind holds as it is." They began to plane upward. Side by side they settled themselves into the seats in such comfort as the space allowed. For ecstatic breathless moments they forgot everything but themselves, the wonder of the new companionship, the joy of the distant goal.

THE speed increased to the maximum. They knew now that they were out over the channel. The light in the open car made the surrounding blackness more absolute. There was no steadiness in the wind, which drove gustily. Out of the darkness the storm came in heavy oceans of air through which the flying speck of the little *Kestrel* fought, and swayed, and faltered. It was colder and the rain had become sleet in their faces.

"They won't find us?" she asked.

"No," he said confidently.

But he knew that there was an even greater peril in the flight itself—a peril which he could only guess, for no one had ever put a *Kestrel* to such a test before—and in such weather as this, with the length of the Atlantic before them!

"Can I help you?" she said, after a time.

"Not yet," he answered. "I can keep on for a long while yet. I'll tell you when I get tired. You'd better sleep now."

Soaring still, the straining body of the little *Kestrel* fought its bitter way through the storm, and she slept beside him. Should it fail, as at any moment it might, should the frail parts snap at pressures which they had not been made to meet—well, it would be useless to wake her He knew they could not go on for very long like this. There might be better weather if he still went upward. He knew that he had already reached a level where there was an added danger in the darkness. Any moment an air-liner, shouldering its smooth contemptuous passage through the night, might strike them broken-winged to earth, and pass on, unaware of their triviality. But it was the only chance they had. His foot pressed harder on the soaring lever, and the wing-beats quickened. They went upward through the storm.

THERE was a murmur of protest in the Telescenic Laboratory.

"They want us to *find a Kestrel* . . . in the night!"

"Where?"

"Within fifty miles of Brentwood."

"It can't be done. . . . There's no responsive metal in a *Kestrel*. How can we tell where to look?"

"Why can't they wait till morning? We can't miss it when it comes down. A *Kestrel* can't go far."

"They say it first circled low, and then rose and headed south."

"Well, we've got to try."

"*South*? It can't go far that way. Does it want to fall into the sea?"

The operators might murmur, but the words of protest were over in ten seconds, and already the crackling sound of the batteries and the droning of the great discs showed that the search had started.

For twenty minutes the swift miles of magnetic air passed before the eyes of the operators, luminous as though unaware either of storm or darkness, before they found the speck they sought in the immensity of the night.

"*Two miles up*," they reported, "*heading south-west.*"

"*Can it last*?" came the query.

"*It may be blown back. It is facing the storm. But it is making for the open sea.*"

"*Can it live, if it does not return to land?*"

THE Chief Operator altered the screen. Now it showed the driving blur of the storm, and he studied it for some moments before he answered. A wind-tossed *Kestrel* showed faintly. Lightning flickered around it.

Knowing that it had no electric control he looked for it to crumple and disappear, but it still kept onward.

Its course was rapid, but so erratic at times that they had difficulty in keeping the sights upon it.

He noticed that it was still climbing upward, between the buffetings of the storm.

Then he saw that it was falling—falling fast. Was it injured? He thought it righted for a moment; then he lost it.

They searched for it, to the limit of height which they could reach, and downward, till they skimmed the blackness of the heaving sea, but they could not find it again.

Did it matter whether it were already beneath the waters, or a wind-blown atom in the screaming heights? There could be only one end. He ordered them to give up the useless search.

He reported. "*It is out of sight, and is probably sunk already. If it be still flying, it must return, or fail and perish. It is unfit for such a flight, and the air to southward is foul with crossing storms.*"

He spoke of failure, not understanding that they had triumphed already. For all men die but few live.

* * * *

Far up, far over the Atlantic wastes, the little craft, with its two warm-hearted lovers, beat upward through the snow-swept night, upward against the fury of the freezing wind, still upward—upward—to override the storm.

Can *you* do this — to-day?

WOULDN'T you be glad to have back the suppleness you once had . . . the easy, springy step . . . the litheness you never valued until it was too late?

We cannot stop Time. But we *can* carry many of the advantages of youth (slimness, for instance) into middle age—even into old age.

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DEAUVILLE

# Your Character from Your Handwriting

*By* Robert Saudek

(*Continued from page* 33)

practically which is in contrast to truth and to reality, but the various meanings form, so to speak, a scale.

In the same way a complex of features in handwriting means the graduation of the corresponding mental qualities.

Graceful, original, fanciful shaping of characters means, indeed, something like literature, artistic sense and originality of thought; no wonder Fig. 6, which is a typical specimen of this kind, is the handwriting of the foremost art critic in this country

An ostentatiously graceful, though free, quick and spontaneous shaping of a script means a writer of strong artistic feeling and of a great and subtle adaptability of expression who, however, is too much aware and proud of these talents as not to exhibit them deliberately. Fig. 2 is a typical example of this class, it is a script of the famous actress, Ruth Draper

BOTH writings, Fig. 2 and Fig. 6, are *natural* in the graphological sense of the word; but Figs. 1, 3, 4, 5 are not *natural*, they are deliberately shaped, lack rhythm, they are meant to impress.

Fig. 1 is the hand of a lady who regrets that she did not see the dream of her life fulfilled. She wanted to be an actress. Her handwriting really looks in all its conspicuous features the writing of an actress. But an expert will be quick to detect the writer's inadequacy to the task and also the *bona fide* imitation of some adored model.

The reason why we are able precisely to find out these undercurrents of thought or urge in the writer's mind is that we have succeeded in experimentally isolating the degree in which each part of handwriting appears more or less conspicuous to the observer.

We can neither deliberately nor unwittingly imitate those parts of somebody else's handwriting which are not striking enough to be noticed.

NORMALLY certain features occur simultaneously in a writing because they are the various outer impressions of one inner urge or impulse. Experiments with more than 50,000 writers have proved that the non-expert is unable to notice all features in a writing at the same time, but that his attention is riveted only by the conspicuous parts.

We call that the inconsequence of the writing movement. The same experiments have also proved that practically nobody is able to write for a longer time in a style which is not psychologically his own.

In the present state of our science we are not yet able reliably to establish the mental qualities of any writer, but we can claim reliability in about 90 out of 100 cases, and we know how dependably to recognise those writings which cannot yet be regarded as trustworthy evidence of the writer's character.

When keeping within the limits of established facts no scientific graphologist needs to make erroneous conclusions. Only those who claim infallibility are by the very nature of their claim bound to make mistakes.

# Mary, Queen of Scots: *By* GUY GILPATRIC

(*Continued from page* 21)

finished, he went alone into the starboard wing of the bridge and considered the situation. Things were bad—very bad. In an hour, at most, they would pile up on a lea shore. He started toward his room to gather the ship's log, his Bible, chronometers and hair tonic, preparatory to ordering away the boats. Half down the ladder he was blinded by a stinging gust of spray, and, as he groped on his way, he encountered some one coming up.

"Hoot, Captain!" shouted Mr. Glencannon, grasping his superior officer in a joyous and drunken embrace. "I was just gaein' up to get you! Stup into my room a moment, Sir—stup into my room!"

"Hell's bones, not now!" gasped the Captain, as he dragged Mr. Glencannon into the lea of the house. "We're due to pile up any minute, man! Can't you feel that the engines are stopped?"

"I was aboot to mak' appropreeate comment on the fact," said Mr. Glencannon, feigning a polite interest. "But if you'll just come wi' me a moment, Captain, and stup into my room, I'll go below in pairson and reepair them. It reminds me of a story I once heard aboot a . . ."

In desperation Captain Ball led the way across the rolling deck to Mr. Glencannon's room and threw open the door.

"There, Captain," said the Engineer proudly, indicating the bunk with one hand and seizing a bottle with the other. "Look what the Angels ha' brought to Mary and her puir old Dad!"

On the centre of the bed lay Mary Queen of Scots, feebly wagging her tail and caressing six tiny squirming black shapes with a tender maternal muzzle.

"The reesponsibility!—ah, the reesponsibility's been terrible, Captain! But noo I'm my ain old self again! Do ye mak' yersel' comfortable for half a moment, Sir, while I just stup below and start those engines."

WEAK and trembling, Captain Ball settled into a chair. This, he thought, would be as good a place to die as any. For the first time in his life he felt his years, and the tragic grief of a master about to lose his ship. Smiling bitterly, he patted Mary's hot little head. She raised it from her puppies and gratefully licked his hand. And at this instant there commenced a rhythmic throbbing underfoot! The *Inchcliffe Castle* became alive again! Mr. Glencannon, the wizard of steam, had worked a miracle with the engines!

Captain Ball arose slowly to his feet. Yes, the *Inchcliffe Castle* was ploughing along on her course. "Thank God—and God bless him!" he said.

In less than an hour the *Castle* was around the Cape and in calm waters. Mr. Glencannon oily, happy and thirsty, came back to his room.

"Weel, lass!" he said, picking up the bottle, "I see that the Captain has gone. And—why, the damned old teetotal hypocrite! Look, Mary—he drank up half a pint o' papa's Dew o' Kirkintilloch!"

# Tribute *for the* Emperor Solomon:

*By* C. J. CUTCLIFFE-HYNE (*Continued from page* 76)

rocks all the way to the beach; and that I'm afraid is the end of the tale. I suppose I'm a beastly coward for not following on to see if I could help. But it looked to me plain suicide to go down off the high ground where I was sitting."

"RUBBISH about cowardice," said I. "Going down into that chlorine atmosphere would have been just about as sensible as jumping off that cliff-head up there on to these screes here, and just as useful. Don't you see what's happening? Your peroxide blond sea-weed is dissociating the salt in the sea-water, which is sodium chloride, into—I don't exactly know what. But, at any rate, it is doping the sea with hydrochloric acid, which is killing the fish very efficiently, and setting loose free chlorine into the air. We're in a very nasty neighbourhood, Miriam. I never liked Great Salvage Island when I was down here before, hunting for that treasure, and now I like it less than ever. What sort of a dance did your map lead you before you found it was a wrong 'un? You haven't said."

"Oh, we found the old pirate's treasure all right. But about getting away, Peter. Any fool can see this island's dangerous. But I've a feeling inside me, somewhere, that it's a lot more dangerous even than it looks. My dear, you must get that launch of yours mended and let us push off back to Madeira and pick up Susan, and then bolt for home, or Africa, or even get away to sea. Let's bolt to anywhere rather than stay round here."

IT was about this time, so my extremely competent portable wireless set told us, that H. S. Solomon was brought into the world's news. As it happened, he was a man I knew. I had come across him in Ashville, North Carolina, and at the Birds' Club in London, and he was at Batt's Hotel, Funchal, when I left, and had very obviously got his eye on Susan, following in that matter the habit of every other male in the district. He was a brutally handsome Spanish Jew, of a family that went back to the Flood, and rolling in money. He was a graduate of Princeton, and some kind of a science don at the University of Salamanca. Botany and biological chemistry were, I believe, his lines, and a man, T. B. Barley, at the Birds' Club, who was liable to know, said he was astonishingly able at them.

Anyway, H. S. Solomon, in a 10-line letter to the London *Daily Chronicle*, stated flatly the sea-weed origin of the chlorine and hydrochloric acid invasion; pointed out that the vegetable was spreading at an enormous pace; and drew the blunt conclusion that humanity, at any rate, would be wiped from the Earth's surface in a matter of months if the growth was not stopped. He did not offer a remedy. He merely signed himself H. S. Solomon, and left people to worry out who he was, and what his opinion was worth—or not—exactly as they chose.

GIVEN the hint, the hunt started. The world suddenly discovered it was dancing with a rope round its neck. Sea-weed growths and their antidotes, things nobody had ever given a thought to before, suddenly became the one subject of talk. The writers on special subjects squeezed encyclopædias after their manner, and Constant Reader, who had collected dried sea flora in a book since childhood, came into unexpected prominence. Even humble botanists arose from their gutters and bore witness.

The trouble was, few people really seemed to know much about sea vegetations, and nobody whatever made the smallest claim to be able to control their growth. H. S. Solomon probably heard all this but said nothing, and until a reporter of *The Dales Times and Mirror* got it out of him in a railway restaurant car interview, nobody knew that he was on the track of an antidote, or a counter-irritant, or whatever you like to call it.

A photograph of Mr. Solomon was extracted from a group taken at Henley, and published broadcast. Everybody agreed that he was astonishingly handsome. But biographical details were hard to come by. The University of Salamanca proudly owned him as Regius Professor of Maritime Botany (unpaid), but admitted that they had no course of his lectures on their attraction-sheet.

THE photograph inspired a shipping clerk to let loose the news that a man of H. S. Solomon's appearance had booked a passage under the name of Abrahams in the *San Thomé*, a West African palm oil boat, for Las Palmas, Grand Canary, and on the heels of this came a wireless message from the *San Thomé* to the *Daily Mail* saying : "*Can obliterate chlorine-brewing weed on terms stop suggest world's governments make offers.*" The message was signed "*Solomon.*"

There was no suggestion of threat, no advice to hurry. The message was a simple business proposal. Solomon might not be able to make good his words—though funnily enough everyone believed he could. Somebody had got to act. The Press shouted for a week without discretion, and then settled down for a steady demand for Government to turn back its shirt sleeves and act.

I am not speaking of the British Press, or the American Government, or any other of our Rulers specifically. All nations that owned a seaboard were beginning to find their beaches cluttered with dead fish, and their maritime population dying off like poisoned flies. Governments, all the world over, do not work until they are kicked into action. But on this occasion the world's Press kicked as one man, and the politicians panicked into movement. Honours and riches were offered to the man who could kill the weed, with a lavishness that the world has never seen the like of before.

ALL this Miriam Mendlesohn and I got piecemeal through my portable wireless set in a vermin-ridden *baccalhao* fisherman's hut in Grand Salvage Island. We were horribly uncomfortable. Let alone the free chlorine gas in the air, there was barely enough water in the rain-pools for our drinking, and certainly none to wash in. You cannot bathe in a sour sea of diluted hydrochloric acid, and —well—the time was July, and the weather was blazing hot. The Canary fishermen's fleas were the sort that seem to bite with both ends ; and my three launch-men from Funchal appeared to think that their one remaining mission in life was to put their nasty knives into

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my gizzard. We were not happy on Grand Salvage Island.

Miriam, of course, worried over Susan's natural anxiety, and hoped Batt's hotel wouldn't throw her out for a big unpaid bill, and so, for that matter, did I. But my own personal grouse was really a bigger one. The whole world was yelling, so the wireless told us, for something to strafe the canary-coloured seaweed that dissociated salt into sodium and chlorine, and was offering all its treasure and all its glory to the discoverer, and here was I, a man with a fourteenth-rate brain, with the thing in my pocket. I had tumbled on it, if you like, by the most ordinary of accidents , exercise being as necessary to my scheme of life as meals, I had marked out a morning's tramp across the crests of our infernal isle, to be taken every day before breakfast ; and being an unobservant brute, put in nine of these tours before the brain-wave got home.

THEN I tumbled to it. The eastern coast of Grand Salvage is scalloped into little narrow bays. Dully I counted those which lay beside my chlorine-stinking beat, and they were fourteen in number. Thirteen were cluttered with dead fish clusters. Number fourteen was full of clear green-blue water without a corpse in sight. What about it ?

Take a gouge, and hammer it vertically downwards into a block of wood till you have ploughed out a letter U with sides (in the original) 50 to 90 feet deep, and you have a very good model of Bay No. Fourteen. You could no more climb down the rock faces to its sea surface than you could swarm up Nelson's column. And as regards swimming round from the next bay, which had shallows at its head, I wasn't taking hydrochloric acid in my bath water, thank you.

However, Miriam, who really is as clever as they make 'em, found a coil of wire in the fishermen's huts, and between us we rigged a bos'n's chair, and put on the three Portugooses from my launch who ached to knife me, as motive power. Miriam had a ·450 outside-gent's Hopkins-Allen which she produced from her underclothing, merely as a guarantee of good faith that law, order, and the return home would be strictly attended to. My Gad ! When it came to the point she was a warrior.

SO that was that, and down at water-level in Bay No. Fourteen, I got the goods. The salt-splitting sea-weed was quite easy to kill if you knew how, and by the time my three scowling unshaved Madeira launch owners had hove me up to the cliff head again I'd got the " how " quite neatly packed in my diminutive brain-case. It wasn't a case of invention. It was merely seeing for yourself how the other bug did it. And, as I previously remarked, that still was that. The exasperating part of the whole thing was that although I had got the goods, I couldn't deliver them. The launch's smashed propeller remained unreplaced. Miriam and I and the three Portuguese were apparently marooned on Grand Salvage till the seas got clean and shipping started again, and that might take years.

I could stop the blight if I saw a chance, but I couldn't get heard. Big Salvage was as much cut off from the rest of the world as though it had been an annexe of Saturn.

H. S. Solomon, cunning devil, had got the goods also, and could name his own price.

Miriam cried wet tears down the place where my shirt-collar ought to have been when we talked it over together. Also, somehow or other, unreasonably as it seemed to me at the time, she dithered over a vague risk that hung over my particular mash, Susan.

IN the meanwhile as I have hinted, shipping was beginning to fade out, and coastal populations were dying in swarms. The seas of the world, that used to be so clean and sweet, were sour and putrid.

From China to Peru trade was blocked, because in these days two-thirds of any nation's commerce is, one way and another, dependent on sea carriage.

The sailormen who, during the war, sailed without fail in the teeth of the Huns' submarine horrors, simply refused to push off into this new atmosphere of chlorine gas and essence of dead fish. Seaports got badly hit by their own sea breezes. Boston, U.S., was depopulated, and so were Boston, Lincs., Hammerfest, Delagoa Bay, Sydney, Acapulca, Hong-Kong and all places below the Tail of the Bank of the Clyde. A hundred other towns facing on salt water were evacuated by all inhabitants, who had got enough mobility left them above their hacking coughs. The world's inhabitants were being huddled inland.

MIRIAM and I sat together on a packing-case in that scratchy hut and hung on the news.

Solomon—he had dropped the initials by this—Solomon seemed to be having it his own way. He had given a demonstration off the west coast of Ireland and round some Florida bays of the completeness of his cure for the sea-weed evil, and men looked on and saw that it was good. Governments, now that they had been kicked into action, panicked, and bid against one another shamelessly for his favours. " Leave my country above the surface," the Prime Ministers, the Kings and Dictators, and all the rest of the Headmen, shrieked, " and let the rest sink, and I will give you a blank cheque to fill in as you like."

" Peter," said Mrs. Mendlesohn, " you've missed the bus, as usual. You ought to have come down to this desert isle to rescue me, m'darling, in an aeroplane instead of that rotten Funchal launch which wouldn't steer. Then we could have blown back to Great Britain, and picked up Susan on our way, and made a fine big deal, and could have afforded to marry. As it is, nix doing, and the smell of dead fish makes me sicker and sicker every day. '

" You," I said. ' can afford to retire on the strength of the pirate's treasure which I gather you have lifted."

" Oh, can I ? " said Mrs. Mendlesohn, and dropped the subject in favour of that very pressing matter on a desert isle, the day's food supply for herself, myself, and three rather murderously inclined dependants.

SOLOMON, confound him," said Mrs. Mendlesohn a little later, after a dinner off gulls' eggs and a dose of wireless, " seems to be calling the tune his own way. Of course, he's a rich man, and doesn't want their beastly money, which is a thing that will always impress any Government. And, apparently, that big white castle one's seen in the middle of those blue-cloudy mountains up in the centre of Grand Canary is his, although nobody ever seems to have guessed it. He is open to give out packets of anti-sea-weed to all Governments that will subscribe to two conditions, and, of course, the asses kick even before they have heard what they are."

I'd always suspect a catch, m'dear, if H. S. Solomon was ladling out the terms. He's too smart for my taste, and too good-looking, though I'll admit he caught Susan's taste."

" And that bothers me, my Peter lad. But as regards Solomon s terms, Number One is, that he is to be acknowledged, by all the nations he saves from the sea-weed, as the Emperor Solomon. Now that to me doesn't seem to matter a hoot, either way. What's an Emperor these days ? "

" A mighty big potentate, still," said I. " Millions of people would like to be Emperors, though I, personally, am not one of them."

" Nor am I. Empress, I suppose it would be, for the distaff side. But Peter, what's clause Two ? Governments will argue and they'll chatter over clause One, and the sea-weed will get worse. " But Peter, it's clause Two in the Treaty that's been giving me the cold shivers all along. I don't know what the beastly thing is. But it's that where the danger comes in."

OF course, as everybody knows, the nations one and all gave in to the claim of H. S. Solomon to be Emperor Solomon, with, I believe, remainder to heirs, executors and assigns.

It was clause Two that gave the Anglo-Saxon end of the civilised world a cold shock, though the Latin side took it more philosophically.

' In my castle in the Puig Major of Grand Canary," the Emperor Solomon pronounced, " I need a certain entourage to keep up my state and dignity. I demand, therefore, from each of the thirty-five nations who have subscribed to my adoption of title, a tribute of ten of their fairest maidens."

Twenty-five of these nations took the matter philosophically, and set about making the necessary selection.

Five got thoughtful.

The remaining five shivered with fright, and their Governments prepared for internal revolution. In the London papers large portraits of " Susan Mendlesohn, the girl Emperor Solomon loved," were given in a dozen attitudes. Susan had always been the popular pretty girl wherever she had gone, and the snapshotter had got her in a hundred attitudes.

And there was the problem. What would the politicians do ?

[*Note by the Editor.*—In the meanwhile it is of interest to quote the following extract from a daily paper :—

[*At St. Margaret's, Westminster, by the Rev. Wilfred Stoke, chaplain at Salamanca, Sir Peter Concret, Bart., of Concret Castle, Westmorland, and 137, St. James's Place, S.W., to Miriam, widow of the late Adolph Mendlesohn, Esq.*

[In an interview the bride admitted that she had found the pirate's treasure she had searched for in Grand Salvage Island. It consisted mainly of silver and copper coins, which, when realised upon, brought in just enough to buy her wedding dress.]

# Driver's License

## 3rd £1,000 Film Competition

(*Continued from page 72*)

miracle. She is now the happy patient of an unusually handsome and attractive surgeon—apparently, the complete *volte-face* !

Frenchman is about to say : " What a lucky thing to have a doctor ! " . . . .

But Egerton checks him, indicates in dumb-show that he is not Dr. Maitland at all, reverses the card and shows it :—

*Insert*—The back of the card—in pencil : " Dear Egerton, you owe me £67 from our last poker debauch. I'm darned hard-up, you dirty dog.—J.M."

Egerton points to Anne's knee, dumb-shows he must put it in, and makes the Frenchman help. Frenchman is a little diffident.

Egerton delicately disassociates Anne's stocking from its supports, and with the Frenchman's help the knee is put into joint again. Anne screams once and lapses into faint. Egerton pours brandy down her throat and lifts her into his car.

The Frenchman presents his card to Egerton :—

*Insert*—" Le Marquis de Seraignac, Château Seraignac, Seraignac, S. et L."

*Dialogue .*

MARQUIS : " I pray you to come to my home."

EGERTON : " It is certainly advisable, as the lady will need medical attention."

Marquis and Egerton exchange winks.

Marquis climbs into Egerton's car to attend to Anne.

Egerton gives Marquis his real card (Lord Egerton Scroop), but signs to him not to tell Anne.

Egerton transfers Anne's luggage to his car.

Marquis's car precedes Egerton. They move off slowly—leaving the wrecked car in ditch.

MIX TO

Cars arriving at beautiful château.

Madame le Marquise comes out to receive the patient. Kind, beautiful and solicitous. Three or four men and maid-servants bustle round to help. Amid buzz of orders and expressions of sympathy :—

*Dialogue :*

MARQUISE : " Shall we not let the lady's relations know of the accident ? "

ANNE : " No, no, please, they'll only worry. . . . they are not expecting me at Monte Carlo for three weeks."

The motorists pass within main door.

Egerton suddenly emerges again and gives a footman—

A telegram to despatch.

*Insert :* Telegram addressed :—

Hiram Gussenheimer—Hotel Majestic Monte Carlo.

" Delayed owing to slight accident. Hart."

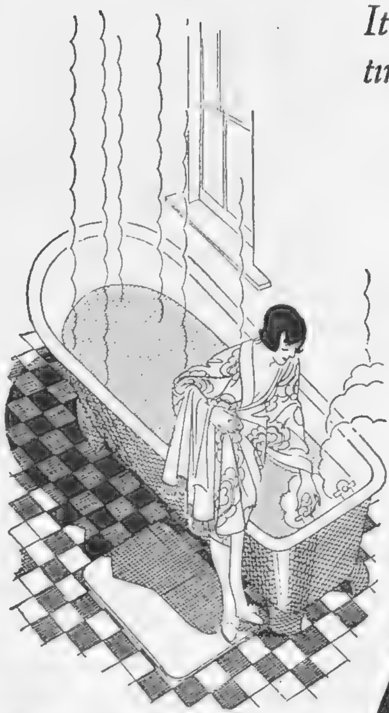
MIX TO

A pile of telegrams—half a dozen.

Fat hands drumming on them : the top one reads : " Hiram Gussenheimer, Hotel Majestic, Monte Carlo. Expect repairs

Why not a sparkling tonic pine bath to-night?

*It will give a delightful tingling freshness to your skin!*



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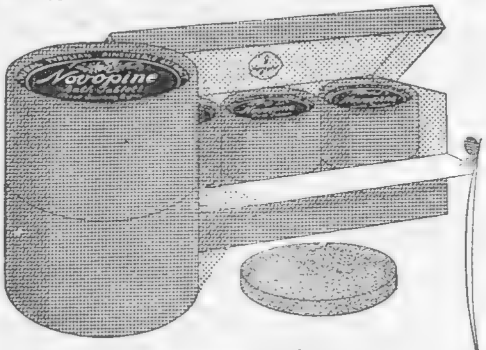

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will take about a week more—greatly regret delay. Hart."

Hiram is rather annoyed. He speaks to Borosta:

*Dialogue*

Hiram: "Whatever can the fellow be doing?"

Borosta: "Joy-riding, I expect, at your expense."

CUT TO

By the side of lake—moonlight—flight of steps leading up to Château Seraignac terrace—Egerton helping Anne out of punt—she hesitates a little—he picks her up in his arms protesting a little—carries her towards steps—pauses a moment—he kisses her—she responds.

Marquis and the Marquise sitting on terrace observe scene in distance.

*Dialogue:*

Marquis: "It was the same place—thirty years ago." (Taking his wife's hand, raising it—kissing it.)

Marquise nods her head and retains hold of her husband's hand.

*Track shot* backwards. Egerton and Anne approach hand in hand, she limping.

*Dialogue:*

Marquise: "We are sorry you are off to-morrow, Doctor Maitland. . . . I hate separations."

Egerton: "Miss Wood is doing me the honour of letting me be her chauffeur."

Marquis and Marquise exchange glances as:

Egerton and Anne go indoors.

FADE OUT

## SEQUENCE 3.

FADE IN

Monte Carlo—atmospheric shots.

MIX TO

Before Hotel Majestic. Large car drives up to door—in it Egerton (in dark suit) and Anne. Egerton helps porters to unload Anne's stuff.

*Dialogue:*

Egerton: "I've got important business at Cannes. I'm afraid this means good-bye for some time."

Anne: "Oh, I'm sorry. . . . Thank you for all your help. . . . Come and see my uncle and aunt when you are here next. . . . Good-bye, *Doctor Maitland*."

A prolonged good-bye, broken by violent hooting by cars wanting to arrive.

Egerton drives off.

Anne pauses, bursts out laughing, runs up steps. She pauses again to watch him go; then enters hotel.

Egerton drives out of the hotel approach, doubles back and goes into the garage entrance.

A corridor in the hotel. A small page convoying Anne to Room No. 11.

Anne makes an arresting entrance into room, which contains Hiram Gussenheimer, Mrs. Gussenheimer (large, expansive and motherly), the irrepressible Gus (making a wireless set howl prodigiously) and Count Borosta, who is handing Mrs. Gussenheimer the essential elements of "le five o'clock." All leap up to welcome Anne.

Borosta is struck dumb by her beauty.

*Dialogue*

Mrs. Gussenheimer: "Say, Anne, you ain't done right to leave us all this time without noos. Your uncle and I have been most upset."

Hiram: "That's so, Anne, your Aunt's lost about fourteen pounds worrying."

Mrs. Guss.: "Ounces, Hiram, have a heart! . . . But that's nothing to the dear Count here. . . . He's all in."

Anne: "I'm sorry, unk, my car is crashed somewhere in Provence or somewhere else."

Mrs. Guss.: "My! Isn't that just terrible? How did you make it then?"

Anne: "I . . ." (then seeing Borosta's jealous eye) ". . . . I had to get another. . . . It was a one man town and I had to wait for a car."

Borosta comes over to her and takes her hand. *She* hates him—releases herself from his moist grip and surreptitiously wipes her hand on her handkerchief.

Page boy enters.

*Dialogue:*

Page Boy (to Hiram): "Mr. Henry Hart, the new chauffeur has arrived with the car."

Hiram: "About time too! I'll go talk to Mr. Henry Hart." (He exits.)

Borosta (to Anne): "Anne, I shall win the Grande Corniche in your uncle's car . . . for you . . ."

Anne: "Are you the only competitor?"

Borosta: "The only one that counts, except the English driver, Lord Scroop . . . I believe he's dangerous."

Anne: "Is *he* driving really? I'd like to meet *him*." (Borosta's jealousy grows.)

Outside in the corridor, Egerton pacing up and down nervously, wearing chauffeur's tunic and carrying cap—beside the noisy Hiram.

*Dialogue:*

Hiram: "It's all right, Henry Hart, but you've been a fortnight coming from London here."

Egerton: "I'm sorry, sir, it was unavoidable. I had to do the repairs myself. . . . If I hadn't waited I couldn't have brought her along. . . . The car, I mean."

Door of suite opens and Borosta and Anne emerge laughing and chatting. Egerton does not see her (their backs are to each other).

*Gyro shot:* She does not see him and walks past him.

As they reach a corner the real Hart appears and pauses as if wanting to speak to Egerton.

*Dialogue;*

Egerton (swift in the uptake, introducing Gussenheimer to Hart): "This is Lord Egerton Scroop, Mr. Gussenheimer, from whom you bought the car."

Hart is taken aback, but Egerton points to his chauffeur's rig and signs to Hart to keep up the deception.

*Dialogue*

Hiram (pump-handling Hart): "Delighted to meet you, Duke. I hear you've got a car racing against my Nifty car the day after to-morrow."

Hart: "Well . . . er . . . I . . . thank you . . . that is so . . . if you'll excuse me. (He moves off) . . . . . (in forced tones) "I hope Hart is giving you satisfaction." (Hurries away.)

Hiram: "Lord Egerton seems a nervous gentleman."

Egerton (rather alarmed lest Hart should fail him): "Oh, yes, sir. Yes he is . . . very true . . . ever since he had his face lifted."

Hiram (confidentially): "Do you think he'll win the race?"

Egerton (recovering poise): "Lord Egerton most assuredly will win the race."

Hiram: "He will, will he? Oh, by the way, I want you to be at the disposal of my niece, while we're here. . . . Get the car round now and we'll look at it." (Egerton salutes and moves away.)

Under umbrella-table near Casino. Count Borosta makes love to Anne. Band drowns his voice, but we see his impassioned appeals.

He lays his hand on her knee, endearingly.

She winces and seizes the opportunity to jump up.

Borosta is annoyed

*Dialogue:*

Anne: "Sorry, Count, I've my massage for my knee now."

They cross to Hotel, where:—

Egerton stands correctly near car. Hiram is beckoning Anne to hurry and see the car.

As Anne crosses street, she recognises:

Egerton, standing by car.

She pauses a second, then a smile spreads over her face; she joins her uncle

Egerton is struck dumb with amazement.

They examine the car.

*Dialogue:*

Anne: "I hope the chauffeur can '*doctor*' the car if it breaks down, Uncle."

Hiram: "Why, he's a Lord's chauffeur. He never touches anything but really swell cars. . . . Would you like to try it, dear?"

Anne: "Sure, I'll get some shopping done in Nice." (Climbing in.) . . . No, Count, I must go alone. I'm sorry. (To her uncle): . . . What did you say the chauffeur's name is?"

Hiram: "Hart, dear; Henry Hart."

The car moves forward quickly. Anne waves.

Pretending to be cut to the quick, she mutters loudly enough for Egerton to hear: "Hart, indeed, ye gods." She suppresses her laughter.

Egerton hears, but does not look round. His divinity seems likely to be fractious.

Car draws up near the Sporting Club.

Egerton gets out to speak to Anne, hat in hand.

*Dialogue :*

EGERTON : "What can I say ?"

ANNE : "I suppose you'll pretend you're a British lord, or something equally foolish, masquerading as a chauffeur for fun."

EGERTON (slightly taken aback) : "Not at all. . . . I'm working for my living."

ANNE : "Aren't you ashamed for pretending to be a doctor and fooling me ?"

EGERTON : "As a matter of fact, I was a medical student once . . . and, anyway, I only did my plain and obvious duty, as any man would."

Anne looks up and sees :

Count Borosta strolling down pavement : he approaches the car.

Egerton, cap in hand, holds the door open.

Borosta, about to enter car, flicks off cigar ash :

Into Egerton's cap.

Egerton says a short piece under his breath and gets into driving seat, starting off so rapidly—

That Borosta sits down like sack of coals on the edge of Anne's dress, his hat over his nose.

Anne is suitably irritated.

Egerton grins, and :

Steps on accelerator.

Car rushes down hill at break-neck speed.

Atmospheric shots mixing to show Monaco, Tête de Chien, the Grande Corniche, Château d'Eze, ending in an impression of Nice seen through the wind-screen.

*Gyro* camera up to driving mirror, in which :

The Count is seen flirting, or trying to : with Anne.

Egerton is furious and jerks the wheel.

Making the Count (in mirror) lose his balance and his eye-glass : he looks up angrily, shouts at Egerton and waves his fist.

Egerton reaches up and tilts the mirror so that Anne and the Count are no longer seen.

FADE OUT

## SEQUENCE 4.

FADE IN

Large bill announcing particulars of the "International 150 mile Road Race." Label posted across : "To-day." A hand sliding down the bill, pointing out :

No. 4. Nifty Car U.S.A. (Mr. Gussenheimer). Driver, Count Borosta, etc., etc., etc.

No. 7. Alton car. G.B. (Lord Egerton Scroop). Driver, Lord E. Scroop.

MIX TO

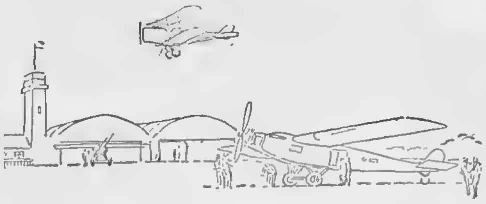
Group in lounge-cocktail bar of Hotel Majestic. Anne, Aunt Mamie, Uncle Hiram Gussenheimer, Gus, and the Count.

Gus plays a miniature saxophone out of tune.

*Dialogue :*

AUNT MAMIE : "What beats me, Hiram, is how that old boy, Lord Egerton, can drive in any race—he looks more like a family butler than a champ."

HIRAM : "Oh, that's nothing for a Britisher. . . . the greatest sport,



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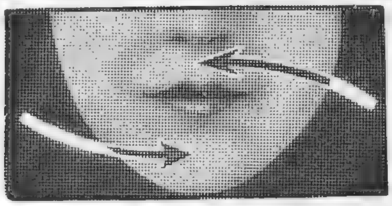

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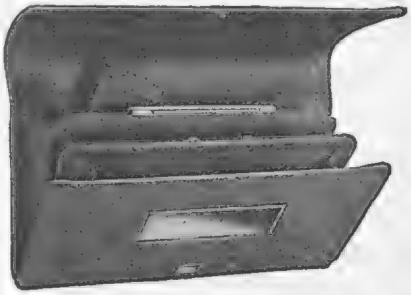

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so I've heard, at their ball game used to play wearing a black beard down to his knees; used to frighten all the pitchers so they couldn't see him for the moss."

Behind pillar, Egerton, in chauffeur's uniform, apparently taking orders from Henry Hart, who has discarded his conventional valet's clothing for an elaborate Riviera outfit, rather too small for him. Egerton is really encouraging him and coaching him.

*Dialogue :*

EGERTON : "Stick it, Hart, it's only till this afternoon."

HART : "But, sir, it's preposterous. . . . I am not a racing motorist . . . do I look like one ? I don't know a carburettor from a cucumber."

EGERTON : "Stick it, till this afternoon and don't 'sir' me; afterwards, we shall either be five thousand pounds richer or I shall be borrowing twenty francs from the head porter for a quiet cab to the station." (Egerton propels him out.)

Two girls ask Hart, gushingly, for his autograph. Gasping for breath and mopping his neck, Hart signs :

In the autograph book—"Egerton Scroop" : and hurries away.

Egerton behind the pillar, convulsed with laughter until he overhears :

*Dialogue :*

1ST GIRL : "I can't understand it, Billy, I always thought the Scroop chap was a handsome eligible."

2ND GIRL : "Perhaps this old boy is a crook—he seems all het up."

Egerton exits swiftly and quietly through gap in fence of palms.

Hart being entertained in the cocktail bar by Gussenheimer and Co. He is decidedly unsteady. Borosta is plying him with an over-size "Mule's Kick."

*Dialogue :*

BOROSTA : "I suppose, sir, you're feeling in fine fettle for this afternoon."

HART : "Eh ! Well, to tell you the truth, sir . . . I mean, Count . . . I'm always nervous before an—ah—race. . . . I'm not at all well . . . really."

ANNE (mischievously) : "Why don't you see Doctor Maitland ? "

HART : "Eh, oh yes, Miss, I think I will." (He sidles off uncertainly.)

The gong sounds for lunch, then, burst of laughter; then all make a move towards dining-room.

MIX (*from gong*) TO :

A bell being rung :—

By an official at the starting point of the race.

Near grand stand : Car approaches and halts : Egerton driving : Aunt Mamie, Uncle Hiram, Gus and others dismount :—

And enter front row of grand stand. Gus has a police rattle.

Official, announcing the competitors' names. Hiram's party applaud No. 4 (Borosta) and the last name (Lord E. Scroop).

At the pits, in the Alton car, apart from the others, sits a picture of misery—Hart's large bulk squeezed, first, into tight, leather coat, and then, into the driving seat—a crash-helmet, too small, on top of his head. He pulls down his goggles.

He is bathed in perspiration.

Egerton slips up beside him and pulls down his own goggles. Hart gets out as hurriedly as his bulk permits, and talks nervously to Egerton, handing him documents, crash-helmet, etc.

Clock showing 2.30 p.m.

Another bell rings—loud-speaker announces race.

Competitors get into cars.

Egerton jumps in the Alton and settles down low.

Borosta gets into the Nifty. Hart slips away round corner of shed and sinks down, exhausted, on petrol can.

Cars line up—official collects documents from competitors (Egerton crouches down very low to avoid giving the game away).

Starting signal given, and—

Cars leap away.

Atmospheric shots of crowd on stand.

Several cars on road—speeding—skidding, cornering—Egerton in his car—Borosta in his—long scenic impressions of the coast-roads.

Loud-speaker announces progress of race : (1) Borosta, (2) French car, (3) French car, (4) British car.

In a hotel bedroom Hart is changing his clothes—back to the valet's attire—and surveying himself in the mirror. He helps himself to drink and lies down on chaise longue, staring banefully at :—

Heap of motoring clothes on chair, which he has just put off.

He raises his glass to the vacated clothes and turns his thumb down, shuddering. His eyes close, and :—

His hand droops until the drink runs out of the glass on to the floor.

MIX TO

Clock showing 4.30 p.m.

Cars hurtling by, pass over and under the camera :—

Borosta in the Nifty and Egerton in the British car, neck-and-neck; first one, then the other in front (panorama background).

The loud-speaker announcer says that only three miles of the race remain, and leading cars are the Nifty and the Alton.

In Grand Stand—Anne, pale and subdued; Hiram, cursing and fuming; little Gus, screaming and yelling with excitement and waving the rattle; Aunt Mamie, calmly reading newspaper article :—

Entitled : "Don't let Old Man Time ravage your features ! "

She consults her mirror :—

As a great yell goes up.

The leading cars flash past the winning post :—

Amid tremendous cheers.

Egerton wins, closely followed by Borosta.

Near pits the cars halt.

Hiram, Anne and Gus rush up and congratulate both men—Anne to Borosta, Hiram to Egerton.

Egerton raises his goggles and reveals who it is :—

To the amazement of Hiram :

*Dialogue :*

HIRAM : "Why, Hart, it's you . . . well, I'll say you're some driver . . . what's the idea ? . . . Hey, Anne ? " (Summoning her.)

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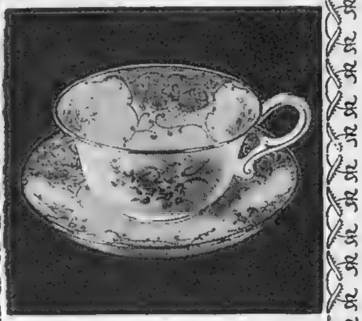

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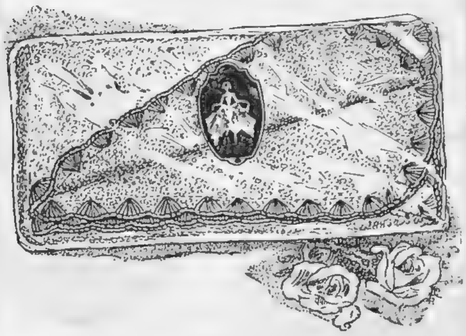

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EGERTON : "Sorry, Mr. Gussenheimer . . . I'm not Hart any longer. . . . I was as long as I needed a job, but now I've won I don't need it. . . . However, I'll stay and drive for you." (With a glance in Anne's direction.)

HIRAM : "Well, I don't know what to think."

Anne comes towards him—smiling mysteriously, but before she reaches her uncle, there is a violent disturbance. A handsome, devil-may-care fellow dashes up to Egerton and speaks in a Scot's accent :—

*Dialogue :*

MAN : "Guid for ye, Egerton ; now ye can pay me what ye owe me for poker. . . . Did you no get ma card remindin' ye ?"

EGERTON : "Great Scott, Maitland, what are you doing here ?"

MAITLAND : "Ye never said a truer word. Scots are all great. . . . I'm on holiday."

ANNE (joining them) : "So you're Dr. Maitland. This is *most* interesting."

Egerton is standing up, looking uncertain and wondering what happens next.

*Dialogue :*

MAITLAND : "That is so, but ye have me at a disadvantage."

EGERTON : "Excuse me, Dr. Maitland. Miss Anne Grey." (They shake—Maitland rather mystified.)

ANNE : "Pleased to meet you, Dr. Maitland, or any friend of Lord Egerton's (with a look at Egerton). Shall we go to tea, Doctor ?"

She carries the mystified Maitland off and introduces him to her uncle and aunt.

Egerton is left open-mouthed, high and dry, until he realises that :—

*Gyro Shot.*—Hart is standing beside him.

*Dialogue :*

HART : "Our primary duty, sir, is to ourselves, if I may say so." (Handing him very long John Collins.)

EGERTON (taking drink thoughtfully) : "Henry Hart, deception does not pay. I'm afraid Miss Wood thinks I'm a crook."

HART : "It's conceivable, sir. Women are fickle . . . but had we not played the rôle of chauffeur at various convenient . . . and inconvenient . . . moments, we should still be insolvent."

EGERTON : "True, Hart, true . . . and you'd never have had a chance of your back salary. (Hart deprecates the suggestion.) . . . It is regrettable, however, . . . (dropping accidentally into Hart's mode of speech) . . . that we have alienated the affections of those to whom we are most devotedly attached."

Egerton drinks slowly, hardly knowing what he has been saying.

FADE OUT

## SEQUENCE 5.

FADE IN

Cabaret scene at Hotel Majestic. At a table Hiram, Aunt Mamie, Anne and

# Braemar

Fine Scottish

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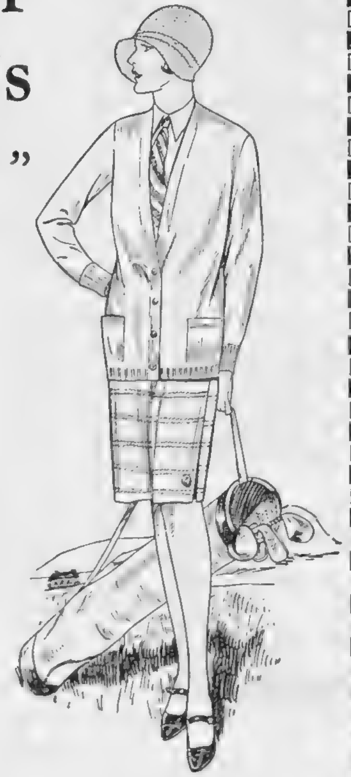

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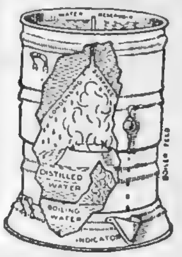

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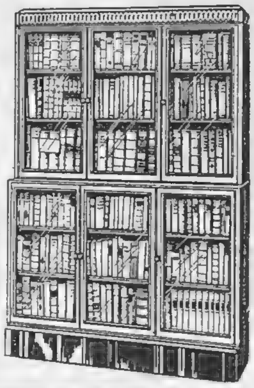

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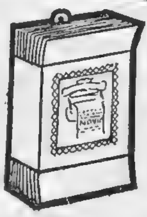

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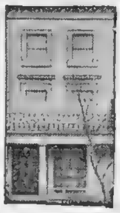

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Gus (guzzling ice-cream and making a noise like a dredger), and another American business man, conversing with Hiram.

*Dialogue :*

HIRAM : " Biggest deal in my life, my boy. I've signed up Lord Egerton Scroop. . . How'll that sound embossed in the firm's writing paper: Technical adviser a real British Duke, or near enough to it, for Healthyville. . . . . He only wanted ten thousand dollars a year."

OTHER AMERICAN : " Sounds good to me. Where's the boy ? "

Hiram indicated Egerton :

Who is sitting on other side of the dance floor trying to prevent Maitland from getting tight—Maitland invites an over-ripe lady to their table—Egerton rises disgusted.

At Hiram's table, Anne watches :

The scene at Egerton's table.

Anne's and Egerton's eyes meet.

Egerton comes across the floor and :

Asks her for a dance—she consents.

They dance—she, rather mysterious, he hopeful.

Hiram nudges his business friend—(" There he is . . don't he look regular ? ")

*Track shot :* Near the edge of the floor Anne and Egerton stop dancing and drift towards an open window—overlooking the sea—moonlight and some clouds.

On a balcony :

*Dialogue :*

EGERTON : " Once again—what am I to say ? "

ANNE (sternly) : " I suppose, that you'll say you're a chauffeur masquerading as a British lord for fun." (Teasing him.)

EGERTON (taking it seriously and thinking she is going to dismiss him) : " Oh well, that's that, I'm sorry —I've been a fool." (She stops him.)

ANNE : " I often wonder what makes men so slow in the uptake."

Anne opens her bag and takes out a small paper, which she hands to him.

*Insert*—A small passport photograph of Egerton—his hands turn it over—on the back his name.

*Dialogue .*

EGERTON (astounded) : " I lost this when that clumsy porter knocked into me at Boulogne."

ANNE (delighted) : " And I picked it up on the quay and compared the name with the initials on *your* suitcases, while you were looking at my labels."

EGERTON : " Then you knew all the time " (suddenly remembering) " and you knew . . . when I put your . . . er . . . er . . . knee right—ye gods ! "

ANNE (sweetly) : " Still, you only did your plain and obvious duty, as any man would."

EGERTON (suddenly) : " You unutterable darling. . . ."

Against the moon they approach each other. He takes her in his arms. A cloud crosses the moon as their lips are about to meet, causing a graceful and opportune :—

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**552E. "The Boscombe" Feather Weight Hat,** in heather mixture homespun felt, worked rough and smooth, **29/6**
This hat will stand all weathers, and can be supplied in all sizes, also in a variety of lovely colours, including rose, brown, almond, lilac, blue and copper mixture.

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Ladies' own Velour and Felt Hats remodelled to our Catalogue shapes, with plain band and lining, **15/6**; alterations must be done at Customer's risk. Felt Hats Specially Dyed, **7/6** extra.

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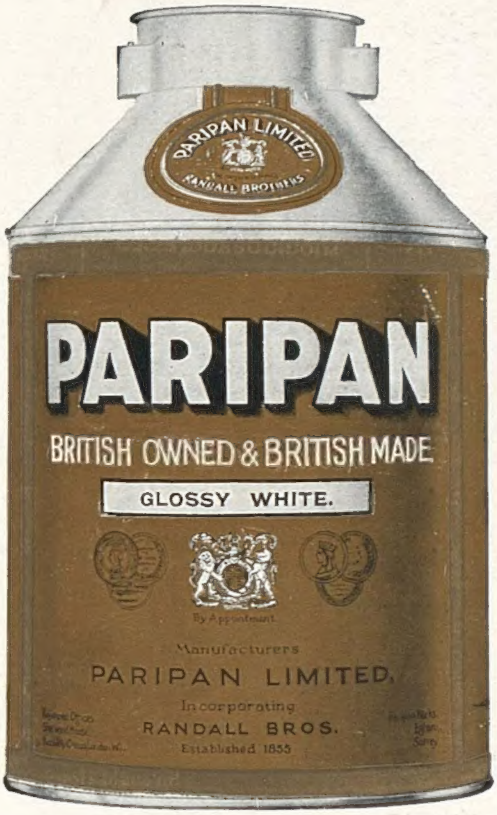
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